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Wofford College Journal

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Literary Department

E. L. ALL, Editor.

Salutation.

Once more we stand in the old familiar place,
  A New Year dawns on learning's calendar,
Once more new opportunities we face,
  Once more has come a duty-laden year.

Time waiteth not, but ever rolls its tide
  O'er the weak current of our will,
When weary we would pause or step aside,
  Eternal changes sweeps us onward still.

Full of the memories of happy days, we come
  Fresh from the scenes of glorious youth,
New severed from the strong protecting home
  To see the shining face of truth.

Beneath the old bells ring and the old walls
  Where thousands have made ready for the world,
Strong footsteps wake again the sleeping halls,
  Each banner beareth upward, full unfurled.

All gathered back save those who come no more,
  And those whose paths led other ways,
Our comrades, with whom comradeship is air,
  Deserters, linked with things of by-gone days.

Oh, may this present year be best
  Of all we've ever lived before,
Each day lived nobler than the rest.
  Old weaknesses left off, old failures o'er.

So when shall come to us the larger life,
  And we, too, mingle in its heat,
May we be not "dumb cattle" in the strife,
  But stand on principle whence cometh no defeat.

J. M. A., '05.

Pertinence of the Monroe Doctrine.

(Medal Essay, Preston Society.)

The American Republic has, throughout its history, rested upon a foundation composed of three venerable principles. These are the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Monroe Doctrine. Each was formulated and expressed to meet the demand of the moment in a critical period of the nation's development. When in 1776 the blood of native-born Americans was heated with righteous indignation at the indignities heaped upon them by an ungrateful mother, and when they felt that American manhood demanded that its rights be known and respected, then it was that Thomas Jefferson came to the front and penned that wonderful article, the Declaration of Independence, in which he declared that "all men are created free and equal." That was the birthday of American liberty. Then, after independence had been gained, the fathers of this country, meeting in consultation, announced the second great venerable principle, the Constitution, and a new and mighty nation had been ushered onto the stage of action. In 1823 the United States again faced a great crisis in its history.

Following the example of our own country the Spanish American colonies had risen in revolt and had thrown off the yoke of their oppressor. Spain was unable to reconquer them, and there had been formed among the European monarchs an alliance with the set purpose of conquering these dependencies, apportioning them out and forever holding them in allegiance and bondage to Europe. Then it was that President Monroe sounded out the famous doctrine which bears his name, and one of the greatest political events in the world's history was just struggling into birth. This document said in part: "The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be con-

JOSEPH RUZICKA
BALTIMORE, MD. — GREENSBORO, N. C.

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sidered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. * * * We owe it, therefore, to candor and the amicable relations existing between the United States and these powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition 'for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny,' by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. * * * Our policy in regard to Europe remains the same, to cultivate friendly relations with it and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting, in all instances, the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none."

So we see, then, that the meaning and scope of the Monroe Doctrine may be summed up under three heads:

1. The United States shall steer clear of all European broils; Europe shall not manage affairs on this side the Atlantic.

2. The establishment of any more European colonies on the American continent is prohibited; those already established not to be interfered with.

3. The extension of European political systems, or expansion of existing colonies on this hemisphere is prohibited.

In the beginning let us not be misled into believing that this great declaration was a sudden product of the fertile brain of James Monroe, or that it came as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. It was neither, and the American people were not astonished at its announcement. The Monroe Doctrine was the simple outcome of national events. Soon

after the colonization of America it became evident to thinking men that on this side of the world a new nation was to be established, and that America was not to remain a dependent colony belonging to Great Britain. Consequently we find that one of the first noticeable facts in the development of American government and history is the swinging away and ridding herself of European power and influence. All of the earlier statesman saw and realized this fact. And when it became incorporated into the life and feeling of the American people it finally burst forth in all its force with the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and the great war of freedom followed. The die had been cast. The United States was in ideals and principles forever separated from Europe. As Thomas Jefferson expressed it: "America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom." George Washington saw the same thing, and in the original draft of his farewell address used these words, "Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course."

When we find such sentiments as these expressed by the very founders of the nation it is an easy matter to trace the development of this feeling unto its culmination in the Monroe Doctrine. Thus when the South American republics arose in rebellion, and, declaring their independence, asked for aid America felt that the time for action had come, and it was perfectly natural that its policy should be laid down the very way it was.

The United States felt that she could not look with indifference upon the condition or destiny of the South American republics, because so closely is North America linked to South America in every particular that the weal or woe of one depends exactly upon the weal or woe of the other.

Then the leaders of American thought and action of that day believed that they owed South America a duty because these republics had followed the example of our own country in establishing their freedom and standing for their rights. As Daniel Webster says, "We cannot be so blind, we cannot so shut up our senses and smother our faculties as not to see that, in the progress and the establishment of South American liberty, our own example has been among the most stimulating causes. In their emergencies, they have looked to our experience; in their political institutions, they have followed our models; in their deliberations, they have invoked the presiding spirit of our own liberty. They have looked steadily in every adversity to the Great Northern Light. In the hour of bloody conflict they have remembered the fields which have been consecrated by the blood of our own fathers; and when they have fallen, they have wished only to be remembered with them, as men who have acted their parts bravely for the cause of liberty in the Western World."

Considering all these things James Munroe felt that he was fulfilling his duty when in 1825 he declared to the European nations that as regarded South America they must be hands off. The United States had laid down her policy, and of course the European nations were compelled at that time to carry out the instructions included in that declaration, but the question was should this declaration be regarded as a fixed item in the American foreign policy or should it merely be handed down to posterity as a tradition that once upon a time one of the chief magistrates of our nation had followed such a course, but that afterwards the Monroe doctrine had been designated as a dead letter in the international law. The test came within three years. The propriety of sending ministers to the Panama congress was under discussion. The

law-makers of our country felt that the Monroe doctrine was to a certain extent involved, and it was placed upon trial. Foremost among its advocates was that towering figure in American statesmanship, Daniel Webster, who in a speech before the House of Representatives declared in no uncertain terms his allegiance to the Monroe doctrine, and said that the country's honor was involved in that declaration. "I look upon it as a part of its treasures of reputation, and for one I intend to guard it." After making a review of our political history he continued: "I look on the message of December, 1823, as forming a bright page in our history. I will help neither to erase it nor tear it out; nor shall it be by any act of mine blurred or blotted. It did honor to the sagacity of the government, and I will not diminish that honor." In this instance it was clearly evident that it was the purpose of the United States to maintain the Monroe doctrine.

Secretary of State, Olney, in a letter to Mr. Bayard in 1895, uses these words: "It is certainly no more than the exact truth to say that every administration since President Monroe's has had occasion, and sometimes more occasions than one, to examine and consider the Monroe doctrine, and has in each instance given it emphatic endorsement. Presidents have dwelt upon it in messages to Congress, and Secretaries of State have time after time made it the theme of diplomatic representation. Nor, if the practical results of the rule be sought for, is the record either meagre or obscure. Its first and immediate effect was indeed most momentous and far reaching. It was the controlling factor in the emancipation of South America, and to it the independent states which now divide that region between them are largely indebted for their very existence. Since then the most striking single achievement to be credited to the rule is the evacuation of Mexico by the French upon the termination of the Civil War. But we are also indebted to it for the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which both neutralized any interoceanic canal across Central America and expressly excluded Great Britain from occupying or exercising any dominion over any

part of Central America." It led finally to the freedom of Cuba, and to Great Britain's relinquishment of any supposed protectorate over the Mosquito Coast.

This is what the Monroe doctrine has meant to the United States in the past, but the great question confronting us as a nation today is what relation shall the Monroe doctrine bear to the future development and destiny of our nation. In other words, must the United States maintain the Monroe doctrine, and if so, why?

To the first question we answer, yes, the United States must and shall maintain the principles laid down in this message, and propose the following reasons for the maintenance of this doctrine:

In the first place let us notice the opening provision of this message, that the United States shall steer clear of all European broils and Europe shall have practically nothing to do with the management of affairs on this side of the Atlantic. We may go back to the very beginnings of American history if need be, and see that one of the principal reasons of her unparalleled prosperity has been her strict determination never to become involved in the wars and contentions of the European nations. In an open letter addressed to the people of the United States upon his retirement from public life, George Washington, the Father of his Country, after speaking of the advantages accruing to us on account of our situation, continued: "Why forego the advantage of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperty in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice? It is our policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me be not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their general sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be

unwise to entend them." These reasons so forcibly expressed by George Washington hold as well today as they did when first announced by him. For the United States to acquire European territory or to become in any way mixed up in the broils among European nations would mean the greatest evil, and most far-reaching in its result, that has ever befallen the American Republic. No, the future welfare of this nation demands that at least this portion of the Monroe doctrine be carried out.

So much for our relations with Europe, but what about our relations with Europe in South America? In the first place, Europeans and European claims in South America must be treated with justice, but nothing more. The enemies of the Monroe doctrine advance the argument that "whatever construction may be placed on the Monroe doctrine in official circles of the United States and Europe, there is but one view of it among the dictators of South America. To them it means that, however shameless may be their disregard of international rights, or of the obligations of civilization, they have one strong arm on which they can rely for defence, one great power which will protect them from the consequences of their wrong doing. Their intrigues, to which the world affords no parallel, are founded on the idea that the United States may be relied upon to aid and abet them." A more senseless argument was never advanced by sensible men. Search the pages of American history and it will be found that this is an entirely mistaken idea. Never has the United States aided these South American Republics when in the wrong, but only when being imposed upon and cuffed about by a strong European nation. Take, for example, the recent occurrence in Venezuela. It is true that this republic had been slow in paying the claims of England and Germany, but we must remember that these claims were greatly exaggerated, and to a great extent untrue and unjust. Then we must bear in mind the condition of Venezuela, just emerging from a season of revolutions and internal upheavals. What could Venezuela do, with her finances gone and the whole country on the verge of ruin? Suppose we im-

agine ourselves in the position of Venezuela, that just at the close of the great Civil war, when the finances of our country were in a ruined condition and the nation was in the throes of a revolution; suppose that then England and Germany had sent fleets to New York and Boston to demand payment due some of their subjects. What could we have done? Would we have paid those claims unless compelled to do so by the shotgun and cannon? No; it would have been an utter impossibility. This was exactly the condition of Venezuela and England and Germany with their unjust demands refused to wait for payment and for a long time declined arbitration. Then what a picture ensued. England and Germany, claiming to be the two greatest nations on the globe, united their forces against this poor, struggling, little South American Republic and proceeded with one stroke to demolish its fleets, bombard its principal cities and take charge of its revenues. In an unjust and unfair manner they proceeded to carry out their purposes. American manhood with all its love for justice and fair play could stand it no longer. The blood of Americans boiled with righteous indignation, and then it was that the United States rose in all its power and declared that this disgrace and scandal should stop, that the rights of Venezuela should be regarded and upheld.

Was that wrong? Did it show that the United States was a strong nation behind which these republics could hide after committing some great crime? It simply proved to the world that, as far as matters go on this hemisphere, the United States is determined that justice and fair play shall be had. The purpose of the United States is not that just debts owed European nations by these South American Republics shall not be collected, but the very opposite. They shall be collected, but in a right and fair way according to the principles of international law and justice. As President Roosevelt said recently: "We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any

non-American power." So we see, then, that the Monroe doctrine is not unjust in its claims and workings.

An editorial in a late number of the Outlook, contained these words: "Nevertheless the essential principles, or perhaps one should say the essential spirit of the Monroe doctrine, remain a principle to guide, a spirit to inspire, as long as the nation lasts. These principles are two: National safety, fraternal guardianship." And these are the two principal reasons why we believe that the United States should maintain this great doctrine, formulated and expressed by one of its Presidents, inculcated into the very life and being of the nation, and which has ever remained a guiding light in her dealings with the rest of the world. In the first place national safety, yea, we go further than that and say the very life itself of the nation depends to a great extent on its maintenance of this great declaration.

The last few years of the world's history have seen the mighty colonizing powers of Europe take possession of Africa, carve it up and divide it among themselves, and we have seen them each steadily trying to advance their own interests in Asia. They have now turned their attention to South America, and the eagle eyes of England and Germany have seen there prey worthy of their toil. If the United States is willing to see South America gradually pass into the hands of England, Germany, and other European nations, and willing to be hemmed in by British naval posts and European colonies, and give up her rightful supremacy in the Western Hemisphere, there is nothing more to be said, but to none of these will the United States give way. England has already planted her colonies in South America and wishes to push them forward, and Germany is filled with a frenzied desire to gain a foothold on this resourceful continent. And to have granted their recent demands, that the revenues of Venezuela be turned over to them, would have been to have fulfilled their most eager wishes. Even if they had not technically taken charge of Venezuela, still if they had been allowed to take charge of all her revenues, etc., it would simply have meant the governing power passed over into the

hands of these European nations. A good example of this we have in the case of England and Egypt. The Land of the Nile has never been formally annexed to Great Britain, yet "her national revenues have passed into British hands, and with them the substance of her independence. May not the people of Egypt say to Great Britain: 'You control my destiny when you withhold from me the means of shaping it at my volition. You take my life when you take the means whereby I live.'"

If England and Germany should in any way gain control of these South American Republics, and should transport their military and political system to the Western Hemisphere, Europe would be joined to America, the fight for life would be on, and the battle fought which would determine whether American principles and American government shall rule on this continent, or whether the Stars and Stripes shall go down in defeat before the battle flags of England and of Germany. To meet this the United States would have to keep a standing army two or three times the size of the present one, the navy would have to be increased to a wonderful extent, the national expense would be made much greater, and, worse than all, the United States would always be threatened by a strong foe who by reason of their anvantageous position could easily assail her most vulnerable points on the shortest notice. Hence self-preservation demands the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine.

In the next place the United States should continue her past policy in a spirit of Fraternal guardianship over her sister republics. By happy circumstances she has been placed as the leader of all conditions and matters of the Western Hemisphere, and as that leader should see fair play in this Hemisphere. To the south of her lie republics struggling to maintain their existence against overwhelming odds. They want freedom and not European rule. Why should the United States not help them? The part played by this government in the recent Venezuelan controversy meant the life of that republic, and why should the United States renounce

her intention to aid her sister republics who are needing assistance?

That this South America, "rich in resources beyond the dreams of avarice, its tinted mountains filled with priceless gems and precious metals of untold worth, its vast prairies and mighty forests one unending panorama of nature's most stupendous effort, its shores indented with a thousand harbors wherein might ride secure the commerce of the world, a land of beauty comparable to no other in its myriad pictures formed by nature's whims, capable of containing the population of the earth and housing it all in luxury and splendor, this Queen of Continents,"—that this land I say should be developed and brought forth in all its grandeur by any other nation besides the United States is contrary to the nobler instincts of American manhood. This land must be developed. It will be done by the aid of the United States, and the Monroe Doctrine is the means by which she shall accomplish it.

So taking all in all we are forced to the conclusion that the United States must and shall maintain the Monroe Doctrine.

E. K. HARDIN, JR.

The Literary Prophet of the Nineteenth Century.

(Medal Essay from Calhoun Society.)

In 1795 on the lonely wilds of a Scottish moor a toiling peasant mother gave birth to a son in whose bosom the fires of genius, determination, and resolution were mingled. This boy was Thomas Carlyle, who was born into a home where frugality, thrift, poverty and work reigned, but a home where honesty, love, faith and duty reigned as well. In his mother's veins there did not flow the blood that characterizes the aristocrat, but in her breast there was beating a mother's heart, a heart that beat in unison with the great heart of her son through the vicissitudes of his troubled, dark and gloomy, but brilliant career. The impress of her simple and unpretentious, but noble and inspiring character was early stamped upon Carlyle, and there sprang up in his susceptible heart a

passion for his mother that endured the tests of a lifetime. Indeed, nowhere in literature do we find a more beautiful, more devoted, more exemplary attachment. In later years when doubts and sorrows and cares began to hover over his life in dark clouds, it was to the mother of his childhood days that he turned for consolation, for advice. When the applause of men greeted him and the stamp of fame was imprinted upon his brow, when he led the vanguard of European literateurs in their wild chase after literary fame and men hailed him as a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, it was conjectured by some that the uncultured, unlettered, hard-handed old mother would be forgotten in a certain intellectual estrangement, but the flame of love that was kindled in the boy's heart at his mother's knee was still burning in the heart of the man of seventy summers. Whether in the cloistered walls of Edinburgh or in the mighty heart of London, whether on the lonely moor of Craigenputtock or in the gay throng of a Parisian assembly, his thoughts were constantly reverting to that humble peasant home which was dearer to him than the home of the greatest peer or peers in the land.

Carlyle's father saw lurking deep down beneath the heart of his son a promise of future greatness; hence he determined to give him the essential intellectual training for the proper development of his genius. After completing his academic training, it was decided that Carlyle should go to the University. In those days when the pinch of poverty made it hard for the Scotch peasants to make ends meet, it meant something for a boy to go to the University, but in the Autumn of 1809 Carlyle, then a boy of fourteen, set out on a journey of one hundred miles across the country on foot to the University of Edinburgh. A clothes bag carried on his shoulder easily held all of his clothes. In the brave step of this fourteen-year-old boy there is to be seen a pretty good index to the dogged resolution and determination of the man of twenty-five, who, when the world like a dungeon and a charnel house, cried out: "I am a stubborn dog, and evil fortune shall not break my heart or bend it either!" The University

loomed up before Carlyle like a mirage in the desert of poverty and of hardship that surrounded his young life, but alas! It was in reality a mirage, a barren regret. The food that it offered was not the food for which the hungry brain of the young man of genius was calling, but rather a mixture of "dead vocables" and conventionalities. But when he left the University the impress of three great influences followed him and remained with him all through life. The first was the lesson of poverty. While the son was burning the midnight oil toiling over his "dead vocables," the mother in her humble home one hundred miles across the country was bending over the wash tub that contained her boy's clothes. He used to send them to her from the University to be washed, and by return chaise she would send him a little oatmeal and a few potatoes as luxuries. But this very poverty was one of the means of stamping upon Carlyle's heart the characteristics that helped to make him the literary seer and prophet of Europe.

The second great influence was Carlysle's introduction to the leading writers of the world through the medium of the Edinburgh library. There was at work in his brain an unconscious absorbing and assimilating force which enriched it with a consolidation of the greatest minds in the world, and which caused every thing that he wrote to be literally permeated with beautiful and effective allusions. The studies were not congenial, but he browsed with delight in the excellent library. The last influence was the never-dying friendship of a few kindred spirits. These sympathetic young friends looked down beneath the rough exterior of Carlyle's peasant heart into his heart of hearts, and saw there something that was not like the common mass of mankind. These kindred spirits communed together upon subjects that were burdening the hearts of the thinking men of Europe, and in the wild pulsations of their young hearts one might have heard the echo of a nation rising up out of the bondage of conventionalism and skepticism. During these years of toil, of hardships, and of poverty Carlyle's comfort came from the

same source—his mother, the dream of whose life it was to see her son a preacher. Indeed, the sacrifice that his parents made was in the expectation that their boy would one day resign himself to the greatest work of which a Scotch peasant could conceive; hence it was that Carlyle deemed it his peculiar duty to preach two formal sermons in Divinity Hall, but realizing his incapability and unadaptability, he resolved to study law. After a consistent and systematic study of several years Carlyle as readily realized that law was not his domain, therefore he resumed his duties as private tutor with sanguine hopes of an early promotion to the Professorship of a large University. Again his hopes were barren. He did not get his professorship, but he got in love.

Carlisle's vicissitudes accompanied by misfortunes, which were in turn mingled with unrequited love and the abstruse thoughts that were hurling men into doubt and skepticism caused a cloud of doubt to settle over his own life. He had been reared by parents who deemed it a heinous crime to question a single word of the Bible or deviate one iota from the pure but austere faith of the Scotch Presbyterians, but when his gigantic mind was broadened by the lore of great writers, and when he encountered the modern beliefs and modern theories in regard to God and the Bible, like many other great minds of the century, he slowly relinquished his hold upon the creed of his boyhood days. He passed through seven long years of spiritual and mental and physical torment. Doubt clouded his very soul. His mind was aflame with questions that came to Job, to David, to Solomon, to Aeschylus, to Shakespeare, to Goethe, and to Byron: "What is the world? What is life? Is there any Providence in the Universe? Who am I? From whence am I? Whither am I going?" This troubled soul and mind were housed in a dyspeptic body that caused him to exclaim: "A creature, ignorant, stupid, peevish, disappointed, broken-hearted, the veriest wretch upon the face of the globe. My curse seems blacker and deeper than that of any man; to be immured in a rotten carcass." The intensity of the cloud increased. He was a man launched upon an unknown sea of doubt, dashed

to and fro by the billows, groping his way in the dark—alone, unhappy, unguarded, unknown. But during all of those seven long and barren years Carlyle never once gave up. He hitched his wagon to the star of duty, and, while the tempestuous waves of unbelief hurled him against the hard and jagged rocks of the world, still he clung to his star. Soon there began to appear a faint glimmer, a ray of light, behind the cloud. This ray brightened and brightened until the sunshine of a new world dawned upon him, and in tones that reach the climax of human eloquence he exultantly cries out: "Oh, like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel house with spectres, but Godlike, and my father's." The cloud was dispelled. Carlyle was free. No longer was he bound in the fetters of skepticism. The world about him had a different meaning. He heard the voice of God in the moaning of the ocean, in the blasts of the tempest, in the distant roar of the mountains. No longer did he look upon mankind as mere two-legged animals in gregarious herds, but as brothers, as human beings in whose bosoms a heart was beating and a soul was at work. No longer was he on a "darkling plain swept with confused alarms of strnggle and flight," but in the day-spring of God's love.

We have intimated that Carlyle was in love. After his victorious liberation from the shackles which bound him, he felt free to set about his new quest. The unfortunate object of his love was a beautiful, accomplished, attractive, high-bred aristoorat, Miss Jane Welsh. Her brilliant intellect and literary talent attracted Carlyle, and on the other hand, increased her interest in him. It seems rather remarkable that he should aspire to a hand so far above him from a social standpoint, but with characteristic determination he exercised his brain and heart to such an extent that by slow degrees the "mocking bird was tamed." She did not love him at first, but admiration was converted into respect, which in turn took the shape of love. Finally, the two geniuses were

married in 1826. No couple could have been more mismatched. Both had hot tempers. Both were impulsive. Their married life was far from being happy. They lived in Edinburgh a short time, but soon retired to the lonely moor of Craigenputtock, a possession of Mrs. Carlyle. Here in the wilds of Scotland, far away from the attractions of her heretofore happy life, the young wife slaved away her existence in the barren effort to please a whimsical husband, who was burdened with two maladies in particular—a morbid stomach and an uncommon mind.

Carlyle shut himself up in an upstairs room, where he toiled most of the day on his literary productions. This seclusion was only broken by occasional country rides on horseback. Mrs. Carlyle remained at home over the cook pot, the wash tub, and the house duties. She did not rebel. It was Carlyle's conception of a wife's duty, and she did her duty. When Carlyle had reached the highest pinnacle of literary fame that he so coveted, and that was the wildest dream of his wife, she said: "I married for ambition; Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him—and I am miserable!" This neglect was not a conscious one on Carlyle's part, but rather an unconscious literary absorption which necessarily tended to estrange him from his duties to his wife. It was not ill treatment; it was neglect. In the twilight of his eventful life, when his home was made vacant by his own neglect, and when the loneliness of life weighed down upon him, in the anguish of his soul the old man uttered the pathetic words: "I cannot weep; no relief yet. God enable me to live out my poor remnant of days in a manner she would have applauded!"

After six quiet, uneventful, and lonely years at Craigenputtock, Carlyle moved to London where he and Mrs. Carlyle lived in a rented house on Cheyne Row. Here in the mighty heart of the great city the man who was "so dreadfully in earnest" wrote at intervals a series of books that shook the literary walls of two continents. The literary eye of England was slow to see the massive force and characteristic beauty

that lay apparently hidden beneath Carlyle's numerous metaphors, but he was not writing to please the popular ear. The applause of men was a matter of very little import to him. A message, stern and harsh, was burdening his heart. He had to deliver it, but it was not what the public wanted. England was corrupt. Carlyle saw it and told her about it, but she ridiculed him. Even the publishers refused to publish some of his books, one in particular—"Sartor Resartus," which is the epitome of the literary productions of the nineteenth century. After "Sartor Resartus," "The French Revolution," "Cromwell," and "Frederick the Great" had appeared, Carlyle's fame was no longer disputed. England's sons paid tribute to him. Great personages courted his favor. Literary aspirants wearied him with parasitical attentions. The Prime Minister himself entertained him and evidenced a keen interest in his works. But with all this honor Carlyle was the same Scotch peasant, loyal to his mother, to his home and to his country. Often, amid the rush of the world, the jars and the discords of the noisy city, and the applause of men, his inmost thoughts would wander back to the moors of Scotland, and in a little while Carlyle and his mother would be sitting by the fireside enveloped in a cloud of smoke which emerged from her pipe as well as his.

With the exception of an occasional visit to Ireland, to Scotland, or to the Continent, Carlyle passed the rest of his life in London writing, reading, walking. The tenor of his eventful, peevish, and dyspeptic life was perhaps more gentle and even, but his nerves were still so sensitive that the crowing of a cock at midnight, or any uncommon noise would cause him to work himself into a frantic rage, whereupon would be uttered a profusion of ringing metaphors. But these were mere physical weaknesses and afflictions. A mental affliction soon overshadowed his life, which was caused by the death of his mother in 1853—a blow from which he never fully recovered. Thus ended the unique and lovely attachment between the peasant mother and her famous son. But another cloud, one of still blacker borders, behind which there was no ray, was hovering over Carlyle.

The wife of his sorrows and his joys was stricken. He was just beginning to realize the preciousness of his jewel when her delicate frame was shattered under the hardships of her unhappy life, but it was "too late." She left him in his seventy-second year, an old man, broken-hearted and miserable. But he did not give up. He lived alone and worked until his hand could write no more. He followed his mother and wife at the ripe age of eighty-five. It seems but right that such a great spirit should sleep beside the other great spirits in Westminster Abbey, and a sacred spot was offered him, but the noble old man preferred to rest beside his peasant mother in the lonely highlands of Scotland—truly the most beautiful and the most heroic act of his life.

After reading a brief resume of a great man's life it is but natural for us to be curious about the central ideas that governed that life; hence it is that we now take a hurried glance into the characteristic Carlylean conceptions. The first and greatest of these fundamental ideas is that every man should work. The word "work" was the watchword of Carlyle's life. He looked around on the idleness, the empty vanities, the extravagant luxuries of the higher class at the expense of the lower, and exclaimed: "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name! Up! Up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called today, for the night cometh, wherein no man can work." The primary cause of this pent-up outburst was the social and political corruption of England. Truly she was in a seething cess-pool of corruption, and Carlyle's honest, true and justice loving nature rebelled in metaphorical outbursts of righteous indignation. "Do the duty that lies nearest to thee" is his second great conception. He tried to teach men not to strive after the inevitable, not to sit down in lazy contentment waiting for some mysterious act of Providence to scatter golden opportunities at their very feet, but rather to be up and doing that duty that lay nearest at hand—whether a poor toiler in some sequestered spot or a mighty power to shape the destiny of the nation. To the

class of men that were laboring under the painful hallucination that there was nothing to do, that God had withheld his talents from them, that life was a vale of tears, Carlyle especially addressed himself: "Every being that can live can do something; this let him do. Tools? There is not a man or a thing that is now alive but has tools. The basest of created animalcules, the spider itself, has a spinning jenny and warping mill and power loom within its head. Hast thou not a brain furnished with some glimmering of light?"

The third great doctrine is to get down beneath the outward crust of men and things, and to see into the inmost heart. "Happy is he who can look through the clothes of a man into the man himself." The holiday dress of the world had no charm for Carlyle. He dealt with the inner man. No mere superficiality could appeal to him, whether in his dealings with men or with things. In his literary preparation for his great books no work was spared in order to get at the heart of the matter. Nothing that he wrote bears upon its pages the lack of indefatigable toil. Under this head may be fitly included his conceptions in regard to sincerity and honesty. The insincerity and dishonesty of the age created in him a deep loathing and disgust for everything that had stamped upon it the semblance of hypocrisy or incincerity; hence it was that he lost faith in the outer holiday-attired man, and had a burning desire to divest him of every outward hindrance in order to lay bare the "sanctum sanctorum" of the man. This was not mere affectation on the part of Carlyle, for, notwithstanding his many apparent faults, no man ever had a purer, a nobler, a truer heart, and the boundless love that most of the time lay shut up within him was characteristic of few men of the day.

We now come to Carlyle's style, the bug-bear and stumbling block of so many readers. Indeed, there is reason for criticism at times, for, as Carlyle said himself, few of his sentences stand straight on their legs, and his thoughts were mixed like some mad banquet where all of the eatables had been thrown together in one dish. But Carlyle had just imbibed the German spirit and wanted the public to be im-

pressed with its obscurity. This apparent obscurity and seeming carelessness is due in large measure to his wonderful genius in the use of countless metaphors, the chief characteristic of his style. Of course this is wherein the trouble lay, for if one does not recognize these numerous metaphors, upon which the bulk of the meaning hinges, he is at a loss to know what Carlyle is jabbering about, and straightway pronounces him obscure and muddy. But if one can appreciate the metaphors, his style at once becomes perfectly clear and flows on like some swelling stream of crystal waters. These metaphorical outbursts were mingled with a certain concrete picturesqueness that lends especial charm to the blended whole. Besides these traits of style there is a playful touch of humor mingled with burning sarcasm, while a sad note of pathos underlies it all. For beautiful metaphors, for concrete pictures, for keen humor, for scorching sarcasm, for pathetic touches, for poetic-prose flights that soar as high as any poetry, Carlyle's style is the epitome of the literary expression of the Nineteenth Century. The galaxy of the literary stars of the century would be sadly dimmed were he not included.

R. O. LAWTON.

The Importance of City Government.

The problem of city government has within recent years been altered in many important respects, and presents new difficulties to be adjusted. The towns and villages of thirty years ago are the large and crowded cities of today, and the simple form of government of that date has been replaced by the complex and intricate municipal codes, adapted to the needs and requirements of a large city. It has been stated "In 1820 there were but thirteen towns in the United States with 8,000 population, and their conbined population was less than five per cent of the entire population of the country." The method of government and the form of organization were materially different then from their pres-

ent state; and it was not until the middle of the century that the city began to change its old form.

But new forces and conditions sprang up which were a powerful factor in creating and expanding population in the cities, and in making city government more diversified and difficult. The mighty industrial waves caused by the enlarged opportunities in manufacturing industries, threw wide open the doors of the city, which almost always lead to commercial prosperity and caused the country places to be depopulated. The new field of manufacturing presented more glaring opportunities and brighter prospects than did the old occupation of agriculture, and attracted hundreds and thousands to the centres of trade and industry. Another reason for this fast concentration of population which deserves mention, is the remarkable mobility of the American people. The inherent love of adventure, the passion for excitement of whatever nature, has long been one of the dominant characteristics of American life. The same spirit which led our dauntless ancestors over the Appalachian Mountains in the early days of the nation is the same spirit which drives men into the big cities and into the whirl-pools of activity. These rapid immigrations into the cities have changed the relations of municipal government to state and national affairs. It is no longer a minor detail. It is of supreme importance in the affairs of the nation.

Just at the time when city government was coming into prominence and the new era of affairs was demanding public consideration and proper legislation, the war between the States occurred. The war of course, absorbed public attention for four years, and everything not connected with the war was subordinated to the one supreme issue. Immediately following the war was the dark period of reconstruction, which upset the political affairs of both North and South. And when the government had awakened from the nightmare of war and reconstruction, and was once more on its feet ready to turn its attention to the political affairs and economic requirements of the government, the big cities wer

already crowded and constantly growing larger, and there was an earnest appeal for more efficient city government. About 1875 the "modern city" came into existence. It came into existence according to the natural law of growth; the new conditions which accompanied it were so unexpected, that there was no well regulated or uniform system of laws to meet them. The growth of the big city is natural, inevitible.

When the American people were prepared to legislate upon this new problem, they saw the centres of trade already congested with an overflowing population, in which it was difficult to instill the elementary principles of American citizenship and democratic government. They saw, but it was too late to prevent, conditions in which bribery and corruption were given the freest hand, and in which "boodle' politicians were given every opportunity imaginable to execute their dishonest designs.

The two features of municipal government which are attracting the most widespread attention, are the practice of high-handed dishonesty in elections and courts, and the disposal of public or semi-public utilities. The organization of the boodlers and corrupt politicians approaches the point of perfection. No army was ever better organized; no great industry has more perfect symmetry of detail. There are the supreme bosses, the ward bosses and their armies of subordinates. They buy the city council, pass measures of public expediency to suit their pleasure, and even have the effrontery to bribe or attempt to bribe a judge while performing his duties on the bench. At one time in the course of their histories, the cities of St. Louis, New York, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg, have been under the complete control of these gangs. In St. Louis they sold the public water works plant for $15,000,000, when it could have brought double the amount. Each one of the ring pocketed a large fortune on this deal. Their dictates are supreme. No one dares to question their authority. When they are in control of the council and have the aldermen subject to

their commands, reform, howevery badly needed, and progress however necessary, is retarded and even prevented by these kings of their trade. Only certain industries favorable to the ring receive favors; frequently the head of a large business firm is a member of the ring. All business inimical to the interests of the ring is deprived of all privileges which proceed from the city council, and as a consequence is curtailed, and in some cases, badly injured. Frequently street improvement and the construction of public parks and other things of benefit to the public cannot be effected, except at the pleasure or caprice of the ring. The people have no voice in their own government.

The second noticeable feature of municipal affairs is the proper use and disposition of public utilities. The system of individual ownership of such utilities as street car lines has many disadvantages. It has few advantages. Competition is usually so sharp among the different traction companies that the profits of each are small and the expenses and loses re ever increasing. The unavoidable expense and wastefulness ness of the competitive system is enormous. Millions of dollars are wasted yearly because of this undue competition. The question frequently asked is whether the laws of trade should be allowed to operate without restraint, or whether the various lines should be amalgamated into one system under the control and ownership of the muuicipal government. This policy would eradicate many of the present defects, conspicious among which are the opportunities for graft or political dishonesty.

To give the remedies for these evils in a short paper would be impossible; but these are the most conspicious features in the city of today and they will sooner or latter come directly before the people for settlement at the ballot box.

Municipal government is an affair of great importance. It strikes to the heart of the American people.

The centres of trade, industry, and population are accumulated in the large city. Every failure to meet every requirement face to face is that much of injury to American industry. Every failure to provide for the health and comfort of

the crowded tenements and to promote the welfare of the people is that much of injury to the American people.

The solution of the municipal problem lies with the people. If they are corrupt, and indifferent, they will vote these boodlers into office, and, as a consequence, when it is too late to correct their mistake will suffer disaster. If they are sincere and patriotic, they will have done with them and will establish the rule of the honest man. The boodlers depend upon the people for their support; if it is not given they must lose out. The failure of our cities to accomplish the ends for which they were intended is not permanent; it will be corrected. Horace E. Denning states: "The failure of city government in the United States has not been a failure of democracy. From the beginning, there has not been a single city with a government based upon fundamental democratic principles and adequately equipped to apply those principles in the practical conduct of its public business. There has been in the popular mind no concept of the city as government. No city has adequate power of local government. Every city has been obliged to apply to some outside authority for grant of power to meet local needs."

The large cities have already begun to take on new life. The example of Chicago proves that the people can rule, when they will. Lincoln Stephens in McClure's Magazine says: "The agents of reform have been many and efficient, but back of them all was an intelligent, determined people, and they have determined. The city of Chicago is ruled by the citizens of Chicago." Joseph W. Folk of St. Louis has convicted boodlers of high misdemeanors until we are tired reading about them. New York under the government of City Attorney Jerome, has improved its tenement houses and effected many other needed reforms. Minneapolis and Pittsburg have changed their political color, and there is a general spirit of reform in the air. It seems as if reform after all has come to the front.

C. P. W.

The Choice of Ambition.

There was a sort of subdued growl of a gun, and a train of sparks, marking this course of a projectile, sputtered through a path in the night air, running upward and onward at an angle of forty-five degrees toward old Cro' Nest Mountain. There were more growls and more sparks, and then, the old-time mortar battery ceased firing. The "yearlings" at West Point were showing the thousands of visitors how to handle, and handle quickly, the snubbed-nosed eight-inch mortars of the siege-battery.

Back of the battery on the hill, overlooking the finest view of eastern North America, stood a little old-fashioned hotel. Tonight it was lighted up brightly, and there was music and gayety both within and without. It was the night before graduation day at West Point, fifteen years ago. While the "yearlings" were being put through their artillery paces, the graduates of to-morrow, "foot loose" from duty, and with scores of officers, were acting as hosts at the hotel for the hundreds of visitors.

Helen Forbes, a young New York society girl, sat on the veranda of the West Point hotel, looking far away up the star-lit Hudson toward Newburg. There came the sound of a rapid step. The girl's eyes brightened. James Deloney, second lieutenant of artillery United States Army, rounded the corner of the veranda. His face was aglow. He was as fine a looking fellow, physically, as one could find in the whole corps of cadets. He went straight to the girl. She held out both hands and greeted him.

Helen Forbes had met James Deloney during the cadets' furlough in his second class year. The next summer she had gone to the Academy where he, with his classmates, were enjoying all the glories that came to a first classman during the last encampment of the academic course. This sort of a thing happens everywhere, perhaps, but it is more likely to happen at West Point, notwithstanding belief to the contrary; because, the cadets are not thrown into the whirl

of society. James Deloney, this youthful cadet, fell in love with Helen Forbes with all the intensity of his being. As for the girl---well 'tis hard telling anything where women are concerned. She certainly gave cadet Deloney every reason to believe that she cared for him, and, cared for him deeply.

The winter after the summer spent at West Point, she came out in New York society. She was a beauty, and the men soon found it out. Her father was not rich and Helen was ambitious. That was a gay winter in New York for Helen Forbes. And, her mother had promised to take her to the graduating exercises at West Point the following summer.

June had now come. Helen was at the West Point hotel and sitting upon the veranda. She had seen Deloney and had a few conversations with him. One evening while she was sitting in her favorite seat Deloney came up and said "Let's go for a walk." She took his arm and her little white hand rested upon the gray sleeve just below the gold chevrons that told his rank as a cadet captain, and together they passed along the veranda. In a moment the open door of the hotel office was at their right. Helen Forbes glanced within. She gave a little start and half withdrew her hand from Deloney's arm. All solicitude, he turned. "What is it?" he said.

"I felt a little cold," replied the girl, and, in saying it Helen Forbes told no lie. "Shall we go in?" asked the cadet. "No, let us walk."

They descended the hotel steps and went through the lantern-lighted lawn by the front of the cadet encampment down back of the old battery of Napoleon twelve-pounders, and finally reached Kosciusko's garden. They heard the waters of the Hudson murmuring against the bank below.

The splash of the fountain by which the old Polish patriot loved to sit resounded in their years. They heard, in a subdued way, the music from the hotel.

Well,—it's a story that's been told, and told again and will still be told when a hundred generations to come have gone from earth. Helen Forbes was ambitious. There was no

future such as she dreamt of in life as the wife of a second lieutenant of artillery,—stipend $1400 a year. She had led Deloney to believe that she loved him, and when he proposed to her, this is what she said:

"Oh, I didn't know it was like this and I am sorry, but it can't be; I hate to wound you, if wound it is to be, but I did not know." (In saying that she did not know Helen Forbes lied a romantic lie.)

Deloney stood it like a soldier though the wound was deeper than any that came to him in after years in the field. He stood up straight in that moonlit garden, gave Helen Forbes his arm, and, by the course they had come, retraced their steps to the hotel. The music was there; the light was there; but, in the boy's heart there was neither music nor light.

They had reached the veranda. They were almost on the same spot where they had met earlier in the evening. There was a step behind them; it was a rather heavy step. "Helen," said a voice, a strident voice. Helen Forbes had just said to James Deloney: "You don't know all my heart, but it is best that what you have asked me should not be."

At the sound of the voice from behind she started as though stunned, and then turned quickly and dropped her companion's arm. A heavy-set man was coming towards them. He said, "I came up on the boat to surprise you, Helen."

There was no pleasure in the girl's face as she turned to Deloney and said, "Mr. Deloney, let me introduce Mr. Packard of New York." Deloney looked into the man's face. It was eager and self-satisfied. The stranger was holding out both hands to Helen Forbes. Deloney looked from one to the other and knew it all

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The next winter Helen Forbes, aged nineteen, was married to Thomas Packard, aged thirty-five, and worth two millions.

Fifteen years passed. Mrs. Packard sat in her New York residence. Her husband had just come in. "Helen," said

he, "I want you to look your best and do your best tonight when George Mullins, the rich Chicago banker comes to tea with me. I expect to turn a deal with him."

Helen Packard's face was cold. She was a beauty yet. In reply to her husband's remark she said: "Very well, I'll do my best."

Packard left the room. His wife's eyes followed him. There was something almost like a sneer in them. Then her thoughts turned backward. It was just fifteen years ago that very day. Something like a sigh, and then the woman turned and picked up a newspaper to glance at it for the sole purpose of diverting her thoughts. What kind of a fate was it that brought those two paragraphs which she found staring at her from the printed page, into juxtaposition? She read the first; it was like this:

"Thomas Packard pulled out $500,000 as a result of his recent deal in pork. The little fellows were squeezed and several lost everything they had in the world. Mr. Packard's pork deal was handled with the business sagacity for which he is noted. It is rumored that the suicide of George Wilson was due to his losses in this deal."

The paragraph in the parallel column, a despatch from Washington, ran thus:

"The Senate today confirmed the nomination of Maj. James Deloney, of the 49th Cavalry, as Lieutenant-Colonel. Congress has voted a medal of honor to Col. Deloney for his personal gallantry in Bontau, Philippines. There he was twice severely wounded in saving the life of an enlisted man who had fallen into the hands of a scouting party of Filipinos."

Helen Packard dropped the paper. She could repeat both paragraphs word for word. She looked back fifteen years. Which was better? She looked around on the luxury of her home and repeated the question. Which was better?

"Woodlands."

About forty years ago the traveller thought it no unusual occurrence to see some old mansion come to view through a long avenue of oaks or cedars. He, when travelling through the "Old South," rather expected such sights to greet his longing eyes when tired after a long journey, but now the old mansion has passed from among us. Those good times, the ante-bellum days, are brought to mind when we see the ruins of what was once the "great house" on the plantation. And so it is with "Woodlands," the old home of William Gilmore Simms, author and poet. As we drive out from the county seat of Bamberg county for five miles, we reach the one-time home of our host. Before reaching this place, however, we have passed the village of Midway. This place is now a stack of ruins, which remains as a testimony against the outrages perpetrated by the Federal forces when General Sherman made his black march to the Sea. When Sherman had completed his work of destruction at Midway, he continued his march directly toward Charleston, and in that line of march lay Woodlands. The home of Simms was doomed to a fate similar to that of Midway. The house was a large brick structure, with an odd-looking portico in front, and here Simms would promenade when the weather was not suitable for a ramble 'neath the oaks. One of the great rooms on the lower floor was set aside for his library of ten thousand volumes, for Simms was truly a great reader and interpreter of books, as well as a writer of them.

Here we take an extract from the Life of William Gilmore Simms by W. P. Trent. The description of the times as they were lived at Woodlands is interesting:

"The plantation was within easy walking distance of Midway, but what expected guest would be allowed to walk even a hundred yards to a Southerner's house? Hence visitors found it accessible, and as Simms was known far and wide for his hospitality, Woodlands was seldom without a guest. The dining room, that very important part of a Southerner's

house, was in close proximity to the study, and thither Simms and his guests were wont to repair before the early dinner, in order to mix a toddy. The toddy disposed of, they sat down to a table loaded with good things which came from the nearby plantation. Over this table Simms presided with a hearty hospitality. He let his guests eat while he told anecdote after anecdote. Sometimes he discoursed on topics of literature and art with a vehemence and insistence which left his guests little room to get in a word. Dinner over, cigars were produced. Smoking being ended, the guests were at liberty to drive, ride or walk through the picturesque neighborhood. If, however, the guest was, like his host, not much inclined to take exercise, he could find plenty to interest him in the grounds immediately surrounding the house; he could admire Simms' taste as a landscape gardener, or he could take his book and go out for a seat in the grape vine swing, which his host had celebrated in a song. Visitors were told to scour the country, go hunting or fishing, or else pass the time with a cigar or book; Simms himself must work. If the visitor sat quiet, as Paul Hamilton Hayne was wont to do, watching the rapid pen move over the sheets of paper until Simms exclaimed, 'Near dinner time, old boy—what say you to a glass of sherry and bitters?' then it was likely that study would be abandoned for the rest of the day, and that after supper would come a rubber of whist, or a long conversation on the portico about literature or metaphysics. If it happened to be Christmas time, the guest was likely to be awakened early by the sound of the sweet singing of the negroes, blended with numerous tones from the banjos."

And this was the place that William Cullen Bryant, Paul Hamilton Hayne, G. R. R. James, and John R. Thompson, editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, were wont to visit their fellow companion; here it was that "The Yemassee," "The Partisan," "Mellichampe: a Legend of the Santee," were written, together with a great number of others; here it was that Simms lived and worked for over a score of years, and yet because of Sherman there is only a small brick building, ivy-covered, which Simms built from the ruins of his

large mansion, and the large oaks, which remain to show where Simms had his home, and where Woodlands existed. Since all of this is of the past, we fancy that if we could interpret the sighing of the trees, there would be glorious times told of; we would hear of days when men of one heart and purpose met together, and again we should hear a sighing near akin to moaning, as the giant oaks grow restless for the olden times now of long ago. We do not wonder at the longing hearts of these friends of the past, for now they have witnessed change after change and all is different. No longer is Woodlands the home of guests who are in reality men. Now ruin is on every side perceptible—where once every sign of life betokened culture, there is decay.

There are many points of interest which surround the old home; here you may see the old oak under which Paul Hamilton Hayne loved to lounge, and here is where Bryant and Simms chatted together of the thoughts nearest to their hearts, and dearest to their kindred spirits; this old oak is the place that Simms thought out the plot of such and such a book; and so these points make the place, a place not without interest to that one who loves to come in contact with things with which a real man has had to do.

Often now gay crowds of young people go there for an outing, and where once the poet and author wrote and lived, the jolly merry-makers laugh with delight and without thought. As they stroll 'neath the oaks, perhaps there may be one among them who delights in paying silent tribute to the days that have long since passed, and to the spirit of the famous companion of Paul Hamilton Hayne. This, the one time home of the man of whom his biographer has said: "His State may still point to her Calhouns and McDuffies, and his section may point to contemporary lights that have cast and still cast him in the shade; but it is doubtful if South Carolina, or indeed the whole South, has produced in this century a man who will stand a closer scrutiny into his motives and life work than William Gilmore Simms."

As we reflect on the changes which have come to pass, we

can but give vent to our feelings and exclaim: "Time, thou hast a cruel heart and art un-relentless?"

M. W. BRABHAM.

Some American Qualities in Books.

A certain eminent teacher of literature has recently written an article discussing a question raised some time ago by the editor of a current magazine. The question is, "What is the American quality in its literature, and what elements are essentially those of the New World." In the study of a question like this, besides having a wide knowledge of its literature, it is necessary to know something of the experience of the nation, something of the effect that foreign influence and immigration have had upon it, and something of the environment of its people. America has ceased to be, as once, the land of refuge for the oppressed and has taken its place among the nations of the world as a distinct people with an historic past, a literature, and a future. And as the literature of any people is the outcome of the specific life and ideals of that people, so American literature is the expression of the life and characteristics of the American people, recording their struggles for a larger life, and growing out of their experiences. And yet besides these there is in it much genuine "abstract art," originality and beauty of expression.

Probably the most marked departure from English literature which that of America has made has been in subject matter and spirit. For instance, as Puritanism has produced more great poets than Milton, so we have in the very beginning of our literature a novel which is representative of the fully developed Puritanism which had come to the wilds of America to spend itself. Then we have, perpetuated in our early literature, the struggle for existence of a race found in no other part of the world. Our earliest poets were at times even sectional. So we have the Idyl of the New England home, with its touch of American invented Quakerism, so broad and fine that every heart responds to it—a tale of "the

common unrhymed poetry of simple life and country ways.'

The American government is founded upon the great principles of Democracy. From the wonderfully framed constitution to the matchless summary of Abraham Lincoln, democracy has been the ideal government. As has been said, the American government is the most mammoth example of trust in the world, built upon the belief in a man's ability to govern himself and his individual rights. So this high ideal of government by the people has had its influence on, and found its expression in its literature, and we have that appreciation which casts aside outer show, and looks within for the kingly nature and qualities of gold. This democracy is due without doubt to the greater love of freedom and liberty. For if in the breasts of Americans there is one common passion, and if the base-line of American literature can be determined, surely it is this great love for freedom, freedom of thought, freedom to follow one's own individual instincts and one's own "inward voice." It is freedom for the individual which has led to victory the American flag, inspired by its poet laureates and the literature of the country. No literature was ever more centered in one great ideal, no men were ever inspired by loftier appeals. Closely following this, and deep seated in American life and literature, is loyalty to duty, commonplace duty, bravely met and well performed. The American finds joy not only in thinking, but in acting, breathing in the air of freedom under its wide and open sky, with a zeal for each day's duties, feeling that in a man's having labored well lies his reward. This faith in work is a striking element in American literature. Christ labored; hence to our man of letters is forever noble; he ignores the surface for the substance, and seeks for deeds and realities rather than names.

Unique in American life and literature is its humor. Its broadness is peculiarly our own. What the cultured American appreciates and smiles at, has no humor in it for the well-bred Englishman. We can illustrate this best by an example: An American says that the trees out West are so tall that it takes two men to see to the top of one. To the

Englishman there is nothing witty in this, and he falls back on his own expression, "Lord, how Amerca is given to lying." Notwithstanding that with our good nature comes a proneness to laugh, American literature emphasizes nothing more strongly than our human qualities and our humaneness. Essentially American literature is not "plebian," but it is human, full of the great idea that after all, behind our greatness stands the stalwart form of the common man, and beats the heart of the great plain people. This is thoroughly American. And it is an insight into the ideals of the common people which has given inspiration to our greatest poets.

Always much is said of the important part played by the "natural background" of a literature, and certainly into that of America no greater factor has entered. It is true that man has to do with God, Nature, his fellowman, and his literature, and his literature is but the result of the skies which are over his head and the god he worships. So it is that the American man of letters receives his highest inspiration from Nature. The intimacy between the American and Nature began centuries ago when our forefathers landed upon an unknown shore and were confronted by a Nature, wild, irregular, luxuriant and illimitable. And so when a nation sprang forth from this, and the ground became colored with the blood of its sons, an appreciation of the beauty of Nature and a genuine love for it became the heritage of its children. Rocked in the cradle of freedom and reared beneath the solemn rush of lofty trees, they had a feeling of kinship with Nature; they began to feel that God in Nature and God in themselves is the same. So our ideal man of letters interpreted this force for us, and there followed that desire to know human nature unadorned as related to Nature itself. And so we have the American writing of the common toiler, and even the tramp whose pillow is Nature, whose covering is Nature's great silent stars, whose book is human nature, and whose teacher is experience. Let us hear the American summary of this wandering child of Nature: "Summer's bedesman, our ragged Duke, our barefoot Earl." Was anything ever more American than this?

The last essentially American quality which we shall mention is optimism, and this is its most priceless gift to the world. Faith in God, faith in man, that optimism which sees the noblest side of life and faces death with the strong belief that "something blessed must be found somewhere"—'tis such as this that has made America great. It has given that deeper devotion to ideals, the spirit which never gives up, whatever the odds, which fights on through the darkness, with the belief that God has determined this shall be a great country—the greatest man has ever yet seen. It is this spirit which has led in war, and to which our literature appealed in war times. Hence grows the great idea that the man may die, but if in his death he has been true to his ideals and his vision, his cause shall live forever. The clear ringing message of Emerson might be summed up in two words, self-reliance and optimism. His voice sounding like an oracle divine comes to us and bids us be true to our higher selves; heaven will keep us if we do this. So base your hopes and faith and actions that when the proper time comes it may be met with something of the ring of the brave hearted Englishman.

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will."

Such has come to be Americanism in books. Just what we owe to Wordsworth and Tennyson we cannot estimate. Whether the working of English conservatism shall ever effect and change the thought and run of American literature we know not. We are in our infancy; England's days have been many. Time wants to develop American literature, and each year makes it more un-English.

J. M. ARIAIL.

Wofford College Journal.

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Staff:

Power W. Bethea, Editor-in-Chief.

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Exchange Editor, R. O. Lawton.
Local Editor, S. F. Cannon.
Assist. Bus. Manager, M. A. Connolly.

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Literary Editor, E. L. All.
Alumni Editor, E. F. McWhirter.
Y. M. C. A. Editor, E. K. Hardin.
Assist. Literary Editor, W. D. Roberts.

L. M. Oliver, Business Manager.

Entered at the postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as second class mail matter.

Editorial Department

POWER W. BETHEA, Editor.

Salutatory. Once more has the mighty wheel of time sped on in the routine of college life and a new Staff assumes editorship of the JOURNAL. It is with a feeling of reluctance and a keen sense of inability that the present board makes its debut, but we have no apologies to make. It was the choice of the two societies that we should be at the head of the college magazine for the incoming year and it is our frail endeavor to show that their confidence has not been misplaced. We feel quite sure in making the bold assertion that every editor will do his duty so when mistakes are inevitable we will regret far more than harsh critics can condemn. All that we ask in return for our efforts is that the student body give us their hearty cooperation in making the JOURNAL what it has always been, one of the leading magazines of the South.

No fitter time in the annals of our *alma mater* to make resolutions to do better than now, for we are entering upon the fiftieth anniversary of the college's existence. For a half century the old college has battled against ignorance and poverty, rebellious and unappreciative alumni and the ever changing fortunes of war and politics. But she has coped ably with them all. Victory in every instance has been her by-word, and she still lives to mollify the never ceasing efforts of worthy young men. When we think of this grand old institution with its spotless record it can only be conceived as hallucinations of by-gone days. We are the heirs of distinguished men and honored graduates. Now it is left with us to make the latter half of the century what our predecessors did the former, and to keep Wofford College in the confidence of the public as much as she has always been. There rests a responsibility upon the senior class which they should consider with the utmost seriousness but a responsibility which they should love and respect.

• •

Prize Story. The JOURNAL this year has all the incentives to make it a first class college magazine. There is no lack in the expenditure of money for prizes. The amount of thirty dollars has been appropriated in prizes ($5 from Rev. Marion Dargan, of Florence, and $25 from the Staff) to be awarded for the best essay, poem, and story that shall appear in the JOURNAL during the coming year. It is to be given in medals of ten dollars each. The staff officers are to select five residents of the City who are to act as committees on decision. So every one who has any taste at all in this kind of work should endeavor to win at least one of these prizes. They will be won by some one and why not by "you." There is no excuse that they are "not in my line." The efforts of the staff have been to arouse all the poetical and prosaic genius that is on the campus.

The organization of a prize story contest is a novice at Wofford and should be repeated from year to year. Many colleges in our land use this as the only means of encouraging

the writing of fiction and verse among the students, and have found it of inestimable value in arousing an interest in the magazines which could be done in no other way. It is no less than a fact that the offer of the present prizes, which by far exceed in amount those of any time previous, will bear out the experience of other college publications by creating an inclination on the part of the student body to write more for the JOURNAL.

This active interest is no less than a necessity. This issue of the JOURNAL was fraught with labor and difficulty, because there are hardly a half-dozen men in college who endeavor to write a story of fiction and not many more than twice that number who even anticipate writing any kind of article for publication. What we need most of all are writers of fiction and verse. The former, in this immediate case, is more to be sought for than the latter. As matters stand at present it is the greatest and most painful task for the Literary Editor to go amongst the students begging manuscripts, urging the slothful, lazy ones and reassuring the less confident. This is not as it should be, and we sincerely hope every one from the gravest senior to the most timid freshman will feel at liberty to contribute to the columns of the JOURNAL. We hope to see the time come when the students will take more interest in the college publications than any other part of college functions, and that it will be a matter of competition as to whose article will be published. We hope, too, that the soliciting of manuscripts is a thing of the past and the editor's duty will be one more of a critic than anything else. If, then, you possess any of the genius of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Macaulay, or of our own Poe, no matter how slight you may deem it, awake to the occasion. Some of our best writers of fiction and verse did not acquire any fame in the literary world until their maiden efforts were made manfest in the pages of their college magazines. So now is the time to make your aspirations for the future. Give yourself a fair test, it will help the editors, it will help the JOURNAL and most of all it will help *you*.

Our Advertisers. Every one is well aware that our magazine cannot be supported by the funds derived from the subscription list alone. "No man liveth to himself" said the Apostle and it might be well said about the modern college magazine. Hon. Jno. L. McLaurin advocated a system of reciprocity between the United States and other nations in the interests of trade and it was considered by many not a bad thing. We too must endeavor to establish such a system between our advertisers. Every one should consult the advertising pages of the JOURNAL before making a purchase and patronize those who give their aid to its support. We were not a little pleased last year to see this growing tendency among students, and hope to see it develop more and more in the future.

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The Tillman Trial. The slaying of N. G. Gonzales by Jas. H. Tillman cannot be justified under any given circumstances, no matter what is the opinion of the jurors. It is the belief that the Southern people generally feel that Gonzales went too far in assailing Tillman and was unnecessarily harsh and bitter towards him in his editorials of the State; more than that, he had crossed the line and invited personal assault. But they feel also that he should have been given fair notice that he might have had an opportunity to defend himself. That the Editor had sufficient time to arm himself no one doubts, but there is no law or tradition under the sun to keep a man on guard in expectation of an attack without notice after the lapse of seven months since the given offence had been committed. We are slow to criticise a sworn jury. In law it might have been technically right. But to us it seems a nefarious miscarriage of justice and certainly it does not voice the sentiments of the people.

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Some Evils of Paper Examinations. Are not examinations by papers a very modern invention? If we will but peer into the past a few years, we will find that not only our common graded schools knew nothing of this method of examination but even our colleges

and universities were ignorant also. The uses of conversation or viva-voce questioning in our educational institutions are sadly neglected at present. The latest thing out is for the professor to lecture and the students to take notes (or as some express it to take shorts) whereas were no written examinations required the latter would exercise his memory far more and would be of invaluable service to him in the future. It would be much better to abolish examinations altogether and raise the class standing than to allow our schools and colleges to suffer from this modern pestilence which is sweeping our whole land. Like small-pox in its infinite diffusion it will never be eradicated until the vaccination has been made compulsory. Never until the students rise in revolt like in the days of the French Revolution will they crush it to atoms. The time is now on that we are searching for a young Napoleon to start the wheels revolving and keep them in motion.

Perhaps the principle cause which has lead to the adoption of examinations by papers is the diffusion of text books and hand-books, with which the student imagines he can learn a subject far more quickly than by the oral teaching of a master. Oft times we have gone into a professor's room and seen a student with his note-book taking down problems by the wholesale, as fast as the professor and other members of the class could solve them. If on the morrow one would ask him for an explanation of any of the problems he has in his handbook, it would be far worse than a school-boy conception of Shakespeare. You ask him then what's the use of all this note-taking if it furnishes no aid to the solution of the problem "Oh," he replies half humorously, "I was just preparing for exam." Had his mind not been enrapt with his notebook and examinations he would have listened to the professor's explanation, learned the right principle, and would have been able to render that or any other solution under that head. This is one of the many instances that can be cited from every day college life.

Examinations within themselves are not bad things and there are times, if they are skillfully prepared, when they

afford the best means of finding a fit man for a vacant place. Their widely diffusive power, the innumerable candidates and the posts at which they are held, have led men to believe that written examinations are of the highest type and are the only method of prying into one's knowledge. The vital test of viva-voce questioning is the only sure way a professor can get at the student's knowledge of a subject. In most of the universities of Europe, the most important examinations are held viva-voce and that accounts for their high standard. In the German universities which rank higher perhaps than any other on the face of the earth, a colloquy is arranged at which the candidate for the degree is questioned by a board of examiners in the subject which he has chosen for his specialty. Unless he can give a summary of his work by word of mouth and can give good reason for what he says, they do not consider that he has really mastered his subject. This is perhaps one reason why the ancients outparalleled us in educational lines and poetic art. Of course, they could not cope with us in our progress of modern science, and, indeed, they knew very few languages, but what they knew they knew perfectly, and it is safe to say that they were more ably equipped for following an argument that our common school or college professor. If you will notice carefully the audience which listened to St. Paul's epistles and followed his argument, though not as highly educated, you will be surprised at the acuteness of their reasonings, and will see further that they surpass those of any modern congregation. What does this mean? It can mean no less than that they were more thoroughly educated than we; not that they had any better intellects than the people of today, but that their training was far superior to ours. In Plato's "Dialogues" one can see by the subject he insists upon all philosophical instruction being by "dialogue" or conversation, in which both the professor and pupil take active part. This is why the debating societies in our colleges are of such inestimable value. If the members take active part in the debates no better training can be acquired from any other college duty. Some twenty or thirty years ago quite frequently did one of

his congregation feel at liberty to question a preacher on any disputed subject in the Bible. So it should be in our modern colleges and schools, the pupils should take a more active part in the lectures of the professors and not let note-books and hand-books play such an important part in preparing for examinations. Examinations are, 'tis true, too rigorous for viva-voce questioning but after that method has been established it will be a matter of insignificance to remedy the other.

In this way, conversation is the greatest instrument of higher teaching and a method which no private study, no hurried reviewing of note-books, and no answering of examination papers can replace. Every effort a student makes toward making an extemporaneous speech is of incalculable value in helping him to express his thoughts more clearly and more forcibly. His training in writing will not be left neglected if he has the right kind of instructor. Indeed at least once a week he will be required to write an essay, sketch or story, which if followed up will furnish sufficient practice in that line.

The highest and noblest work of a professor in a college does not consist in delivering of lectures, the writing ol books nor in the conducting of examinations, but daily intercourse with his pupils, the habit of talking with them familiarly and discussing with them their difficulties. Anyone who has had any experience in teaching knows full well that if he can get his pupils to take walks with him, to join in pleasures with him as well as in their text-books, they will fearn far more than hours in the class-room. Paper examinations tend to multiply these hindrances, so it would not be the wiser plan to abolish them if not to abolish examinations altogether.

Exchange Department.

R. O. LAWTON, Editor.

A college magazine is a pretty good index to that college, being the direct expression of the individual parts that make up the college, hence it is that every man on the staff—and especially the Literary Editor—should be inspired to make his journal compare favorably with any that graces the Exchange table.

Upon entering into the work of Exchange Editor there are four types of college journals to which we wish to call attention: First, there is the journal the prevailing characteristic of which is an inordinate tendency toward mirth, levity and shallowness. Second, there is the journal which is characterized by its would-be heavy weight in the shape of a pathetic succession of lifeless essays. Third, the journal that tries to soar above its less fortunate contemporaries in continual poetic flights, which is interesting in a way, but a very pathetic way. Fourth, the happy blending of essay, poetry and story in one harmonious whole, which makes up the ideal college magazine.

Now there is a certain tendency among some of our most prominent contemporaries to publish speech after speech of great orators, whose presence had graced the college auditorium a short time before the publication of the periodical, and to fill in the vacant spaces with articles by professors. Well, the material of such journals is good and we enjoy reading the journals, but is that the ideal college journal? Are the boys properly represented? Would it not be better to give the students a chance? We think it would.

We shall take great pleasure in exchanging journals with all of our old contemporaries, and extend a hearty welcome to any journal that has never exchanged with us.

Alumni Department.

E. F. McWHIRTER, Editor.

It is remarkable to note how quickly and how widely separated a class of thirty members can become. The class of 1903 can be found as follows:

J. G. Bailie is connected with a cotton factory in Augusta, Ga.

W. W. Boyd has decided that fresh air and plenty of exercise are essential to him, and is with his father on his farm near Mountville, S. C.

A. M. Brabham, better known as "Kay," has entered the mercantile business with his father at Bamberg, S. C.

F. E. Bradham is teaching at Due West.

L. M. Cantrell has decided to be a lawyer and is studying for that profession at Columbia University.

On Thursday, Oct. 8, Rev. D. E. Camack, of Union, was married at Rockford, S. C., to Miss Lottie Blair of that place. He is now junior pastor of the Second Methodist Church in Union, where he is doing splendid work.—Spartanburg Herald.

L. Q. Crum is now professor of English in the Wofford College Fitting School. S. M. Dawkins also is being called "professor" at the Greenwood Graded School.

B. F. Dent has not yet decided what he will get at. He is at his home near Columbia.

G. B. Dukes is teaching at Cokesbury.

W. K. Greene is taking a post-graduate course in Economy and history at Vanderbilt.

G. W. Grier, immediately after the closing of College, ac-

cepted the position of bookkeeper with the Herald Pub. Co. of Spartanburg.

G. C. Hodges is putting knowledge into the heads of Gaffney's youngsters.

L. T. Leitner owns and is managing a tobacco warehouse in the town of Marion, S. C.

Miss Mary Ligon, after having attended the Summer School at Knoxville, Tenn., is teaching the third grade in the Anderson Graded School.

D. H. Marchant, Jr., is now experiencing the trials of a schoolmaster at North, S. C.

T. C. Moss is managing the farm of his father in Orangeburg County.

W. C. Owen and J. C. Redmon are holding forth in the Carlisle Fitting School.

F. C. Rogers is collector in the Merchants' and Farmers' Bank of Spartanburg.

M. W. Sloan has connected himself with the Southern Railroad at his home.

M. B. Stokes holds the position of principal of the Jordan High School.

A. E. Taylor is managing his father's cotton ginnery at Greenwood, S. C.

L. D. Thompson has been made professor of History and English in the Rutherford College at Rutherford, N. C.

W. P. Way will join the Conference at its next meeting.

Y. M. C. A.

EDWARD K. HARDIN, JR., Editor.

To The New Men:

Many of you have now for the first time left your homes. You have entered upon a new field of action. You are touching life at another point. And to you just entering college, with college life lying out before you, has already come the important question: Into what departments of college life shall I put my influence and interest? And right here let us plead for the many-sided student. Wofford College needs more students who will stand with the very best men at the head of their classes, who on the athletic field will prove themselves equal to any of their fellow students, who will do their best in the Literary Society, in the Glee Club, and in every field of activity on the Campus, but fellow students, let us plead with you far above all not to neglect the spiritual side of your nature.

There has already come to you, maybe, in the quiet watches of the night when you were alone, the question, Am I going to live my college life here on Wofford's campus as a Christian student or am I going on in the same old ruts? And whether you will acknowledge it or not you have decided that question. Which is it?

And from those homes of ours scattered all over the State of South Carolina and in other states, day after day, there are prayers ascending to Heaven from consecrated mothers that their boys at Wofford may make the right decision, may live the Christian life. But can it be possible, fellow students, that there are some mothers who at night lay down upon their beds unable to sleep, and in the anguish of their souls cry out, "O God! that I knew that my boy at Spartanburg is living the life he ought to live." Can that be possible? Yea, literally it is true. Is that mother yours?

A young man going through this college, not living a Christian life, not trying specially to throw his influence on that side, went home in June after graduation and found there a younger brother preparing to enter college in September. One day he took him aside and said to him: "Brother, while at Wofford College I did not live as a Christian; I thought I could get along without it. I see my mistake now. It was the greatest failure of my college course. When you enter college, go with the determination to do active Christian work. Join the Young Men's Christian Association at your first opportunity and do your duty there." Won't you take that advice as from an older brother?

Now, don't be misled by a student who would fling out the words Y. M. C. A. in a careless, flimsical manner, as if they meant nothing. They do mean something. Its the Young Men's CHRISTIAN Association, and you can't afford to go on and leave it out of your reckoning.

Remember, we are making preparation for our entrance upon life. And, after all, what is life? Its life eternal, and has already begun.

"Oh! the littleness of the lives that we are living! Oh! the way in which we fail to comprehend, or, when we do comprehend, deny to ourselves the bigness of that thing which it is to be a man, to be a child of God." Phillips Brooks.

"It is a terrible thought that there are souls close by us which have not yet had the beginning of the gospel in their own hearts. It's a glorious thought that you and I can bring the beginning of the gospel to some such soul."—H. Clay Trumbull.

LEAVING HOME.

Mother, I would kiss once more
That furrowed cheek of thine,
And press thy aching, throbbing heart
Still closer up to mine.
Upon thy breast I've laid my head
On many a former day,
And with thy tresses o'er my face
I've wiped my tears away. —Selected.

Local Department

SIMPSON F. CANNON, Editor.

WOFFORD'S OPENING.

Once more old Wofford has opened her doors for another year's work. From every part of South Carolina and several other States men have come to take up their work. We trust that they intend to make this the most fruitful year in Wofford's history.

To old and new students alike we extend a hearty welcome.

RECEPTION.

On Wednesday evening a reception to the new men was given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Dr. Snyder opened the meeting with a hearty speech, in which he commended the Association for the work it was doing on the campus.

Mr. C. L. Smith, on behalf of the Association, extended a gracious welcome to the new students.

Next Mr. J. P. Lane was introduced as the representative of the Calhoun Literary Society. Of course he said that the Calhoun was the Society for the new men to unite themselves with.

Mr. W. C. Herbert presented the Preston Literary Society in glowing terms, as is his custom.

Mr. Edward K. Hardin in well chosen words told of the work that the Glee Club was doing. His speech was characteristic of himself and was exceptionally good.

The next speaker was Mr. A. D. Betts. His subject was a popular one—the "MESS HALL." This famous Hall has produced some great men.

Mr. S. F. Cannon represented The Journal staff, and told of what The Journal had been and is now. This is an im-

portant feature of our college work and receives the hearty support of the boys.

Prof. A. G. Rembert was next on the programme. He was at his best on this occasion and the new men were very much struck with what he said. He spoke in behalf of the Athletic Association and urged all the men to join.

Of course the Seniors could not be forgotten, so Mr. R. O. Lawton was called upon to tell of the Dignified Seniors, and he did it well, too.

The Junior Class was represented by Mr. J. M. Airail, and in behalf of his class he extended a welcome to the new men.

We have now come to the never-to-be-forgotten Sophomores. Mr. J. C. Guilds told the Freshmen how it felt not to be a Freshman. He gave them his sympathy as well as his welcome.

The Freshmen were taken care of by Mr. C. L. McFadden. In a few words he thanked the old men for all that had been said to encourage them and drive away their home-sickness. His speech was good.

Dr. Carlisle was the last speaker. We were all looking forward to what he had to say and everybody gave the utmost attention. His advice and encouragement to the new men was appreciated by everybody. We are always ready to hear what Dr. Carlisle has to say.

A reception was held in the Auditorium after the speeches were over in which everybody took part and seemed to enjoy.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Never before have seen so much interest taken in the two Literary Societies. The Seniors and Juniors especially have taken a new start, and on last Saturday night the debate was exceptionally good in each society. It is useless for us to tell you the importance of these societies. Every man who has graduated at Wofford knows what they are. Because of the great good they do the faculty compel every man to compel every man to unite him with one or the other. The joining is as inevitable as the matriculation fee, but the amount of good that each man gets depends altogether upon the

spirit with which he does his work. May the Calhoun and Preston continue to hold their places as seond to none in the State, and may they continue to send out men who are men in every sense of the word. Not only men who can speak, but men that will stand up for truth and purity in every department of life.

Before we leave this subject we will say that more than thirty men have joined each Society and have begun to perform their duty as the older men are doing.

THE LYCEUM.

We shall now say something about the Wofford College Lyceum. The untiring efforts of Professor Gamewell has made this Lyceum one of the strongest in the South.

For this season the following well known lecturers have been scheduled: Walter Pape, Thos. Watson, Dr. DeMotte, and several others equally as famous. The Lyceum is not only a part of Wofford College, but it is one of Spartanburg's most attractive features.

To say that the students appreciate the Lyceum is to express it mildly. Every student is going to be a member this year.

CLASS ELECTIONS.

The first meeting of the Senior Class was held on Oct. 1st at which time the following officers were elected:

President, R. O. Lawton, Hampton.
Vice President, J. P. Lane, Marion.
Secretary, W. C. Herbert, Newberry.
Treasurer, S. F. Cannon, Spartanburg.

The following men were elected from the Junior Class to act as officers for this year:

President, J. G. Stabler, Orangeburg.
Vice President, J. W. Boyd, Laurens.
Secretary and Treasurer, W. M. Brabham, Bamberg.
Historian, W. D. Roberts, Richland.

The Sophomores have elected for their leaders this year:

President, H. Richardson, Anderson.

Vice President, J. R. Liles, Oconee.

The Freshman Class have chosen C. R. Durant, President; O. L. McFadden, Tice President, and W. S. Tayloe Secretary and Treasurer.

All these are worty men and will do honor to their class.

CAMPUS NOTES.

The students have experienced a great deal of difficulty this year in selecting their courses. The College has offered us such a variety of studies that the majority of us do not know what we want. But at this writing the most of the boys have chosen their courses and are hard at work. Everything on the campus has the appearance of life and we ope to accomplish much this year.

Senior B-th-a to Senior G- -l-tt: "Say, have you read 'Romeo and Juliet?' "

Senior G- -dl-tt, (very innocently): "I have read Romeo, but not Juliet."

Professor C. S. Williamson, Jr., has been elected assistant professor of the Science Department and entered upon his duties at the beginning of the session. His department seems to be very popular from the number of boys who have chosen the science course.

Senior C—— to Fresh B——: Are you going to the Lyceum this year? No, I am going to ,'When Reuben Comes to Town" Saturday night.

Mr. J. C. Harmon, who was a member of the Class of '04, but who dropped out last year, spent a few days on the Campus last week.

Messrs. Frank Tatum and W. B. Carns, who were members of the present Senior Class, but who remained out of College last year, have entered the Junior Class.

We also note among the old Wofford men who have not been in College for a year or so Messrs. I. E. Curry, J. B. Holler and J. C. Candler who have come back to finish. We welcome them all.

The John B. Cleveland Science Hall is nearing completion now, and we all feel proud of it.

Freshman M—— after having talked with Senior G——t about five minutes innocently asks: "Is this your first year?"

One "Knight" a Freshman thinking that his meter needed refilling, took his jag to the Electric Light Office and asked for some electricity saying that his was out.

The Mess Hall has a walking advertisement in the shape of Hardin, and it's a good one, too.

Professor Gamewell has appointed Messrs. T. O. Lawton, S. F. Cannon, C. B. Goodlett, W. C. Herbert, A. C. Daniel, J. H. Hamel, M. A. Connally and M. W. Brabham to take charge of the students' tickets and to act as ushers this season for the Lyceum Course.

The Preston Society has appointed Messrs. E. L. All, T. L. Cely and L. A. Duncan as a committee to nominate the men for the Oratorical Contest. A similar committee composed of Messrs. J. A. McIntyre, S. F. Cannon, L. E. Cannon, R. O. Lawton and T. O. Lawton were appointed from the Calhoun Society to nominate the Calhoun speakers.

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NOVEMBER, 1903

VOLUME XV NUMBER 2

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Literary Department

E. L. ALL, Editor.

The Last of the Cherokees.

The sable curtain of night was fast drawing its heavy folds together. The glory of evening was fading, as the last dim rays of the setting sun lengthened across the Southern hills. A loneliness, deep and silent, penetrated the thick forests and settled on the meadow land. On a high bluff overlooking the Chattahoochee's rolling waters stood a lone man. In one hand he held a broken bow; in the other an empty quiver. Dropping them to the ground he took from his belt an unused tomahawk, and thus began to muse:

"Gone, all gone!
No more will these woods resound with the laughter of my people.
No more will these rippling waters mingle their music with the love songs of our maidens.
Nor will the chiefs gather about the camp fire,
While around goes the pipe and the story.
Like the fading light of the evening has the glory of my people departed.
I alone am left, a broken reed, a smoaking flax.
Ready to be quenched and extingnished.
Here lies my broken bow, a symbol of my broken spirit,
And here my empty quiver.
My tomahawk rusts without using,
Thongh never was its blade died with crimson—
The blood of the squaw of the white man,
For the Cherokees obeyed the Great Spirit,
And lived at peace with all tribes and all people,
Except when defending their wigwams
From roving bands of marauders.
But, alas, for their friendship for the pale face!

He has removed the remnant that remained of my people
Far beyond the great Father of Waters,
To the broad rolling plains and prairies.
In a land that is strange and forbidding
Would he settle the feeble remnant
Of a people too weak to resist him.
Shall I go toward the sun's distant setting,
Or shall I alone keep the vigil?
Shall I leave the land of my fathers,
Where sleep their smouldering ashes?
The hills, and the woods, and the waters?
Ah, no, let me die in this valley!
Let me lay down to sleep with my people!
My funeral dirge will the river
Sing softly, and sweetly, and gently,
And lull me to sleep like a baby
On the bosom of its dear loving mother."

Just then a belated herron flew over his head and startled him with its wild scream. For a moment he seemed to forget his musings as he watched the bird dart into the cane break, but it was only momentary and he continued: ———

"Sweet bird, happy bird in your rushes,
Your mate has welcomed you gladly,
Your home not betrayed to the white man.
Would that I could fly to some loved one,
And unburden my soul of its sorrow—
I'd hie me away like the morning,
I'd speed like the dark rushing waters.
But no, my village is dark and deserted.
No kindred nor friend left to cheer me,
To share in my joy or my sorrow.
Did I sav joy? Ah! joy to me is a stranger;
Manv moons have waned since I felt it,
Since my heart thrilled with joy or with pleasure.
But why grieve for the things long departed?"

Then as if fatigued by the flood of memories that swept over him the red man sat down, and burying his face in his hands, continued:

"How quickly the shadows have gathered!
How dark is the night that's upon me!
Is it the chill from the breath of the river?
Is my brow moist with mists of the evening?"

Fainter and fainter grew the voice of the warrior, as he continued:

"Was it the sound of the chase that awoke me?
Is this the hunting ground of my fathers?"

The voice died away into silence, the spirit of the man was departed.

C. L. S.

The Spirit of Lawlessness.

We hear much nowadays about the spirit of lawlessness being rampant in the land, of the travesty and burlesque on justice being enacted in the court room, of the murderer and guilty criminal being allowed to go free, declared by the law to be at liberty and not guilty. In the beginning let us ask the question, is this true or is it mere sentimentality? If it is the latter, why is such a sentiment so common; if it is the former, why is it, what does it mean, where did it have its beginning, where will it end and what is the cure for it?

To answer the question as to whether there is a spirit of lawlessness one need only to look at his daily paper. A prominent man walking down the streets of our capital city quiet, peaceful, having no evil intentions, absorbed in his thought, shot down in cold blood, and because the day was cold and he happened to have his hands in his overcoat pockets a jury of twelve men, claiming to be honest men, declared that the deed was done in self-defense. Two white men bring on a quarrel with a negro, the negro flees, the white men follow with shot guns in hand, until finally goaded to desperation, the poor negro turns and shoots, slaying one of his pursuers. Like wildfire the news spreads that a white man has been killed by a negro. A mob quickly forms, they leave a nearby town armed with their Winches-

ters, shouting, hurrahing as if they were going to a picnic or bound for a holiday frolic. They go with an intention of taking life, with the purpose of murdering the colored man who would dare defend his God-given rights, even if it was a white man who attempted to take them away from him. They accomplish their purpose. They take the life blood of two human beings and cause two immortal souls to be hurled into eternity, and then go back home in all their glory, looked upon as heroes and defenders of the public commonwealth. And not a single effort is made to bring these criminals to justice, not a single officer of the law makes the slightest attempt that these murderers be apprehended and brought to trial. Why is that? It is the spirit of lawlessness among the men who commit the crime and it is the spirit of treason in the officers of the law who will not dare to do their duty because they are afraid of losing a few votes in the next election.

It is said, and truly so, that in the South the lynching of a negro who has committed that unnamable, that damnable crime against womanhood is considered proper and just. That sentiment must be changed. It's not right. When that crime is committed let Southern men rise up to help the law. Capture the man who committed the dastardly deed. Put him in prison, try him immediately, and if he is guilty and his life ought to be taken, hang him by his neck until he is dead, but in the name of Southern womanhood against whom the crime is committed, in the name of Southern manhood who have ever been so chivalrous and honorable, in the name of the Almighty Creator who has thundered out His great decree, "Thou shalt do no murder," let those men not forget themselves so far as to overthrow the law which is the only protector of their homes and loved ones, so far forget as to stain themselves with the blood of a human being. It's murder and you can't change it. It's murder, and all the sentiment and prejudice in the world can't make it otherwise. It's murder and all the newspaper editorials and comments this side of heaven can't alter it. Eternity alone can reveal the deed in all its awfulness and show forth

its fearful consequences. But we say that it is not right for the poor, suffering, dishonored, and disgraced victim of the brutal lusts and passions of the beast; it is not right for her to be dragged into court and there be forced to rehearse the circumstances of that crime so crushing in its influence upon her womanhood; if that is not right then it is not necessary. Why do we have a law the enforcement of which would be wrong? Why do our legislators not enact legislation on this, instead of letting matters drift on, lynching after lynching occuring, law and order dethroned and justice sinking into the very gutter of despair and disgust? If the law is wrong, change it. We can't afford to have a law that is not right.

But to return to our outline, where did this lawlessness come from? It did not spring up in a day. It was not the product of a moment' growth. The South did not wake up one morning to find herself pervaded with such a spirit and a sentiment so crushing in its influence.

Of the long and terrible night following the bloody days of 1861-65 little need be said. It is the saddest and most gloomy page in the history of modern times. The picture that Henry Grady has drawn for us of the home-coming of the Confederate soldier is familiar enough. He came back to find nothing to remind him of his lost property and former slaves except black, insolent, infamous negro rule and carpet baggery. There was born the spirit, there was begun the reign of lawlessness, and the first king to occupy that throne was the iron heeled monarch of despotism and tyrany. Then began such a record of outrage, misrule, disgrace, and injustice as in all the past history of the ages has never been perpetrated upon a high-toned people. The fair form of the South lay prostrate, fainting, gasping, dying, and over her with the leering, black face of a monster ignorance, vice and lawlessness crouched like some great vampire imbibing her very life blood into its own veins. As a result of those awful experiences of the reconstruction days the sanctity of human life came to mean far less than it did before the war. Oh! Unfortunate South! Ah! Terrible conditions! The inevitable end of such conditions as those had

to come. There came a time in the life of the South, a great crisis, a terrible crisis, when in its very beginning that unnamable, devilish crime became known to the men of the Southland, when the evil could have been easily throttled by law and justice, but for the sake of getting vengeance and satisfying passions, lynchings were indulged in. We sowed the wind then, now we are beginning to reap the whirlwind. Lynch law has not only brutalized the negro, but its effects on those classes of our citizens condoning the crime has been most baleful. No other effect is possible. We cannot by setting aside law and order in such a manner, and committing crime come out of the contact unscathed. In the history of nations as well as of individuals the eternal law of life and of God is retribution. And can't we see how short the step was from this to all the murders and homicides which adorn the pages of our daily papers?

Abraham Lincoln once said in words of prophetic vision that this nation could not endure half slave and half free. Applying the same logic to this question we are enabled to declare that the state cannot endure with law and lawlessness, two directly opposite extremes both seeking to exercise the functions of rule. As the governor of an American state recently said, "Either the supremacy of the law must be established beyond question, or free reign must be given to the fury of riotous assemblages engaged in trampling all law into the dust. Anarchy and constitutional government may not thrive within the same geographical limits; we must ultimately give up the one or the other. If guilty men are to be burned or hanged by 'good citizens' today under the summary procedure of brute force, then innocent men may be burned or hanged by bad citizens tomorrow under the same warrant; because brute force is no respecter of persons or principles and may as readily be invoked in a bad cause as in a good one. If the mob spirit is to become the national spirit, and, being contagious, it must either be stamped out or its ultimate supremacy conceded, then the next step in our political 'development,' if history teaches anything, will be the sway of that dictator who proves himself to be the best leader of mobs."

But there must come a reaction from this epidemic of lawlessness, causing the great pendlum of justice and honor and right to swing back into its true path. The Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States tell us that the reaction must come in the enactment of proper legislation; the ministers tell us that the reaction must come in the masses of the people getting a clearer and a grander conception of the great moral law of the universe; the editors tell us that the reaction must come in the building up of a public opinion, in creating a popular sentiment against this disregard for law and this travesty on justice, that this "lawlessness has its springs in the home and the school and the church," and there the work must be done in making pure the fountain head of the great river. They are all right, a reaction must come, and come soon, or "too late" will be the cry. We must have proper legislation, the times demand a clearer vision of the great moral law, and more than all we must have a public opinion created on the side of right and justice.

With us, standing on the very threshold of a new century, so rich in its possiqilities, so full in its promises, so wondersul in its expectations, the great battle cry of that century must be, "Back to law and order, down with lawlessness of every phase and description." KING EDWARD II.

"A Last Effort."

"True popularity takes deep root and spreads itself wide, but the false falls away like blossoms, for nothing that is false can be lasting." And so it was with this book, "A Last Effort." It had taken deep root and spread itself wide. It had been published five years, and still the author was unknown; the public demanded it and its sale had reached an hitherto unheard of circulation; no one in so-called high society was exactly bright who had failed to peruse the pages of this very popular book. In a word, it was "all the rage," and declared by critics to be the book of many seasons. The fact that the identity of the writer was concealed worried not

the general reaning public; for it was in this instance, even as it has been in many others, the public accepted it because it suited their taste, and cared not whither it came, entertainment alone being desired. The circumstances under which the book had been written would have interested, perhaps, only a few, those who look deeper into things to see the environments which produce them.

The dedication of the book was singular. It read, "To my mother, from her wayward son who knows not his mother's heart." The story was of a lad who had been reared up under most unfavorable circumstance, and who had given up God's greatest creation—a noble mother,—a sister and home, to rough the stormy ways of an unknown world; all because he willed not to do what he thought to be hard work. He had by mere chance secured a place as carrier on a large daily and after years of steady work, been promoted to that place which guarantees one a sleep either in a garret or cellar, or no sleep at all—that of reporter.

A splendid vein of genuine pathos pervaded the book. There was a style in it which made it seem evident that the writer believed that "there is nothing so grand as truth, nothing so forcible, nothing so novel."

Home, mother and sister, all that could hold him dear called him back, yet he continued putting off the time to go home, for he could not bear the merited rebuke of a mother and the silent chiding of a sister. His work continued, and whatever of praise is ever accorded a newspaper man was accorded him, but he was not willing to return until he had established himself. One day a thought occurred to him, he would make one last grand effort. A legacy would he leave to mankind which would be delivered down from generation to generation as a present to the posterity of those yet unborn. A book with his own life's story interwoven, would he write. If it continued successful after five years' circulation he would be established; to his mother he then would go and on his knees plead for forgiveness, pledging himself to remain ever afterwards her support. "Success is sweet; sweeter if long delayed and unattained through manifold struggles and defeat," quoted he.

The peculiarity of the ending was the subject of much comment; it broke off abruptly, "Did he go to his mother?"

* * * * * * * * * *

In the little town of B——, there is a little home, quite simple and far from being pretentious, it is true, but the neatness of the surroundings invites more than the hasty glance of the passer-by. The yard is full of those things which one has declared to be "the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into,"—flowers. Were we left to judge from outward appearances, we certainly should say that happiness is the natural state of those who dwell here.

As old Mrs. Burnham sat knitting by a huge wood fire on the day of our story, she seemed to be very thoughtful, even more so than usual. Opposite her was her daughter Vista, a young lady of about twenty years, reading a book which was still popular after five years publication. When she had reached the end of a chapter, she looked over where her mother sat, and then broke the long continued silence, "Mother, the impression made upon me by this book is deeper, and, I think, better than that of any book I ever read before." Without looking up the mother answered that she supposed it to be only another of those light novels she had borrowed from that Vere girl. "But," insisted Vista, "it is so different from other books. The fact that it has been published five years is itself a recommendation, and even now it is conceded to be the most popular book out. It is so much like the story of my brother Robert who left us when I was a very small girl. It takes the story up where you left off, as it were, and tells me the rest of my brother's story which is unknswn to us." "Daughter," said Mrs. Burnham, "this mentioning of your brother's name gives me a chance to speak of a thought which has been in my mind all the day. You know while I was over at Mrs. Vernon's yesterday afternoon, I glanced at the headlines of a newspaper and saw an account of a railroad wreck. There were three passengers and an unknown tramp killed. The thought occurred to me 'suppose that that tramp were our own

Robert;' we do not know whether he be living or dead. Oh daughter——" Here she broke down, the mother's heart was weeping freshly after these twenty years of separation as if it had been but a few weeks since her boy had left her. The daughter wept with her and tried to console her, but to no avail. After her mother had become composed, Vista suggested that she read some from "A Last Effort" for her. Taking the silence for consent, she began reading after she had lighted the lamp and fixed the fire. On, still on she read, page after page was turned. The mother became interested and all seemed to her as it had seemed to the girl. The life of Robert Burnham was indeed being lived before their eyes. Interest was at its height. All was silent save the quiet, even tone of the young girl's reading. The las chapter was being read, and now at those words with whicht the book ends, "Did he go to his mother," were pronounced, there was a sound of hurried footsteps, a quick knock and a man weeping, burst into the room with "Mother I've come." The heart of the mother overleaped the interval of twenty years and recognized the son; she fell into his arms weeping, not tears of sorrow, but of joy. Prayers of forgiveness were poured out from the soul of the care-worn man; this was unnecessary, for the heart of a mother forgives and simultaneously forgets all wrong of a wayward son. No word of reproof, but all of welcome was the greeting given him by mother and sister. Till late that night, mother, daughter, and son talked together; as the hour grew late and the son was about to be shown to his old room as in days past, his eyes fell on the book which mother and sister had just finished when he had come into the room. He looked at the title, a faint smile came over his face; turning to the end he wrote under those closing words, the following: "He did return; to the God above who his wayward footsteps dids't guide home be the praise. A mother's love is the life of the soul, 'it is the harmony of the universe.' Thank God for a sister to love and protect, for a home to shield from the blows of a cruel world. By the grace of God, I will be a man." Back to the title page he then turned and under the

assumed title wrote the name of the true author, "Robert Burnham." The dedication was changed to read, "To my mother's heart which is known by her wayward boy."

In his room that night, he prayed earnestly. There his room appeared as it had when he had left home twenty years before. There came to him forcibly those words which he had once read, "A man who in the struggles of life has no home to retire to, in fact or in memory, is without life's best rewards and life's best defences." How well he appreciated it was shown clearly in the days which followed. He was ever after sincere in all things, and sincerity is the way to heaven.

221.

"His Double Reward."

The little village of Kensington was considered the most beautiful in the section to which it belonged. On the one hand could be seen a small but picturesque group of mountains, whose slopes were ever green with thick brush and dotted with numerous herds. On the other was a famous mountain rivulet winding its way in and out among the rocks and cedars, which adorned its banks to the ocean twenty miles away. It was one morning in May that the inhabitants of this little village were aroused by the cry that Julia Irving was missing.

Julia was the most beautiful and beloved girl of the place; and hence the news of her disappearance spread rapidly and with much anxiety. But one, Tommy McFearson, was affected by it as was no one else. He could not believe that she was gone. He thought that she had just rambled off into the woods and would be back before very long. But when the sun had journeyed almost to his half way station, and no one in search returned saying that she had been found, he entered into a desperate fit of grieving. In his despair he strolled slowly down along the river's bank until he came to a bridge about a mile away. He started to walk upon the bridge but stopped—horror-stricken. He saw the

shawl that he had so often thrown around Julia's shoulders lying there—empty.

His first thought was to cast himself over, be crushed by the rocks below, and carried by the rushing waters out to the mighty deep, following his loved one. But then he thought again. He thought of his mother and sisters wholly dependent upon him for their support. He could not take himself away from them thus. Then he ventured nearer the shawl, took it up and drew it madly to his bosom—thinking for a moment that Julia was there, but soon the sad truth again had hold of him.

Why had Julia left him? Could she have been unhappy because of the fast-approaching wedding day? Was it possible that he who loved her more than his own life had occasioned her death? The thought set him wild. How could he endure it? He thought of the many happy evenings that they sat on that bridge and watched the sun slowly sink behind the mountain peaks, and watched the shadows fade away before they started homeward. Then he remembered the night she promised to be his, and how they had planned to make their future lives happy. But alas, all was gone! His life and his happiness had been blighted. He loved Julia, and her only. He promised that he would never marry any one but her, and he meant to keep his promise. Thus he mused with himself until, being aroused by the darkness about him, he discovered that the sun had gone down, that the night birds were singing, and that the moon could be seen peeping out. Then he rose, picked up the shawl and sadly started to retrace his steps.

Julia was soon forgotten by many, but not by Tommy. He thought of her always. He soon began to get thin. His face had lost its usual color and his health began to fail. He realized his situation. He knew that he must have a change. He could not regain his health at a place where every day he saw things that brought Julia so forcibly to his memory. One day soon after the South African war broke out he said to his mother:

"Mother, the crops are all harvested, you all have a plenty

to last you through the winter, and as I need a change and must have a change if I recover, I think it would be well for me to go to South Africa."

His mother, at first, did not wish her son to go away to the war, but, seeing that his health was involved, finally consented.

As soon as proper preparations coutd be made he set sail. After a long, uneventful and tiresome journey he reached headquarters entirely broken down. He found life altogether different here, and saw that he would have to adjus- himself to the rough soldier life. This he did eagerly, and soon his health was far on the road of improvement. He had been in a few skirmishes. The fearlessness with which he fought in these, attracted the attention of the general and he was soon promoted.

The general and his staff were standing around discussing the prospects, etc., one day when Tommy, who was standing near, suddenly ran out behind the general and throwing out both arms yelled, "Stop!" Then he fell, bleeding, to the ground. Looking to see what had happened they beheld a native trying to make his escape through a thick wood. He was immediately killed. Tommy saw him just as he raised his gun to kill the general and tried to stop him. Although he failed in this, he saved the general's life. His wound' though severe, was not fatal, and he was taken to a hospital. How many wounds like this would he have gladly suffered if he had known what was to follow!

He was given a rather comfortable bed and soon his wound was a little easy: As he lay there among so many wounded and dying, away from their loved ones, his thoughts naturally turned homeward. How would his mother and sisters feel if they knew that he lay wounded? How long would it be before he should go back and be with them once more? He was thinking upon these things when suddenly his thoughts were arrested. A nurse entered the room. Their eyes met. They looked intently for a moment and she turned away. They thought they were mistaken. Soon she returned, bearing him a morsel of bread and a cup of

water. They looked again—this time more closely. They thought they knew each other. Then Tommy happened to glance at her finger. He saw their engagement ring. His heart leaped and he softly whispered, "Julia?"

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy," she cried. And forgetting her surroundings she fell upon her knees at his bedside and for a moment rested her head upon his heaving bosom.

"Are you really here? Tell me how it all came about."

But Tommy could not speak. Surely his eyes and ears were not fooling him. This must be his Julia. Somewhat aroused' he asked, "Julia, how came you here? Tell me."

Between her bitter sobs, and while Tommy lay as in a stupor, she slowly muttered this little story:

"I was sitting on the bridge in our accustomed place that afternoon wishing that you would come. Presently I heard the sound of horses, and, looking up, I saw a carriage approaching. When it came up to me it stopped, and a nice ooking man stepped out. Coming up to me, he said: 'I have come for you. I asked him as calmly as I could, 'Who sent you?' 'No one,' he went on, 'I have come to take you to South Africa with me. I am running a hospital down there and must have you for a nurse.'

Without another word, and despite my greatest struggles he forced me into the carriage and drove hurriedly away. My shawl was left on the bridge. We immediately set sail and came here.

"Here I was," she sobbed, "away from home and loved ones, with no way to get back to them. This man was kind to me, though, but he soon died and John Winter took charge. Since then I have been the most miserable person on earth. Oh, Tommy; I'm so glad you have come. Yesterday he told me that if I did not tell him in three weeks that I would marry him, he would discharge me immediately. This would mean starvation, because there is no other place here where a woman can get employment. And, Tommy, I could not marry him. I would rather die. But now you are here and all will be well, I know it will." And then her

eyes lighted up and she continued, "Tommy, I believe we love each other yet. But tell me why you came here. How did you get wounded?"

Tommy very slowly and painfully told the whole story. Of the many hours he had suffered in thinking of her, and of the people mourning because of her supposed death. When he had finished he unfolded his arms and she fell upon his breast. With his enfeebled but loving arms he drew her close. There and thus they kissed each other's tears away.

* * * * * * * * * *

Two weeks and a half had passed. Tommy was able to walk around once more. He often sat on the great veranda, watching the sun sink below the waves of the mighty ocean, spread out before him, planning for the future. One afternoon while sitting there a letter was handed to him. He opened it and read as follows:

London, November 15, 1896.

Lieut. Thomas E. McFearson,
First Regiment Volunteers,

Dear Sir—We have been informed by Gen. ————, and others, of your gallant deed in saving the life of the General. The War Department has passed the following resolutions:

"Resolved, first—That we extend our most hearty thanks and congratulations to Lieut. Thomas E. McFearson;

Resolved, second—That, as a reward for his gallant services, we give him £2,500 Enclosed please find said amount.

Respectfully yours,
Secretary of War.

The letter and note fell from his hand. He sat bewildered. After a few moments he picked them up, and when he had found her, handed them to Julia. He could see the color deepen as she read. When she had finished she looked at him and said, (it was worth more to Tommy than the letter or the note) "You are the dearest and bravest Tommy in the world."

Suddenly a thought struck him, and going to the office he asked:

"Mr. Winter, would you like to sell out?"

Looking surprised, Mr. Winter said, "No." Then taking second thought, he said slowly:

"I'll think over it and let you know tomorrow."

"Very well," Tommy replied, and he stepped out.

In the breast of John Winter was beating the heart of a demon. He thought to himself:

Miss Irving will marry this rascal the first chance they get. I know she will not marry me now since he's here. I'm getting tired of this place anyway, so I believe I'll sell out to him. A ship sails for home day after tomorrow night I'll sell out to him tomorrow and the next night when he's returning from his walk I'll kill him and escape on the ship. I guess that will fix Miss Irving," he laughed maliciously.

Accordingly the next morning he sold out to Tommy for £1,500 and left, saying that he was going home. Tommy and Julia were married that afternoon and were soon happy and busily at work in their new home.

The next afternoon John Winter concealed himself in a thick wood near the hospital, through which Tommy was accustomed to pass every day about dark. Soon the sun was down and darkness began to take the place of light. Presently he heard slow footsteps approaching.

"There he comes, I must get ready," thought Winter.

The person was now before him. His heart grew faint, but he was determined. Slowly and deliberately he took his aim.

The fatal shot was fired! The victim fell! John Winter was a murderer! But he was not the murderer of the man he wished to kill, for Tommy had been very busy that day and had not taken his walk. But what did it matter to John Winter? The sin of the murderer had stained his hand and his heart. An innocent victim had fallen, but he never knew it, for the ship was wrecked and all the crew lost.

Tommy and Julia lived happily and prosperously in South Africa for five years. By skillful management and never

ceasing energy Tommy had accumulated £25,000

On a bright sunshine morning, with a little girl the image of her still beautiful mother, to give pleasure to their journey and their lives; they boarded a steamer to sail for their dear and far-away Kensington.

Soph.—W. C.—1

In November.

Some sing of joyous spring, when all the earth
Blossoms with flowers and birds, until it seems
As fresh and beautiful as at its birth.
When there are songs to sing and dreams to dream,
When all is glorified where barrenness hath been,
And the golden evening floods the west,
Nor does night lower darkly on the scene
As liberated Nature goes to rest.
But as for me my greatest pleasure lies
In Autumn's quietness, and the great lessons here
Are deepened by the soft southern skies.
These have forbourne to frown; and everywhere
Are beautiful; and the mellowed sun rays fall
On gorgeous yellow leaves and over fills
The world; and far away, yet back of all,
Where mists hang heavy, stands the eternal hills.
Oh holy, fitting, calm before hoar winter's blast
Breaks the music of thy days, and flings abroad
The note of his arrival! How perfect that at last
Nature should dazzle us with images of God.

J. M. A., '05.

The Eruption of Krakatoa.

When Mount Pelee belched forth death and destruction among a few of the West India Islands, many people said that never before within the memory of the human race had there been an eruption of such magnitude. But in this they

were mistaken. Only twenty years ago in the East Indies the hitherto harmless looking mountain Krakatoa blew its head off with a violence the like of which no man had ever seen. Previous to this time Krakatoa rose abruptly from the sea, reaching an altitude of nearly three thousand feet, and in itself formed an island of six square miles. It was located in Sunda strait, midway between the islands of Sumatra and the far-famed Java. While it was uninhabited on account of its small area and steep sides, yet no one dreamed that it would ever give trouble. It should be noted in passing, however, that in no other portion of the globe does there exist so extensive and such constant volcanic disturbances as are found among the fair tropic isles of the East Indies. Java is literally studded with valcanoes. Science has found this region of much value and interest.

On Sunday morning, May 20, 1883, this desolate sentinel of the ocean shook itself and began to give off steam and ashes with a noise that was heard a hundred miles away. But this was only a slight indication of what was to follow three months later. This action continued with gradually increasing intensity. During its earlier stages excursion parties would visit the scene of the trouble, but later it became too dangerous. Now and then fissures would be opened beneath the surface of the sea, allowing quantities of water to rush in. Consequently, the intense heat instantly turned the water into steam, thereby causing violent explosions. New craters were opened up and a general state of unrest existed among the forces of nature as well as among the dwellers on the neighboring shores. All this proved to be but a preparation for the two memorable days in August when the terrible end came.

It was on another Sunday morning, Aug. 26 of the same year, that great chasms were formed above and beneath the water line. In rushed countless tons of sea water, only to be met by the all-consuming heat of the earth's interior. Explosion after explosion followed each other in quick succession and they grew more and more terrific. It was nothing less than a gigantic conflict in the realm of nature, and

beside it all the battles of men pale into insignificance so far as outward aspects are concerned. Soon that whole section for many miles around was shrouded in Egyptian darkness, broken only by numerous flashes of lightning and the lurid, unsteady glare from the immense flames which would frequently burst forth from the crater. It was, indeed, a darkness that could be felt, for with the heavy clouds of smoke there came forth an abundance of ashes and pumice stones, and these were being scattered everywhere.

The electrical display was quite remarkable. In addition to the continual lightning, the sailors on the vessels in that vicinity were awed by the presence of balls of fire on the main masts and at the extremities of the yard arms. The atmosphere gave every indication of being heavily charged with electricity. At many places that night people could not sleep on account of the fearful noise of the explosions. By those who did not reside near enough to understand the cause it was believed to be a heavy cannonading within a short distance of them.

The dawn of the next morning was scarcely observed in the affected district, for the sun's rays failed to pierce the thick gloom. But the situation remained the same as on the preceding evening, save that the explosions were less frequent but more violent. About ten o'clock on this eventful morning the climax came. No one was close enough to relate afterward exactly what happened, but it is believed that a yawning gulf was suddenly opened up, into which vast volumes of ocean water madly rushed. The result was inevitable. Krakatoa was blown to atoms with a noise which was actually heard at a distance of 2,968 miles. Imagine an explosion in New York so terrific that it would be heard in Liverpool and you can understand how far away the noise was heard. At the time of the explosion the cloud of smoke and steam had reached the incredible altitude of more than seventeen miles.

The results were far-reaching. A tidal wave was set in motion which in one place on the coast of Java was found to be 135 feet high and extending for thousands of miles. A

man-of-war was lying off the shore of Sumatra, but after the tidal wave subsided it was discovered in a patch of woods thirty feet above sea level and a mile and three-quarters from the sea. Of the 36,380 persons who lost their llves by this catastrophe nearly all of them were drowned as a result of this wave. Scientists are convinced that considerably more than a cubic mile of solid matter was thrown out of the volcano. The Strait of Sunda was rendered absolutely impassable for awhile by the debris. For more than a year volcanic dust remained in the air in sufficient quantities to give to the sunsets unusual color and to rob the moon of its characteristic silvery light. Before the day on which this final explosion took place was over, however, the waters rolled back and since then everything has remained quiet.

Shortly after this affair the Royal Society of England appointed a Krakatoa committee, who made extensive investigations covering a period of many months. Their report was finally issued in a splendid quarto volume of nearly five hundred pages, profusely illustrated, and containing instructive maps and charts. The committee did their work with utmost care, leaving no detail unattended to. Indeed, their researches extended over the whole earth, for the effects of the eruption were in a sense world-wide. The published report was entitled: "The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena," and is doubtless the most complete work on any single volcanic disturbance yet issued.

In this work the startling facts recorded above were verified and in some cases amplified. It was shown further that great air waves were set in motion, which passed around the earth no less than seven times. Every self-recording barometer was effected. The immense tidal wave after traveling 5,000 miles was measured eighteen inches in height. Most remarkable of all were the enormous clouds of volcanic dust which swept around the globe several times. As before stated, they gave to every land new and strange phenomena in the heavens. The resulting beautiful optic effects, however terrifying to the ignorant, was a source of much deligh- and admiration to intelligent people all over the world.

12345.

What Was it That Prompted Him.

We read works of fiction and become intensely interested in the doings and destinies of characters, which are entirely the creation of the author's imagination, not realizing that, perhaps, there are persons within the circle of our acquaintance, the story of whose lives, if told by the novelist, would be as interesting as any romance.

I have in mind now a girl whose home was situated near a tributary of the Savannah river and in view of the outlying spurs of the Blue Ridge Mountains, near their southern border. She was the daughter of a farmer in comfortable circumstances, but had no better educational advantages than those which the common public schools afforded. Amid such surroundings as these Annetta Barron grew to the age of young womanhood, and a more charming and graceful rustic lass it would have been difficult to find in the whole country around. She was slender and of a fawn-like gracefulness. Her golden hair, when left unrestrained, fell in tresses, which seemed to have caught the splendor of the sun's reflection on the autumn leaves, upon her shoulders. Her eyes were of that color which is between a melting blue and the gray that is characteristic of a nature faithful to duty and loyal to a trust. Her face was exceedingly fair, but showed evidences of intellectual activity and serious thought, not common to one of her age. From her eyes there sparkled a light which told of the keen and ever alert brain, while at the same time, in those same eyes, there was a dreamy, far-away, contemplative expression which made one feel as if their owner was almost living in a sphere shrouded in mystery to us. Everyone who became acquainted with her felt that she exercised over them an influence that they did not understand. They did not know that it was due to a wonderful power of the mind which many people possess to some extent, but of which few are aware. She herself did not understand this power, and exercised it unconsciously.

While she was yet barely past girlhood, before the rosebud

had opened into the full-blown rose, she was struck with one of "Cupid's arrows," and, like many girls of her age, being too weak to overcome the wound, was married to a neighboring farmer lad. For a year or two she was happy, if there is any true happiness for a nature like hers in such environments. She and her husband shared mutually the toils and responsibilities of life. In this atmosphere, destitute of culture and refining influences, she grew into womanhood, sadly lacking in that richness of charm and elegance of bearing which comes from an atmosphere of culture. And it seemed that her bright prospects had been blighted and her beautiful powers of mind destined to forever lie dormant.

But fate sometimes plays strange games. In a year or so her young husband's health began to fail, and it soon became evident to all that he was suffering with "pulmonary tuberculosis." His health rapidly declined, and soon the burden of supporting herself and invalid husband devolved upon Annetta. She was anxious that her husband have the very best medical attention that it was possible for her to procure, and as this added an extra heavy expense, she worked continually.

* * * * * * *

One morning when Dr. Osmond was looking over his mail in his office in Camden, Maine, and tossing letters aside to his clerks to open, read and answer, his attention was called, though he could not tell why, to a letter bearing a South Carolina postmark. He examined rather closely the handwriting of the address and was about to toss it to one of his clerks, but some influence for which he could not account, impelled him to open it and read it himself. He found it to be nothing more than an application for a position as local agent for a great discovery and invention of his, which has done much to benefit humanity. But Dr. Osmond was much impressed by it, and his mind pictured for him a noble and beautiful young woman as the author of that letter. It is needless for us to add that Annetta got the position. Dr. Osmond, though a comparatively young man, only thirty-five years old, had already achieved brilliant success and

gained great celebrity in his chosen profession; but he was of a rather singular disposition in regard to the "fair sex." Though he had met and associated with many of the "elite" of American society; had been besieged by charming belles, and many a snare had been laid for him by scheming mammas, he had never fallen a prey to any of them. In fact, none of them had ever made much impression on him or succeeded in the slightest degree in gaining his affection. Their thoughts, aims and desires seemed to be entirely different from his. But something told him that in the writer of that letter there was a nature the exact counterpart of his. Many times during the day thoughts of that letter recurred to him, and he could not dismiss them from his mind. He reproached himself for what he considered his foolishness. "Why should that letter make such an impression on him? Was it not just like hundreds of others he was receiving daily?" That night when he retired he tossed about and sought sleep two or three hours before it came to him, and when he did fall asleep, his slumbers were restless and disturbed, and in his dreams there was a vision of a fair face before him constantly.

In about ten days after writing the letter which affected Dr. Osmond so strangely, Annetta received a brief letter which ran as follows:

CAMDEN, MAINE, April 15, 1890.

DEAR —— RANSOM: From your letter of recent date, I do not know whether to address you as Miss or Mrs. Will you be so kind as to inform me whether you are married or single, and if married whether your husband is now living? I was peculiarly impressed with your letter, and feel sure that you will have splendid success in the business you have undertaken. Wishing you much success, I am,

G. B. OSMOND, M. D.

To this letter Annetta replied that although she was but nineteen years old, she was married. She also stated that her husband was dying of consumption, and that she had to earn a living for them both, and pay his medical expenses. When the doctor received this letter he was much chagrined

to find that she was married, instead of being single, as he had hoped. Already he had begun to cherish faint visions of her as his bride and the mistress of his home; but now those visions were rudely dispelled for a time. However, they soon returned and, try as he might, he could not entirely banish them from his mind. Realizing now for the first time that he was really getting old, having crossed the meridian of life, and having no one for a companion except his mother, who was getting aged and feeble, he began to feel the need of a wife. Accordingly, he threw himself more into the society of his lady friends and tried to find one among them whom he could love. But the image of Annetta, which his fancy had painted, was always before him, and he was constantly comparing it with them, always to their disadvantage, until at last he gave up the search for a wife. Though he would drive the thought away every time it occurred to him, yet it was constantly forcing itself upon his mind, that Annetta's husband could not live long, and he just waited.

Time sped swiftly on and the fell destroyer having completed his task, death claimed his victim. Annetta was once more free. When Dr. Osmond learned of her husband's death, he wrote Annetta a letter of sympathy, after which she heard nothing more from him for a year. He then wrote her and asked her to correspond with him. She agreed, and, having exchanged photographs, they carried on the correspondence for some time. When he received her photograph, he found that the one which his mind had drawn for him, was a correct one. He gradually revealed his feelings to her and ascertained, as far as he could, what she thought of him, until at last he determined to ask her to become his wife. He wrote that he believed they were created for each other, and that it was providential that they had been brought to know each other. He said: "I feel, dearest Annetta, that you are the one woman in the world who can make me happy; who can understand my deepest thoughts and aspirations. Will you be my own, dearest?" Never had so momentous a problem confronted Annetta before; a

man of wealth and fame had asked her to become his wife; to be the queen of his grand home, and, better still, of his own heart. "Could it be really true, or was she dreaming?" Surely she must be mistaken; for why should he, who could command the affection of ladies of social rank, wish to marry her, a poor, uncultured girl, with nothing to recommend her except her simple beauty and intellect, which, though powerful, was entirely undeveloped?" But a mysterious voice told her that he was sincere, and after consulting an educated lady friend, who could look deep into the motives of man, she wrote him a simple letter gratefully accepting his proposition. He then wrote her saying that to leave his business to come to her would mean the loss of several hundred dollars to him, and of his services to many patients in his institute, who could ill afford to miss his services, and asked her if she would be willing to come to him if he should send her money to buy her trousseau and pay all necessary expenses. Again, she was undecided at first about what to do. She had never traveled a hundred miles from home, and to start all the way to Maine alone, with the possibility of being left friendless when she arrived, was a prospect before which one with far more experience might well have hesitated. Again, her friend advised her to say yes, but far more than that, the same mysterious influence which had directed her before was still urging her to say yes. She answered his letter affirmatively, and he immediately sent her the money and instructed her to wear a certain sign which he suggested, and told her what he would wear, so that they could easily recognize each other as soon as she should get off the train at Camden. When the train arrived there, and she stepped to the ground, he was at her side in an instant and exclaimed: "Oh, Annetta!" He then placed her in the carriage, which he had in waiting, and drove to his home, where she was welcomed by his mother, and as soon as she was sufficiently rested from her journey, they were quietly married.

Many of the papers of his state published accounts of Dr.

Osmond's marriage, and spoke in glowing terms of his beautiful Southern bride.

The change was a great one to Annetta, but she graced her new position with a quiet and becoming dignity. Although she was lacking in higher education and culture, the resources now at her command were plentiful, and she made the most of them. She had at last gotten into an atmosphere congenial to her nature, and she devoted herself to reading and study while her husband was absent on professional business. She also had the advantage of instructive lectures almost every night. Her improvement was almost marvelous, and when she visited her old home two years later, one would scarcely have recognized in the cultured, refined lady she then was, the shy girl who boarded the train alone for Camden, Maine, two years before.

Today, there is no happier home in Maine than that of Dr. Osmond, and he and Annetta both bless the day she wrote his firm for employment. And the doctor no longer wonders what it was that caused him to read her letter himself. —·.·, 06.

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Editorial Department

POWER W. BETHEA, Editor.

A Modern Critic. A little while ago some friend of the JOURNAL, who has evidently had an infinite area of experience in journalistic work and beyond the shadow of a doubt is destined to be the literary prophet of the twentieth century, while perusing the pages of the October number, remarked that he was shocked and indeed horrified at some very ungrammatical expressions that occurred in the editorials, and was surprised at the staff's tolerating such a booby—or should we say "novice?"—as its chief. More than that, the JOURNAL had fallen from grace and is no longer the magazine it was wont to be. The editor has previously expressed his inexperience and the feeling of reluctance with which he assumed control of the JOURNAL, and has invited unbiased criticism, but he has not left the door open to cynics and chronic growlers, who stand by the way-

side seeking whom they may devour. Perhaps it might have given occasion for offence had not the source been taken into consideration, but rather suggests that the kind critic provide himself with a Webster's International Dictionary and subscribe to something like a dozen of the leading periodicals of the land, or better, to take a post graduate course in Pulitzer's School of Journalism, so that he may learn the first principles of word synonyms and their different shades of meaning ere venturing upon another of his famous literary flights. If this friend during his leisure hours will visit the editor at his sanctum, he will gladly make him a present of the former and with the united efforts of these great brains devise some scheme by which they may retard the literary progress of the world for centuries to come.

" 'But hold!' exclaims a friend, 'here's some neglect;
This, that—and t'other line seem incorrect.'
What then? the self same blunder Pope has got,
And careless Dryden— 'Aye, but Pye has not';
Indeed! 'tis granted, faith! but what care I?
Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye."

• •

Reading in College. From several members of the Faculty complaint has lately been heard about the reading of the students—or rather the lack of their reading. This has been no less than the experience of a number of our colleges in the State. A Vanderbilt professor has made the assertion that the only voluntary reading one does which he really enjoys is about one book per existence, but we believe that to be an exaggeration and can only accept it as a deviation of the truth. Athletics is supposed to be one of the causes for the lack of interest manifested in libraries now-a-days. Not every one who makes fullback at foot ball or catcher on the baseball team is a *helluo librorum.* Some people say, "What's the use of reading books when I have the material with which they are made?" What, with the multiplication of those, who like Scott, do not read books because they are too busy writing them? And why so

much more enthusiasm in reading newspaper headlines than works of standard authors?

John Wesley has very well said that a reading people are a knowing people. There can be no possible doubt that the student who does not read is losing the best of his college course. The testimony of all the alumni are unanimous on that head. It is very strange and yet quite true, they tell us, how lessons and principles fade away into oblivion, but the world of letters first dawning upon them—the stories of Evangeline and Enoch Arden, and the quaint character of Silas Marner—there is something which forever abides. To be taught to read and turned loose in a library is not the worst thing that can befall a student. Reading in college is an index not only of one's taste but of his ideals. "What good book or worthy article in a periodical is some senior (or freshman, as the case may be) reading at present?" is the question which is generally asked each class something like once every week. Nothing could be more significant. Of course, it is left optional with everyone as to what he shall read, but he should endeavor to feast on those authors who tend to build up the mind and intellect. A professor once suggested to a weakly student to attack some bulky author, lasting for years, as the best means of health and happiness. The feeble boy never survived the experiment, but died thirty years after a slave to Sir Walter. Though it would not be advisable to undertake anything like this, everyone should acquire a habit of reading, which will bring them with a life-long intercourse with the master spirits of mankind and prove for themselves an endless refreshment and unfailing resource.

• •

The Two Dowies. Something over a fortnight ago great excitement prevailed Madison Square on account of "Elijah." New York dearly loves a new sensation. Like the terrific hurricane which sweeps the entire globe, the sensation of today becomes the bore of tomorrow. It was hardly supposed that the latter-day prophet with his

three thousand crusaders would make any permanent impression on the metropolis and establish a "Zion" in its vicinity, which he had so long hoped to do. The masses are well aware of the absurdity of his fanaticism, but it is curious to note how so many people of today are held spell-bound by these sacrilegious artificers. But there are two distinct types of character that are extant among them which might be worthy of notice: The John the Baptist II, a long time would-be rival of Dowie, who stands mournfully on the street corners, with none to do him reverence, and the "Elijah" who parades himself like a king before thousands of subjects. The latter understands human nature and is a born organizer, while the former is merely a self-centered crank.

• •

Politics of Greater New York. The result of the recent election in Greater New York is not without significance. The Fusion ticket, headed by Mayor Low, went down to a crushing defeat. This puts Tammany in the saddle once more, and gives to Murphy, its young leader, great prestige. It was expected that corruption and bribery would be charged should Tammany win, as the past record of this organization is not the cleanest, but the immense majority given McClellan, the Tammany candidate, silenced the opposition; for it was clearly evident that it was not Tammany alone but the people who had spoken. New York is a Democratic city, but it is claimed that in the past years Tammany alienated many of its strongest supporters by its corrupt practices, thus making possible the election of a Fusion ticket, with a Republican mayor at its head. Mayor Low, as it was shown during the campaign, was too much of a Republican to keep partisan politics out of the administration of the affairs of a great city, which resulted in his being relegated to private ife. Reports show that his defeat is lamented by British newspaper men, who point to it as a proof of the impurity and unstableness of Democratic institutions. But we can

afford to overlook these critics, as the subjects of monarch-ridden countries are not supposed to have a proper perspective of the workings of the institutions of a great republic like ours. The election again puts New York state in the probable Democratic column, which, with its thirty-six electral votes, means a great deal. Should McClellan prove himself to be a strong man in executive ability, it is not improbable, as has been suggested, that the Democratic nominees for 1904 will be Harrison and McClellan, the heads of the two greatest cities in the Union. And we believe that this combination would stand a good chance of winning.

• •

Progress in Civilization. It is a singular fact to note that amidst all the strenuosity of international disputes, war rumors, political struggles, miscarriages of justice, and government scandals, the world is steadily making progress in the pursuits of peace and civilization. A peace conference has been held in Vienna, and England and France, who have been life-long enemies since time immemorial, have signed a brief treaty looking toward a limited resort to arbitration. Science and education have not been on the wane. One of the most objective evidences of the former is the discovery of the wonderful new element called "radium," a pound of which if uncontrolled would annihilate the earth, and in monetary value is estimated at nearly a million dollars. The English educators under Mr. Mosely's direction are receiving every possible courtesy in their tour of the United States. The French are making a bold effort to replace those children in schools who were displaced by the closing of the schools of many religious orders. Sir Norman Lockyer, one of the leading astronomers of the British Empire, in his address before the Scientific Association, declared that the government ought to appropriate at once one hundred and fifty million dollars in the interests of education, in order to bring up the English standard to those of Germany and the United States.

Exchange Department.

R. O. LAWTON, Editor.

Quite a number of magazines have been received by us—some good and some poor, some wise and some otherwise. But, considering the necessary limitations in point of quality and quantity they show up pretty well.

The *Furman Echo* is a well dressed magazine and has some good things in it for October, but it also has some poor things. "The Hour and Its Needs" is a strong appeal for American manhood, the need of the age. It is characserized by poetic prose flights—the writer has very probably been reading De-Quincey or Carlyle. "Two Man Types" is an oration delivered before the society. It is a strong oration, backed up by Shakespeare, Napoleon, and several other stand-bys. They say Shakespeare and Napoleon will never die, and I verily believe it. The writer of "The Solution of a Mystery" had evidently been reading Poe. It is a story characterized by wildness, mysteriousness, weakness, and a lack of originality.

The *Converse Concept* is especially good this time. Heretofore we have remarked a certain tendency toward very short and light stories, but the October number is made up of heavier material. The Monroe Doctrine as pictured by the negative side and printed in the *Concept* is a masterly effort on the part of a junior in a female college. It is characterized by force, clearness, logic, thought, and good English. It reflects credit upon the writer, the class, the *Concept* and the college. "A Comparative Study of *Lycidas*, *Adonias* and *Immemoriam*" is a thoughtful, well written essay and shows much hard study, but has the stamp of the class-room. The poems are real good —especially "Premonition." "The Reawakening of John Saunders is an opportune story. It savors of originality in plot and treatment. Of course they get married and live happily

ever afterward, but then it would be too much to expect a girl to end a story otherwise. The story is well written and just about the right length.

The Wake Forest Student for October deserves a place among the best college magazines. Necessarily there are one or two shoddy pieces, but on the whole the issue is a fine one. "The Jew of Shakespeare, Marlowe and Scott" is an essay of sterling worth, deep thought and careful comparative study. "Watermelons versus trouble" is a poem teeming with healthful humor. "A Real Country Debate" is happily humorous, but "Kid Richman's Gang" needs revising or being left out entirely, for it stands crooked on its legs-

The Clemson College Chronicle, the alliterative college Journal, is neatly bound and is a good issue. I always read the *Chronicle* with pleasure, for it smacks of originality and a happy blending of the sublime and the ridiculous. "The Trend of Empire," an oration whose thoughts are clothed in resplendent garments deserves favorable criticism. "The Afflictions of Diomed" is a departure in the story line, and by way of parenthesis it might be well to remark that it is opportune and pleasant. The story is original, and that should carry great weight, for this thing of getting married and living happy ever afterward in a story is not as new as it used to be a hundred decades ago.

We are glad to note an improvement in the *Trinity Archive*—I mean a return to the students. Heretofore we have noticed in that distinguished college periodical a certain inordinate tendency toward filling its pages with matter other than the production of the students, which, in our opinion, is a grave mistake, for a college magazine is principally for the students. Of course, an occasional article from a professor's pen is not out of order, but there is a danger of going too far with that sort of thing. *The Archive* for October is well gotten up, and the proportion of its contents is especially noteworthy—just about the right quantity—and I shall say quality, also—of poetry, essays and stories. The cover of the *Archive* for the last few years has been an extremely neat one, and with the present staff—most of whom I know—*The Archive* has a bright outlook.

The Criterion has a pretty color—we won't attempt to say what color it is, but shall merely say that it is characteristic of the Columbia Female College. But it has more than a pretty cover—it has some good things in it. There are *some* weak pieces, but it does pretty well for the first issue. "The English Drama—Its Origin and Utility" is too much on the order of an encyclopedia—just a compilation of facts with no regard for expression, literary flourishes and laws that govern a good essay. "An Autumn Reverie" is a peculiar and characteristic thing. The turtle dove's plaintive cooing for her mate makes us conclude that the writer has some pleasantly pensive recollections of "the good old summer time" and "the days that are no more." The story "Love or Duty" is real good with one exception—the fellow is unnaturally theatrical when he proposes—probably it is only the writer's ideal of a proposal (?)

We regret that our space won't permit of any more criticisms or favorable comments. We are pleased to note, however, the general tone of the college periodicals—it is good for the first issue.

I'd like to be a senior,
  And with the seniors stand;
A fountain pen behind my ear,
  A note book in my hand.
I would not write in it at all,
  But keep it clean all day,
For I would be a senior,
  And with the seniors stay.
  I would not be an angel,
  For angels have to sing;
  But I would be senior
  And never do a thing. —Ex.

Alumni Department.

E. F. McWHIRTER, Editor.

CLASS OF 1902.

T. C. Austin holds the position of bookkeeper for the Spartan mills at Spartanburg, S. C.

B. A. Bennett is working in the auditor's office of Spartanburg county.

Ben Hill Brown, Richard I. Manning and T. Frank Watkins will receive their diplomas from the law department of the University of Virginia in the coming June.

J. S. Calhoun is connected with the Central National Bank of Spartanburg, S. C.

H. B. and W. H. Chapman are with their father on his farm near Cherokee, S. C.

W. Zimmie Dantzler is teaching in Orangeburg county.

F. S. DuPre is in the cotton mill business at Wilmington, N. C.

T. C. Easterling holds the instructorship of History and Mathematics in the Wofford College Fitting School.

H. R. Harris of "trouser fame" is teaching in the "wild and wooly" state of Montana.

A. T. Helms is principal of the Turbeville Graded School at Turbeville, S. C.

M. Hoke has also joined the band of unfortunates, but has a good school at McCormick, S. C.

F. H. Hudgins is buying and grading cotton at Honea-Path, S. C.

S. T. Lanham is teaching at Harleyville, S. C.

The people of Union, S. C., consider themselves fortunate in

securing the services of Miss Ione Littlejohn as one of their teachers.

E. A. Montgomery is principal of the Marlboro High School at Tatum, S. C.

D. S. Murph holds the chair of Latin in the Trinity Park High School of Durham, N. C.

Miss Carrie Nabors assists Prof. Helms in the Turbeville Graded School.

Paul H. Nash is a contractor at Clinton, S. C., and is studying civil engineering on the side.

Norman L. Prince is now preparing himself at Vanderbilt University for ministerial work.

Having already named ten teachers from this class, we take great pleasure in adding the name of Robt. E. Sharpe, who is holding forth at O. K., S. C.

D. C. Strother is superintendent of a cotton seed oil mill at Fort Valley, Ga.

Carroll H. Varner will join the South Carolina conference at its next session.

Y. M. C. A.

EDWARD K. HARDIN, Jr., Editor.

THE FORGOTTEN BOOK.

A student one day wishing to borrow a book from a fellow-student, went to his room, and finding no one in the room, stepped over to the bookcase to get the book he needed. Looking over the books of his fellow-student, his eye ran across one lying in the corner of a shelf, covered with dust as if unused and never noticed. The book attracted his attention, having a flexible morocco binding and gilt edge. His curiosity was aroused, and opening it on the fly leaf he saw written in the trembling hand of a woman, these words, "May this blessed book prove indeed a lamp to the feet and a light unto the pathway of my dear boy." The inscription was signed by the one word, "Mother."

His mother's Bible! Forgotten! Laid on the shelf! Never used, never touched, never read! He had placed it in his book case when he had unpacked his trunk after leaving home, and there it remains to-day. One might steal it and the theft would never be discovered until he got ready to go home again. It might do for his mother at home to take down her Bible day by day and there read to gather inspiration and help and comfort, but he has not the time; he has other books to read; he has too many duties to which he must attend requiring his time and work. What good will it do him anyway? He is young and must enjoy his college days, there will be plenty of time afterwards to think of the serious questions of life. The Bible was intended for old people anyway. Godly mothers may die with its holy words upon their lips, but to their sons it has no use, no meaning, no help. Ought that to be? We answer most emphatically, no. Oh! that we could realize that we left behind us the frivolous, the "fool" age when we left the graded school, and that we are now going through the formative period

of life. Habits and character formed here will last forever and reap destinies.

There is no use of us trying to give you reasons why you should read and make a systematic study of the Bible. You know as well as we do that it is to make a *man* of you. No one is a complete, well-rounded man until he has drunk deep at the spring of eternal truth found in that volume, which we fear is to many Wofford students "The Forgotten Book."

You have heard many persons wonder at the beauty, simplicity and full meaning of the words and speech of our own Dr. Carlisle. Do you know why? Natural, you say? Possibly so to some extent, but we believe that the real reason is found in his familiarity with, study and absorption of the English Bible.

Take down your Bible then, brush off the dust and be ashamed of your negligence. Every student of Wofford College who is not reading his Bible is committing a sin against God and against himself.

SELECTIONS.

"Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man were such as you, and every life a life like yours, this earth would be God's paradise."—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

"Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it, then! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called today; for the night cometh, wherein no man can woak."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

General Harry Lee, father of Robert E. Lee, once used the following words in a letter to his son: "You have often heard me say that lying leads to every vice and cancels every tendency to virtue."

"God asks no man whether he will accept life. That is not the choice. You must take it; the only choice is how."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

To become like Christ is the only thing in the world worth caring for."—HENRY DRUMMOND.

Local Department

SIMPSON F. CANNON, Editor.

The first lecture of the Wofford College Lyceum was delivered in the College Auditorium on Thursday evening, October 22nd, by Dr. William Garrot Brown. His subject was "Andrew Jackson and the New Democracy."

His speech was delivered in a clear, forceful manner and he left many happy thoughts upon the hearts of his hearers.

This subject is proving to be a very popular one and the Lyceum management was fortunate in securing such a man as Dr. Brown—a man who has given this subject careful study and one therefore who is able to speak with so much force.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Our two literary societies are to be well represented in the Oratorical Contest this year.

The Prestons have selected as their speakers Messrs. J. H. Hamel, E. K. Hardin and C. L. Smith.

From the Calhoun Messrs. W. D. Burnett, J. C. Candler and C. P. Wofford.

The date for the contest has not been decided upon.

The Societies are doing particularly good work so far this year and the new men are taking an interest never before exhibited by the Freshmen.

There seems to be no reason why this year should not be the best in the history of the societies.

FOOT BALL.

A great deal of interest is being taken in foot ball this year. Although inter-collegiate ball is not allowed still the boys are permitted to play among themselves. Each class has put out a team and have been doing some hard practicing.

On October 16th the first game was played between the Juniors and Sophomores. This was a beautiful game and resulted in a victory for the Juniors by a score of 10 to 0.

Mr. E. F. McWhirter has been elected Captain and Mr. W. D. Burnett Manager of the Senior foot ball team. The class clubbed together and bought an entirely new set of suits for their team.

The Seniors have elected Mr. J. H. Hamel Captain and Mr. C. P. Wofford Manager of their team.

From the Sophomores Mr. G. W. Nichols was chosen Captain.

The Freshmen elected Douglass McIntyre Captain and John Jennings Manager.

OCTOBER 19th, 1903.

Monday, October 19th, being the anniversary of the birth of Rev. Benjamin Wofford appropriate exercises were held in the college chapel. President Snyder in well chosen words related a few facts connected with Rev. Mr. Wofford's life. But he saved the best part of his speech for the last when he announced that the faculty had decided to give this day to the students to be used as they thought best.

CAMPUS NOTES.

The Glee Club has had several meetings this year and there is a great deal of interest being taken in it. Many new men have joined adding some excellent material.

They have not decided upon what class of entertainment they will give yet. But this much is true, they will have to get up early to do better than the club did last year.

Dr. W. to Senior J- - - - s:—Tell me wont you please what was the color of the National Assembly of France?

Senior J- - - - —Spotted.

Wofford was well represented at the State Fair this year. Among those who attended we note the following: Mess. P. W. Bethea, W. C. Herbert, W. T. Jones, J. P. Stockman, A.

E. Rogers, L. A, Manning, W. C. Cleveland, L. H. Smith and Fred Wingess.

Junior M-nn- - g to Senior Be - - ea (after purchasing tickets for the Fair Grounds) What number is your ticket, will we get seats together?

He eveidently had never attended a State Fair.

The following men have been chosen by the Preston Society to serve during the ensuing term. President, E. K. Hardin; Vice-President, I. E· Curry; First Critic, Ernest All; Second Critic, E. F. McWhirter; Secretary, J. H. Hamel; Treasurer, W. D. Roberts; Corresponding Secretary, Edw. Mason, First Censor, W. C. Arial; Second Critic, J. C. Guilds.

The Senior Class have completed their list of officers to serve for this year and is as follows: Prophet, J. P. Lane; poet, [illegible]. L. Smith; historian, E. K. Hardin; president, R. O. Lawton; vice-president, L. M. Oliver; secretary, W. C. Herbert; treasurer, S. F. Cannon.

Dr. A——n (while visiting Sophomore Sk–nn–r causally asked if there were any theological students in his cottage).

Yes, Doctor, and I Mr. McWhirter are studying German, and like it very much.

Mr. C. L. Smith, state secretary for College Young Men's Christian Associations, has made several visits to the different colleges this month. On the 23d of October he went to Newberry and Clemson. On the 30th he made a trip to Furman and Erskine. He brings back favorable reports of his work, and says that the work being done in these colleges is very satisfactory.

Saturday, November 7th, in the college auditorium, Dr. Wallace read a very excellent paper on the "Life and Work of General McCrady," our lately deceased historian. This paper was a splendid tribute to the man who has done so much for South Carolina.

Fresh N – – hols – –, in company with Senior C., were passing the new science hall one day last week when Fresh N. innocently asked, "What do you reckon they want with such a large smoke stack?"

Mr. H. R. Howell of the City Young Men's Christian Association, addressed the Young Men's Association at Wofford on Sunday afternoon, November 8th. His subject was, "Missions and Prayer," and was much appreciated by all those who heard him.

"HOW ZACH CAME TO COLLEGE."

Since we last went to press, Professor Clinkscales' "How Zach Came to College," has made its appearance. Quite a number of the students have read it with a great deal of interest, and it is useless for us to say that we are proud of the success which Professor Clinkscales has made in the writing of this story. We would that we had the space to go somewhat into the details of the story. Suffice it to say that it is a charming story, and never once does the reader's interest lag.

In our opinion there is one lesson which this story should teach us, and that is perseverance. The determination to do something in life should strike you with such a force as to make you stand still for a moment in solemn thought. Let us be see things in spite of the obstacles and discouragements that come across our path and tend to make us give up. Our advice to the boys is to read this book at their earliest convenience. It will act as a stimulus to higher and nobler things.

A REAL TREAT.

"A large, cultured and appreciative audience gathered at th Converse Auditorium to attend the second number of the present lyceum course last night. The speaker was Dr. H. N. Snyder, president of Wofford College, and his subject. "Shakespeare." There have been few, if any, better lectures in the Lyceum's

history. Dr. Snyder handled the subject with ease and refined grace and in a manner pleasing and interesting to all. Many were the pleasant enconiums passed upon the lecture." (Spartanburg Journal, Nov. 11th, 1903).

This was to have been the night of Thos. Watson's lecture, but he could not fill his engagement on account of a severe sore throat. Mr. Watson will come at a later day.

Wofford College Directory.

H. N. Snyder, M. A., Litt. D., Prest.; J. A. Gamewell, A. M., Sec., D. A. DuPre, A. M., Treas.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President, J. P. Lane, '04; Vice-President, W. D. Burnett, '04; First Critic, T. O. Lawton, '04; Second Critic, C. B. Goodlett, '04; Censor, A. C. Daniel, '04; Recording Secretary, J. G. Stabler, '05; Treasurer, M. A. Connolly, '05.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Editor in Chief, P. W. Bethea; Business Manager, L. M. Oliver; Literary Editor, E, L. All; Exchange Editor, R. O. Lawton; Alumni Editor, E. F. McWhirter; Local Editor, S. F. Cannon; Assistant Business Manager, M. A. Connolly; Assistant Literary Editor, W. D. Roberts; Y. M. C. A. Editor, E. K. Hardin.

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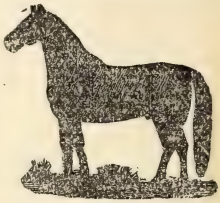

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Wofford College Journal

DECEMBER, 1903

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Literary Department

E. L. ALL, EDITOR.

Ode---To Emerson.

Whose is the voice that breaks on mine untutored ear,
Sounding above the hollow things of youth,
Whence cometh these commanding tones I hear,
I, all unlearned and ignorant of truth?
Whose is this towering form which boyhood's eye
Meets when it lifts for a first glance about,
Beyond them, and with quickened heart, is tremblingly
Withdrawn, abashed, afraid, but yet never yet without
The longing for a second look and then to know
The questions I myself have asked, whence cometh he,
What message hath he for the soul, and doth he show
The way to manhood, nobleness and purity?
Once in the unfolding of the Eternal's plan
Columbus rose and swept the sounding sea,
Found a far world outside the ken of man,
Concealed by centuries, a secret child of destiny.
A strong race sprang and grew in this fair world,
Old thoughts, and customs, all were changed ; and by
This other shore of the great sea a strange new flag unfurled;
And freedom's long neglected emblems floated in the sky.
But in no passing moment's struggle was this done,
But battlefields and dying men lifted that flag on high.
Its cradle was of fire and blood, and all its battles won
Mid fearful years, by kingly men, who thought naught to die.
The world god saw night o'ercloud the rising sun
Of his republic, this his brightest dream, and breathed
Into a Titan spirit; forth came the Nation's father, Washington,

Forth flashed his flaming sword, nor was it sheathed
Till young Columbia claimed and took her place
Among earth's kingdoms, and from mount and plain
Arose the long loud shout of victory, and her face
Was lighted by the smile of peace and plenty once again.
But who should guide the steps of this young land
And who should shape her future; or should she descend
To be the home of untaught men and women, or take stand
Among the earth's high nations—whither did she tend?
Ah, then mid racking questionings stood forth in majesty
A form, and spoke in voice not rich but full and clear:
"Be strong, he comes to shore who sails with me
Oh foolish weaklings, God ruleth all things well, why fear?"
This was the prophet of democracy, and it was he,
The great far seeing seer, as John in Patmos' night
Sea-girt and lone, saw things that were and things that
were to be,
Yea looked upon the very God, caught the eternal light,
Saw that the path for man was beautiful and straight,
Saw but one way for all, that to be good.
Live nobly for thy fellow man, thou shalt be great
And shalt have peace, tho' no man loved or understood.
In low and gentle tones thou speak, yet deeper far
Sank they into the Nation's life and heart
Than any other voice; comforter of those who bear
Great burdens, or face the world with fainting heart,
Columns and gilded statutes cannot stand
The ravages of rank decay and time.
In the great beating heart of thine own nature land
Is writ thy name, there live thy truths sublime.
Oh calm and holy teacher speak to me,
Lift from its weight of sordid things my wildered soul
Anoint mine eyes with holy clay that I might see.
Above the darkness of the clouds that o'er me roll!

—"16151512"

The Great Work of General McCrady

We think this morning of the life and work of a quiet scholar. In a small, plain room, well lighted by its southern windows, at the extreme rear of a suite of officers packed to overflowing with law books, sat until recently a sturdy-built, easy-mannered gentleman of 70 years of age. His close-cropped, stiff hair, and beard were white as snow; the eyes beneth the bushy auburn brows were bright as youth; he stammered somewhat until we launched into conversation, but then his utterance derived rather a charm from the victory gained by his earnestness over the impediment of his speech.

Gen. McCrady possessed so markedly certain traits as an historian and accomplished so well one important task that he is deserving of honor among American historical writers. His death, occurring almost the same day as that of Lecky in England, and that of Mommsen in Germany. suggests the the great difference between his circumstances and theirs, circumstances which account in very large measure for their difference in product and fame. They, professional scholars, historians by lifelong vocation, aided by the most stimulating intellectual surroundings, enjoyed the opportunity for the highest accomplishment; he, favored by neither an inspiring literary public nor the advantages of leisure, earning his daily bread by constant labor at an exacting profession, reached nevertheless a large achievement in the most arduous departdment of literature.

Gen. McCrady played a part and took his sufferings in the rough times through which South Carolina has passed since the guns fired on Fort Sumter. He was present as a captain at that firing; he was later promoted to major and to lieutenant colonel, and was wounded in the service of the Confederacy. After the war he was made major general of the State militia. Elected in 1880 to the State Legislature, the opportunity was affored him to weave into law the conception he entertained as an active and thoughtful counsellor of

what the State needed at that trying time. The corrupt practices necessary from 1876 to 1880 in order to prevent the success of the negro Republican party at the polls were very revolting to Gen. McCrady, as they were to all the most conscientious men in the State; it was his desire to devise some plan by which tissue ballots, corrugated ballots, false counts, intimidation, repeating and the voting of white youths under age would no longer be needed in order to enable the Democrats to command the elections. The true moral fibre of the man told him that no people can indulge in such practices without moral degeneration and the endangering of the integrity of our civic life in its every phase. Moreover, the intervention of Fedral bayonets was a constant danger to the whites and a constant cause of arrogance to the blacks under such a system. Inspired by these views, he formulated the registration and election laws of 1880, and was one of the chief leaders, in committee and on the floor, in carrying them to adoption by the Legislature.

These laws required that every voter should hold a registration certificate, and that the eight officers chosen at the general election should be voted for in eight separate boxes, arranged in a row without regular order, each box bearing the title of a certain office. Votes placed in the wrong box were not to be counted, and citizens not holding registration certificates were to be excluded from voting. There was simply set up an educational standard, applicable at the option of the officials, which presented the test of ability to read the words printed upon the eight boxes.

The intelligence of the voter was tested also by the registration system, as careless and ignorant persons tended to neglect registration or to lose their certificates. The practical working of Gen. McCrady's registration law was soon seen in an amusing instance in Charleston. A circus visited the city. The Democratic executive committee approached the circus officials with the proposal that if they would admit negroes to the circus on their registration certificates the committee would pay fifty cents a piece for every certificate taken up by the doorkeeper. It was widely advertised that

registration certificates were good for admission to the "show." The average negro sovereign in our free government in that dark age would have given up much more precious birthrights than the privilege of voting in exchange for a position so heavenly as an upper seat in a circus tent; and accordingly such a large number of certificates were collected from colored citizens as seriously to deplete the voting strength of the "party of moral ideas" at the next election. The educational-registration test was a grand success; wisdom was justified of her children, and ignorance was condemned of hers.

In the framing of the eight-box law Gen. McCrady exhibited, in the degree demanded by the occasion, one of the ffnest traits of the statesman; namely, the power of breathing into old forms a new spirit capable of meeting new and strange conditions, and yet retaining the old forms sufficiently not to repell men opposed to deserting old custom. The four or five officers subject to popular election in South Carolina previous to the Confederate war were voted for in boxes placed in different parts of the Court House or other polling place, not for the sake of confusion, however, but rather the opposite. Gen. McCrady made a strong appeal in favor of his plan as a return to the custom of the times of honesty and self-goverment as contrasted with the one-box innovation introduced by the Republicans. Not only did he do a great work in erecting a barrier against the ignorant and venal negro vote, but by putting a stop to the fraudulent conduct until then common in order to circumvent this vote he did the State a very high moral service. Would that his fight against the pistol-carrying habit had met with equal success.

It has been remarked regarding Germany that no eqnals a writers and teachers of history have succeeded to the group of hero-patriot scholars, who felt the throb of democratic revolution in Europe at the middle of the nineteenth century—men who marched with insurrectionists against the standing armies of tyrants, who thrilled with a divine inspiration to truth and right, who lectured in impassioned strains upon the free cities of Greece and the glory of the Roman Republic to

students with hearts aflame to modernize the careers of Cleisthenes and Brutus, who lay in dungeons for their principles and found it even more delightful to pour out their blood upon battlefields of liberty than to pour out their eloquence upon ancient free countries. Suffering strikes through unessentails and probes for the truth, experience and responsibility impart wisdom, and Gen. McCrady's labors in war and the succeeding perilous times of peace helped him to write the history of the State judiciously and with firm and honest hand.

Gen. McCrady's work was the fruit of the reading, investigation, experience and thought of a long series of years. He wrote many valuable pamphlets and essays upon the history and contemporary politics of our State. His great work is his large four-volume history of South Carolina from 1670 to 1785. His literary style, revealing at first too much of the man of law, came in his later writing, through practice and open-mindedness to criticism, to exhibit a remarkably lucid, pleasing, and well-ordered quality and a really fine skill in exposition and character sketching.

Gen. McCrady was the first historian clearly to individualize South Carolina, to cause her history to stand out as distinct and characteristic, in many respects not duplicated by that of any other State, And, too, it has been his humor to vindicate her Revolutionary record, and to indicate it in the only sure way—by telling the whole truth in all its ugly and all its glorious details, and setting this in its true relationship and perspective in the hitherto highly idealized and considerably distorted narrative of our war for independence. He appeared to me to feel a deeper satisfaction in this than in all the remainder of his historic work. Also he has given us our only comprehensive picture of the social and economic life of 1719 to 1775. His judgment is affected by sentiment or by adoration for traditional heroes in but few instauces, and they not of a character to impeach the integrity of his conclusions or the importance of his work. His two volumes upon the Revolution are, in all their bearings, such important contributions to the literature of the

period that they are sure to modify materially the world's judgment of many features of that event.

Summing up the whole work of the man and all his qualities as an historian, what remains as the most powerful impression is that he was a completely willing truth teller. He loved the truth in the most simple and natural way. This sublime quality constitutes McCrady's strongest claim to professional and technical recognition as truly an historian and not a person who merely wrote things about history. He meets well the ideal expressed in the recent words of Dr. William Garrot Brown, "Honesty and simplicity are in themselves a sort of reverence for one's subject. He who builds in perfect sincerity will always build better than he knows. He will make his subject seem larger that way than he can by any sort of authoritative manipulation of it, or any rhetorical parading to and fro before it."

Gen. McCrady was large.natured, unspoiled by success, free from all literary jealousy, and altogether without desire to take credit unto himself. How gratifying that the oldest and most historic college in the state should have conferred upon him, as did his alma mater in his native city, its highest honorary degree.

He was vice-president of the American Historical Association and would doubtless have been made, in accordance with custom, president of this laige body of scholars at its Christmas meeting.

He sleeps in the Westminster Abbey of South Carolina—St. Phillip's Churchyard—a spot hallowed, as he himself has said, probably by a greater number of men distinguished in the history of this country than lie buried in any other cemetery in the United States—a band which is not dishonored by him who has joined them.

D. D. W.

Don Quixote—Summer Notes.

Here and there in the history of the literature of nations has arisen, at the interval of centuries in some instances, a master mind attuned to exalted ideals and clearly defined

purposes. A development of these by long and unlimited research and close attachment to their relationship with the spirit of their time, and yet their applicableness to all times, have formed a collection famous as world books.

Besides Shakespeare there are three of these great productions which are dear to less advanced students—Les Miserables, French Revolution, and Don Quixote. These masterpieces have one thing in common, and that is the seeming consciousness of their authors that what they did was for all time; that what they produced would be as reference books to historians that should follow. One is reminded of a great structure where each stone is placed to do service forever. This unephemeral quality is their glory.

Cervantes was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and it is worth noting that these two men—the greatest men of letters of two great nations—died upon the same day; their eyes closed upon a world for which they had done so much almost in the same hour. A certain essayist has wittily described the meeting of these two shades on the banks of the Styx; how they induced Charon to row them over together, and how, when they got over, they laughed and cracked jokes until the stern-faced Dante was forced to withdraw.

If Shakespeare was the father of the Drama, Cervantes in Spain was none the less the father of the Romance. He set the standard and all storytellers have been content to follow.

First of all they must follow its style, the charming directness and pureness which controls the reader's attention throughout the book. Barbarous translations have failed to destroy this crowning excellence. This unadorned method of telling the story of simple life might have come later with the Romantic movement.

Second to style is the consummate skill which captivates and holds the reader. Throughout the long and varied experiences of Don Quixote one's interest never finds time to lag. We follow as if in fairyland the kindly old knight until the will is made and his wanderings end forever.

It is a custom to say much concerning the object of books,

what moral law they sought to exemplify, or what fallacy they were aimed at. Don Quixote has not escaped these summaries, but to one who loves the book this is secondary. He cares but little whether it is a satire on human experiences or the deathblow of knighthood, the lessons drawn from it may be, and are, different, but the teacher forgets his teachings in something deeper and is lost himself in the man, while the moral is absorbed by Don Quixote's personality. Our sympathy and care are for him and his fortunes. Knighthood has disappeared from the world and concerns us little, but Don Quixote is as real and as human as Richard the Lion-hearted!

'Tis true that the realness of things at hand is emphasized, and Cervantes would have us see things as they really are, and draw our inspiration from the performance of common duties, but still without the aid of critics these were seen but dimly in the devotion given the old knight.

He was just a simple old Spanish gentleman, crackbrained, 'tis true, but with unstained soul, the highest ideals and the loftiest purposes; laughed at more than any other character in history, but loved by all nations. He came to Cervantes in the loneliness of an inner prison, and he "covered him with the glory of his own soul" and gave him to the world, so full of weaknesses, so human and withal so manly!

So it is that the broad humor, the smooth masterly style of Don Quixote will ever be sought by lovers of books. A new viewpoint of human nature is there; when we close the book we feel a wider sympathy for the efforts of men and a finer faith in the nobleness of life. Our hold upon our ideals is strengthened. The lesson taught by the scholarly and chivalrous soul in his maddest moment sinks deep into our minds. The pathetic tenacity of the vanquished knight to the truth as he saw it and to his ideals: "Dulcinea of Tobosco is the most beautiful woman in the world and I am the most miserable knight on earth, and it were not right for the truth to suffer hurt from my weakness; since you have taken my honor, take away my life also."

Whoever has pointed us to a higher plane, whoever has

caused our blood to flow faster with noble impulses and kindled our sympathy and strengthened our gentleness, him we will honor forever. Cervantes did this for men.

A., '05.

Bethlehem.

Bethlehem, Bethlehem, honored above measure
When into thy midst came the heavenly King,
Break forth all ye rocks and hills with rejoicing
And join with the sweet angel choir when they sing—
"Good tidings of joy do we bring to all people,
Peace now upon earth and good will to all men,
Glory, yes glory, to God in the highest
For in Bethlehem's born a Savior from sin.
And this unto you is the sign of his presence—
Not in the inn shall you find him today—
But in swaddling clothes wrapped and lying in a manger.
He quietly sleeps on a rough bed of hay.
And lo! just above him all gleaming in glory
Shines the star of the East, the bright guiding star
That over the hills, and mountains and deserts,
Has led the three wise men who've come from afar
To offer their gifts of myrrh and frankincense,
Sweet spices of Arabia and treasure of gold.
These now bow before him and worship with reverence
The King whose sure coming the prophet foretold.

C. L. S.

The Outlook for the Moral and Intellectual Development of Our Youth.

We behold with mingled feelings of awe and reverence the grand, the sublime inanimate objects of God's creation, and gaze with wonder and admiration upon the great inventions and achievements of man. And yet we do not regard man, the grandest piece of an omnipotent Creator's handiwork,

a being worthy of any special reverence. But surely we should realize the grandeur and dignity of human nature, since it was borne and exalted by the "Prince of Heaven" himself. Moreover, the mechanism of the human body is so wonderful, its physical, mental, and spiritual attributes are so mysteriously related that it passes the comprehension of our mortal visions. Some one has very truthfully said that every person is the product of nature and nurture. We have been created with an organism capable of a certain degree of development under given favorable conditions and if those conditions are fulfilled in our surroundings we'll reach that limit, but if they are not we will fail. The men who have achieved lasting fame in the history of our country have done so, not wholly because they were great by nature, but also because their environments have been favorable to the highest development of the powers with which they were endowed.

In no country on the face of the globe are the surrounding conditions more favorable to the highest moral and intellectual development than they are in this "land of the free and home of the brave." Here the spires of ten thousand churches point heavenward and the chime of their bells, as it pierces the calm of the Sabbath morn, forms one continuous chorus announcing the hour of worship as it, beginning on the verdant shores of the Atlantic, slowly wings its way westward across meridian after meridian until at last, having swept over every part of our country, it ends its journey on the quiet shores of the Pacific. And even the poorest and humblest citizen may possess and make a part of his very life that grandest of all literary productions, the Bible. And again, the facilities for intellectual training are plentiful and efficient. The citizens of every rural district point with pride to a neat, comfortable, and reasonably well furnished school house situated in some pleasant grove, while the high and graded schools in our towns and cities furnish ample opportunity to every youth for laying the foundation of a broad intellectual training. These schools, equipped in most instances with efficient instructors, are laying the foundation

and preparing the student for higher courses in our colleges and universities at a very small cost. Our land is dotted over from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific with these colleges and universities offering to the youth of our country higher intellectual training on such reasonable terms, and the men who are interested in the future progress of our country are so ready to assist worthy students striving for that higher training that almost every one who is determined and has a reasonable endowment of mental capacity need not despair of obtaining it, however poor he may be.

Not only does our country afford these splendid advantages and means for intellectual achievement, it also furnishes incentives to mental activity which no other does. Since our form of government is "of the people and by the people" every citizen is a sovereign, and it is the privilege, yea, the duty, of the poorest and humblest to be equally interested in the questions of government with the wealthiest and most powerful. The examples of some of our great men have proven to us that in our republican civilization, where a man is valued by a real worth and not by some empty title of nobility, he can, if he have the natural endowment, by close application and persistent effort rise from the lower strata of society to be the recipient of the highest honors within the gift of the people.

Some faint-hearted ones may say that all the great opportunities for achieving fame and all the circumstances which would excite mental activity have passed. It is not so—there are questions confronting us today to be solved by this and coming generations which will require just as high a quality of statesmanship and just as large an investment of moral and intellectual capital as any that have been solved or even encountered by the statesmen in the past history of the nation. Moreover, we have the inspiration which comes from the heroic deeds and brilliant achievements of all the patriotic statesmen and literary geniuses who have preceded us.

But ah! we realize too keenly that the picture has another

side. We are forced to admit, though reluctantly, that while they are offered so many splendid opportunities and encompassed by conditions which make for the development of the intellect and their higher and nobler powers, yet many of our young men and women are neglecting their higher interests, squandering their opportunities and prostituting their noble powers to the lower and more sensual inclinations and enjoyments. They are feeding on husks in the fields of delusion and folly while they might be feasting at the table of all that can enrich the mind and delight the soul.

Though it is far more pleasant to look at the bright side of the picture, yet we feel that it is our duty to examine the other side just as a mariner out on the "great deep" takes bearings to determine where he is and whither he is tending. And when the dark side of the picture is exposed to our view we see revealed there spectacles which cause us to fear for the future of the nation. We find that many young men are dwarfing and enfeebling their powers by the use of tobacco—especially by cigarette smoking—by the use of a weed which was bequeathed to us by a savage race.

Thousands of young men are enfeebling their physical powers, degrading their moral characters and forever dethroning the will and reasoning faculties by the use of intoxicating liquors.

And again, this Utilitarian system of education is doing much to hinder the broadest intellectual development. Students hurried through school and sent out into the maddened rush of the business world without even having had the foundation of a liberal education laid.

As a plant sends its rootlets down into the soil taking from it those elements of which that particular soil is composed and making them, by a process mysterious to us, a part of itself, so does the youthful mind absorb and make a part of itself the substance and atmosphere of the reading matter which is presented to it. And just as the leaves and fruit of that plant show, by being green and flourishing or dwarfed and blighted, the kind of element it has absorbed, so does the mind show, in signs unmistakable, the kind of

food on which it has been feeding. Now it is an alarming fact that the greater part of the literature that is being read by the masses of the people is not of a kind to provoke serious thought and excite healthful mental activity. But much of it is such as is calculated to arouse the baser passions, fill the mind with wild and even sensuous thoughts, thereby incapacitating it for mental effort.

Another great hindrance to the intellectual development of the youth of our land is that they allow their minds to be filled with trifling and even low sensuous thoughts which express themselves in their conversation. It is very difficult if not impossible, to assemble a crowd of young men, either in the city or country without having among them some who engage in conversation of the lowest kind. But someone may say, "What has one's thoughts to do with his mental power and development?" We answer they have much to do with it, for the brain is composed of cells, of which each kind has its own function, and if the thoughts on which the brain is fed are such as exercise its lower functions, those cells will be developed, and those containing the higher powers of the mind will shrink away and become enfeebled. Moreover, the two extremities of the brain, that in which are situated the will and reasoning powers and that in which are contained the lower sensual powers are just as antagonistic as opposite poles, and every time the power of one is increased the power of the other is decreased in like ratio.

But perhaps the one thing that is doing more than any other to dwarf the mental powers and check the tide of intellectual advancement is impurity of life. So mysterious and vital is the relation between the physical, mental and spiritual attributes of man's nature that what affects one affects all. And one can no more live an immoral life and not dwarf his intellect than he can break nature's most imperative law and not suffer the consequences. Whether this immorality consist in deed or in thought, it is, nevertheless, fearfully destructive of intellect. Whether they are ignorant of its results or whether they are rushing heedlessly to their [illegible] on, it is none the less an alarming fact that thous-

ands of the youth of our land are being rapidly hurled into this vortex of ruin. What means this sluggishness and feebleness of brain, this lack-lustre expression of the eyes that once danced and sparkled with brilliance, this listless expression of countenance, and this disinclination for activity of any kind? Ah! let acts which, though hidden from the gaze of the world, and thoughts that are known only to themselves, but which cannot be hidden from the piercing gaze of nature, speak for themselves. They tell of powers prostituted and proclaim in tones more eloquent than have ever fallen from the lips of man of a subject fast becoming a mental dwarf.

And now let us see what is our relation as college students to this moral and intellectual development. It is our privilege and duty to be the pioneers who shall carry the blessings of light and truth into this vast unbroken wilderness of humanity where thousands are groveling in the dust of their own ignorance and folly while they might be walking proudly erect, conscious of the full development of their heaven-born powers. We are the exponents of the higher and better things of life and it is our privilege to win ourselves the everlasting gratitude of humanity by pointing it away from the lower things of life to the bright star of purity and intellectual attainment. Therefore let us continually live in those high etherial realms of thought and action and descending from thence among the crowded masses in the valleys and plains, with faces radiant from visions beheld there, so convince them of the fuller and nobler life in those higher spheres, that the youth of coming generations shall become, not mental dwarfs, but kings and queens in the full possession of all the grand powers with which they were endowed.

J. R. L.

The Doctor's Story.

One blustery night in December old Doctor Brandon sat staring into a glowing heap of embers in his study grate when suddenly the outer door opened, and in came a tall,

handsome young man knocking the snow flakes from his hat.

"Good evening, Doctor," said Arthur Sullivan; for that was his name, "You seem to be in a reminescent mood.

"Good evening, have a seat Arthur. Yes," said the doctor, "I was just thinking of one of my dearest friends, and those thoughts form a thrilling story."

"Tell it to me, please, if it is no family secret," said Arthur. I think a story would do me good. The night is an excellent one for story telling, with the wind shrieking in the key hole like a maniac."

"The story that I am going to relate has never been told before, although it concerns you closely."

"You know that I have always told you that your parents both died when you were quite young. God forgive me for deceiving you! I could not tell all. Now I will rid this old heart of its greatest burden. God give me strength to tell my great heart secret."

"You had better calm yourself," said Arthur, "You are too much agitated."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I was; but I feel better now, so I will begin:"

"Long years ago when I was a young man just beginning to practice medicine I had a friend about my own age whom I loved as well or better than any of my brothers. He loved me in the same way and we were often called David and Jonathan. That man was no other than Thomas Sullivan, your father.

There was a young woman in the neighborhood, Miss Nancy Madden, a most amiable and lovely lady, to whom my friend Thomas soon lost his heart, as did every one who knew her. The attachment was mutual, and they were passionately devoted to each other.

There was another young man in the vicinity who was an ardent admirer of Miss Nancy. He was of a good but poor family, and was an absolutely worthless fellow. He proposed time and again, always with the same result,—a refusal, He was undaunted, however and continued his attentions until a few days before the time set for her wedding, when

he became so obnoxious that he was forbidden ever again to enter her home. Just two weeks before Miss Nancy was to become Mrs. Sullivan he came to her home about nine o'clock at night and went at once to her room without any one knowing of his presence. Soon everybody was startled to hear a pistol shot, followed by pitiful cries for help. All hurried at once to the scene, and on the way met her assailant, his smoking revolver still in his hand. As he rushed out to where his horse was saddled and waiting, he said, "Tom Sullivan can never be happy now; and the man who tries to stop me shall die."

He made good his escape and went West.

I was summoned in all haste and was soon at Miss Nancy's side. I, with several other physicians, after doing all for her that we could, decided that there was no hope for her.

I was asked to break the news to Tom, who had just come into the house. I went to him and told him. It seemed as though he would faint, he turned so deathly pale. "May I see her once more," he asked. I gave him permission although she was unconscious.

He went into the room, knelt beside her bed, and in a broken voice, called her several times. She did not recognize him in any way. When about to give up in despair she rallied a little and with a last great effort threw one arm around his neck and murmured, "Good bye, Tom." Her arm grew limp again, her eyes closed, and one of the doctors said, "she is gone."

The shock was too much for poor Tom. He fell over in a faint, but soon revived and swore that he would never rest till he had killed him who slew his betrothed and wrecked his happiness. He said that he did not want to see her buried on the morrow, and no amount of persuasion could prevent him from following Dick Stone westward the very same night.

For five long years he kept his search, although he found never a trace of his man.

One day he happened to be in a saloon in Robeson, Col., looking as ever for Dick Stone.

There was a man seated at a card table telling of several adventures that he had experienced. Tom thought the voice sounded a bit familiar, but could not tell where he had heard it before. After a little this gambler said: "Talking about adventures, there's one man I would like to meet. I would kill him on sight. Once I might have gotten the girl of my choice had it not been for that man. In order to cut him out I shot his sweetheart two weeks before they were to be married. I do not know whether she died or not, but I hope she did. Any way I would like to kill that man and will if I ever see him again."

Tom drew his pistol and walked to where he sat, and said, "Come out here in the street and I will give you a chance for your life, you hound, though you don't deserve it. I am the man you want to meet. I am Tom Sullivan."

The coward arose trembling in every joint. They both started from the room, Tom a little in advance. When they reached the door Tom took his eyes off his man for a moment. As he did the cowardly gambler quickly drew his pistol and fired at him. He fired too quick for his aim to be effective. Before he could shoot again Tom turned and sent his soul to its maker.

Tom had accomplished his purpose, so he settled down to work. In two more years he had amassed quite a fortune. Then the old desire to roam, which he had acquired in the years previous, came upon him. He decided to visit his childhood's home again, and stand beside his dear Nancy's grave.

* * * * * * * * *

When Tom left the bedside of his betrothed he thought her dead. She laid in a stupor for several days, life hanging by a single thread. She at length began to grow stronger and soon was able to receive company in her room. The first one she asked to see was Tom. At first they put her off by telling her that he had gone a business trip. At length by some means she got the whole story.

After that she begged me continually to let her die.

Finally she recovered, or, at least, became able to do with-

out the attention of a physician. She would do nothing but sit and cry, wishing and praying that her Tom might come back. This was kept up through all the long years that he was away.

One May morning she was sitting in the little spring house where they used to love, to meet. She looked up with a tear-stained face as she heard a foot step on the gravel walk. As she raised her eyes they looked into Tom's. Each stood and looked at the other for a moment, hardly believing that it was not a dream, but when they realized that they were once more face to face, they rushed into each others arms. The meeting was too tender and holy for words to portray.

After a very short time they were married. Not a cloud crossed their peaceful lives till you were three years of age, when your mother died.

Your father had had trials enough to unbalance the strongest of minds. He became insane and now is in the Maryland State Asylum. Arthur, pardon me for telling you of this, but it was on my mind constantly and I thought best that you should know the history of your family."

Arthur arose and went out of the room half dazed, never again to know a moment's peace and happiness.

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Editorial Department

POWER W. BETHEA, Editor.

Christmas Holidays.

"Oh, Christmas is coming again, you say,
And you long for the things he is bringing:
But the costliest gift may not gladden the day,
Nor help on the merry bells ringing.
Some getting is loosing, you understand,
Some hoarding is far from saving:
What You hold in your hand may slip from your hand;
There is something better than having:
We are richer for what we give;
And only by giving we live."

What occurs in your mind as you read the foregoing lines? Can you imagine examinations passing and the year closing without such an image? If you can it must be an unpleasant one. Christmas is not merely a season for children, but for college students as well. It is a time for cheer and happiness, for it commemorates the birth of our blessed Lord. It is the only holiday of any length from the opening to the closing of the college year; and the rest and happiness which

it brings acts as a wonderful stimulus to the student. We dare say that one-half the Freshman class would be here in June had they not the opportunity to pay that happy visit to their homes, mingle with loved ones, and receive the invigorating vacation which precedes the struggles of March examinations, to say nothing of the other classes.

• •

The Indictment of Senator Dietrich. United States senators have been charged with a good many things, but that one should be criminally indicted on charge of having accepted a bribe for a postoffice appointment is in itself a startling event. Such has been the case with Senator Dietrich, of Nebraska, who has been indicted by the Federal grand jury for conspiracy and bribery in connection with the appointment of Jacob Fisher to the post-mastership of Hastings, the City in which the Senator resides. There is no doubt that the political and local quarrels of Nebraska are involved, and no conclusion can be justly drawn until it has been carefully considered by a civil court of law. With no less importance than the charge itself has been the correspondence concerning it between United States District Attorney Summers, of Nebraska, and Attorney-General Knox, who have had the matter in hand. Senator Dietrich emphatically denies the "infamous charge," and says that Summers is hounding him on political and personal grounds. But in his correspondence with the Attorney-General, it appears that Mr. Summers refrained from pushing the matter as soon as he saw that the conduct of a United States senator was involved. In fact he requested the investigation to be discontinued so that the scandal might be held in abeyance until actual proof had been secured. Now Mr. Knox is a man, who, according to his administration, does not hesitate to reveal an affair where public interest and honor are involved, and he censured the District Attorney for interfering with the grand jury on their part to probe the matter to the bottom.

Every decent person hopes, however, that Senator Dietrich

will be able to clear himself of the charges brought against him as he says he can, and that the present standard of United States senatorship will be retained.

• •

The Alaskan Boundary Decision. If individuals make a superfluity of noise over their deserts, nations make an infinitely greater. The friction in regard to the Alaskan boundary was at the root a simple matter, but when magnified by British newspapermen became a gross difficulty. The only real dispute was the meaning of the word "coast" in the old Russian treaty with Great Britain. The essential question was this: Was the boundary line adopted by Great Britain and Russia in 1825 to be measured from the mouth or from the inlets and bays? The Canadians contended it was the former while the Americans said it was the latter. If the American claim had a sound basis, Canada would be deprived of all access to the sea at all points north of the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude. The treaty, too, asserted the existence of a chain of "mountains situated parallel to the coast." The mountains contained in the disputed territory are, as a matter of fact, very irregular and present no distinguishable boundary lines, which makes the controversy all the more puzzling.

Several times previous efforts were made to settle the difficulty but without result. Neither Great Britain nor the United States seemed deeply concerned at the time, and the matter was deferred until it was taken up seriously by the Conference in Quebec in 1898. No conclusion, however, could be reached. The arbitration was agreeable to neither party. Last spring a commission was created to adjust the dispute if possible. It consisted of three Americans, two Canadians, and one Englishman—Lord Chief Justice Alverstone being the last. It is said that the Americans presented their claims so forcibly that the eminent jurist sided with them, and Alaska secured as a result a strip of mainland from fifteen to thirty miles in width from St. Elias to Portland Channel.

A Deleterious Practice. The JOURNAL has something over seventy exchanges. From the high school gazette to the university monthly, there are magazines literary, musical, medical, and athletic in abundance. It is with the untiring efforts of the business manager that we have been able to secure so many. When the exchange editor has finished his department every month, they are placed on the reading table in the library for the sole pleasure and benefit of the students. Every one is at liberty to peruse their contents to his entire satisfaction, but there is one thing wrong, however. No sooner have the exchanges been put in their proper place than the best ones are unmercifully cut, or in some instances the magazines themselves are taken out never to be returned. Of course, it is not precedent to have every copy registered at the librarian's desk as is the case with the leading periodicals which, by virtue of subscription have become property of the library, but should this promiscous lacerating and abstracting of the magazines be continued, some stringent or ironclad rule will enevitably be the result. It would be much preferable to rely upon one's honor and high sense of duty in a matter like this, but when those qualities are infinitesimal—or minus altogether—we would resort to other means. It certainly must be a difficult task for a latter-day college poet to obstain from abstracting a magazine which has reprinted a few stanzas of his timely verse or a modern writer of fiction from clipping a favorable criticism of his maiden effort, which has become the subject of much comment, and sending it to his best girl; but we must not forget that we are high-toned college gentlemen, and that we are doing our fellow students a gross injustice.

We are glad to note thus far that this deleterious practice is on the decrease, and hope ere the Christmas Holidays have passed this will be a thing unheard of at Wofford.

• •

The Case of Prof. Bassett. The case of Dr. John Spencer Bassett, Professor of History in Trinity College, North Carolina, is not merely a State

affair but concerns the entire South as well. The trustees of that institution have declined to accept his resignation on the ground that such action on their part would amount to "coercion of thought and private judgment." They announced their own disagreement with the Professor in his opinion that Booker T. Washington, with the exception of Gen. Lee, was the greatest man born in the South in a hundred years, but would be compelled to refuse the resignation tendered them because it would tend to destroy or limit "academic liberty."

Now if there ever was a man who should enjoy the right to his own opinion, it is a college professor. But in expressing that opinion, he should accept the result which follows. If Prof. Bassett believes Booker T. Washington, Gen. Lee excepted, to be the greatest man born in the South within a hundred years, he has a perfect right to that opinion. From the mere fact that he believes such a statement is sufficient proof that he is incompetent to fill a chair in a Southern college. A man of these convictions should not be allowed to teach the youths of our Southland. It has been said that every one is insane on a certain subject, if we could only determine what it is. Some cases are easily distinguishable, however. We will not draw any conclusions in this particular case, but will leave it for an enlightened public to determine.

Prof. Bassett has said that our race problem is in many respects that old conflict between the Roman Plebians and the Roman Patricians over again, and he has expressed his opinion that "it ought to be shorter than that struggle, and the issue ought to be more fortunate than was the Roman conflict; for American life is richer and better than Roman life." He does not advocate social or political equality between the races but only industrial equality. The Plebians, who were at first deprived of all equality, strove first to obtain industrial equality, next political equality, and then social equality was an incidental result. If we tolerate professors in our Southern Instutions who advocate industrial equality, between the whites and the blacks, how many years

will pass ere a Dr. Crum will be candidate for governor, and a Booker T. Washington's son will be making love to the president's daughter?

It has been the policy of more than one man to seek notoriety and promotion by writing an article for a leading periodical touching upon some delicate subject. In this Prof. Bassett has well succeeded, and it is a mere question of time before his long-looked-for vision will be realized. He will rise from his couch some morning like Lord Byron a famous man,—at least in the realm of the black race.

Exchange Department.

R. O. LAWTON, Editor.

The Collegian for November, the product of the fertile minds of the students of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, is a most happy and worthy issue and deserves favorable criticism from the pen of every Southern Exchange Editor. The cover is extremely neat and attractive and tasty. The first poem, "The Streamlet's Soliloquy," is real good and deserves but one criticism—the meter is defective. The story entitled "A Tilt with Fate," is especially good, and should be commended for is pleasing originality and harmony and proportion. The hero got killed, and if it were not wrong to glory in the fall of a human being, we should say that we are glad he did not live and get married and live happy ever afterward. After all it is sometimes better to think of the living than the dead. The story needs but one criticism—the paragraphs are too choppy in certain parts. "The Complete Life" is an essay of thought, literary expression, and with the exception of "bum" paragraphs, succeeding one another in pathetically rapid succession—artistic finish. It is a deep essay and would reflect credit upon any Southern College periodical. A clearly conceived article follows the above essay, and, when we take in consideration its narrow scope, it is about as good as we ordinarily meet in College magazines. The subject is "Oliver Wendell Holmes," but the writer gives only one short paragraph to the subject. Still we are perfectly willing to let him digress, for he digresses well and gracefully—and finally returns. The next story is a wierd, wild and bewildering thing called "A Tale of the Hounds." It holds our interest, however, and finally develops into a collossal figure clothed in grave clothes—a ghost. We might have known it. "An Old Fashioned

Hoop skirt'' is a story that is well written, and, on the whole, good, but we can't help but conclude that the writer had been reading ''In Ole Virginia'' shortly before his inspired pen gave vent to its pent up thoughts. We do not insinuate that the writer was conscious of the Page influence, but rather that that the two great minds found expression through the same outlet. The hero has been sick of a wound for some time, but he is now convalescent, and we can almost see those ''two thin arms that went around the neck of the girl,'' and the rest—well the least said the better.

The Palmetto for November begins with a striking characterization of Thackery—striking not so much from a standpoint of its literary value or deep thought or faultless composition as from a standpoint of throwing some interestingly helpful side lights on the great novelist's character and life. The writer is very opportune in her quoted selections and displays a pleasing amount of appreciation of the vital incidents that collectively determine a man's character. ''A match Maker'' is an apology for a story. It is the same old story of love, but told in a weaker way. It is simply this and no more. Willie got his leg broken and caused his school teacher to marry his sister. We have nothing to say against such a transaction, for it is perfectly legitimate, but for a story plot it is sadly in arrears. ''Studies in Lyrics'' is a unique essay—it is in five heads written by two. The studies are real good and show study and a certain amount of originality. The best feature, however, is the uncommon illustrations. The writers take Caenpian, Morvell, Vaughan and Herrick, all of whom are far better suited to amateurs than would be some of the master lights of the literary world. We say this in no spirit of sarcasm, but merely to call attention to the pathetic attempts of budding writers who take some well known literary figure as a subject, and the result is a compilation of lifeless facts put together in a haphazard and incongruous way. ''Thanatopsis and the Psalm of Life Contrasted'' is a good essay for the scope—so good that we are sorry that the writer did not make use of th

space allotted to the soliloquy that immediately precedes-which is about as weak as one would meet in an ordinary life time. This criticism is not inspired by a spirit of harshness, but rather by compassion and charity. On the whole *The Palmetto* does very well and shows favorable signs of further improvement.

We have just read *The Erskinian* through and placed it on the table. It is a good college periodical in its way, but its editors seem to be blissfully ignorant of that old, but ever new, maxim: "Variety is the spice of life." We note a ceaseless succession of essays and a total lack of stories and poems. This may be a debatable question, but we are so thoroughly convinced of the contrary that we won't take time to debate it. The essays are of a high type, however, and indicative of the existence of material in the school from which to build a more manysided magazine. We have one general criticism to make in regard to the essays—the subjects are moss-grown with age. Surely those boys must have good memories to think of such subjects. They say some-things never grow old, but this does not hold in the realm of commonplace things. "Nature the Tranquilizer" is a good piece of work characterized by apt references and pleasing phraseology. "The Influence of Spoken Words" is a terse and strong plea in behalf of oratory. "The Power of Resolution" is ably backed up by Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and several other standbys. "The Successful Student" is a real good thing. The writer has good ideas as to what constitutes a successful student.

They've made a wireless telegraph,
  A horseless carriage, too,
And there's no way of telling what
  The mind of man can do.
We'll soon be eating henless eggs,
  And drinking cowless milk,
And wearing clothes of sheepless wool,
  Or mayhap wormless silk.

How would you like a treeless peach?
  Or a piece of hogless pork?
I'd be content if they'd invent
  A kind of workless work,
  Or mayhap, noiseless noise,
And I'm afraid if they keep on,
  They'll yet make dadless boys.

—Ex.

Alumni Department.

E. F. McWHIRTER, Editor.

Class of '01.

M. S. Asbelle, after taking a business course in Columbia, is now in the mercantile business with his father.

Marvin Auld, one of the South Carolina Conference's promising young preachers, has been transferred from Rock Hill to Edgefield.

George C. Bates gave up his position at the Bank of Batesburg lately on account of his health, and is now living the out-door life of a planter near his native town.

Vance W. Brabham will finish his course in medicine at the University of Maryland this term.

Horace M. Brown is bookkeeper for the Cowpens Manufacturing Co. at Cowpens, S. C.

J. Boozer Crews has chosen for his life work the field of journalism. We predict for him a success in this line.

Tom H. Daniel is telegraph editor on the staff of the Spartanburg Daily Herald.

Rev. A. E. Driggers has under his charge the churches of Victor and Batesville near Greers, S. C.

H. G. Edison is bookkeeper for the Bank of Johnson.

J. S. Fair is tutoring in Orangeburg County.

F. W. Fairey is at his home in Branchville, S. C.

James B. Gibson. after graduating in law at the University of N. C., now has his shingle out in Dillon, S. C.

D. L. Guy is teaching somewhere in the mountains of N. C. We have been unable to place him exactly.

W. C. Koger has a fine position with the Postal Telegraph Co. in Augusta, Ga.

Fred K. Lake is working with his father in Florence, S. C.

Dr. B. B. Lancaster is practicing medicine at Sandy Plains, about twenty miles north of Spartanburg.

Miss Puella M. Littlejohn is teaching in the West End school of this city.

Kendree W. Littlejohn holds a lucrative position with an oil and lumber concern of Souer Lake, Texas.

Andrew Manning completes his law course at University of Va. this June.

C. E. Peele joined the Methodist Conference at its last session in Greenville and was sent to the Rock Hill district.

E. M. Sally graduates from the medical department of the University of Maryland next May.

Miss May D. Wannamaker is at her home near St. Matthews, S. C.

Duncan D. Wannamaker is stenographer for a firm in New York City.

J. R. Williams is the county superintendent of education of Marion County. We cannot help but know that he will do the people of that county an immense amount of good.

Now as for D. D. Jones and C. W. Watson we can not speak, they evidently must have skipped and erased all their tracks behind them, for we cannot find any trace of either.

Y. M. C. A.

EDWARD K. HARDIN, JR., Editor.

WOFFORD COLLEGE AND THE UNEVANGELIZED WORLD.

Fifty years of history! 625 graduates! Over 100 ministers of the gospel! Such is Wofford's past. And of those 100 ministers how many have left our country so full of preachers and gone where the need was greatest, where the gospel was unheard of? Seven, two of these not graduates, with two others as teachers. Is that all? Is that all to be expected of a college, the training school for Methodism in South Carolina? Has the great aim of the church been so forgotten by Wofford's men?

Three hundred and three students preparing themselves for their life work! Such is Wofford's present. And out of that number we wonder how many have given this great question one serious thought. It is our duty so to do. Whether you will acknowledge it or not the great overruling purpose of our lives should be to carry out the will of our Maker. It behooves us as intelligent and sensible young men to find out that will. And as a Christian young man wishing to make the most out of life you must sooner or later face and settle the grave question as to where your life shall be spent. You and your God alone can decide this, and for once father and mother and friends must be left aside. The poor bleeding form of a crucified Saviour pleads with you for those who know him not.

If you are not a Christian your responsibility is a double one, for you know that lurking deep down in the secret recesses of your heart is the consciousness of the fact that you ought to be one, and you cannot excuse yourself by saying that this does not concern you. It concerns every sensible

young man or woman in Christendom whether he be an acknowledged follower of Christ or not.

"But there is danger of the church at home losing her best talent!" "The Mission Boards have not money enough to send those who have already voluntered!" "Let the heathen alone, living according to his religion he can work out his own destiny without our help!"

Oh, the littleness and narrowness of it all. Is that the meaning of the Fatherhood of God? Does the Brotherhood of man mean so little? Would that the students of Wofford might for one short moment catch the glorious vision of a seething, swaying mass of heathendom, downtrodden manhood and womanhood, with no hope and no God, with outstretched pitiful arms lifted toward heaven and crying out to them and to the educated young men of America and of the world, for help and aid and Christ. If such could be the case the figures given in the beginning would soon be different. With a few of of her students in the past such has been the case and the noble nine who left these walls in obedience to the great command "Go ye" have a demand upon us, and we owe it to them as well as our Maker to consider this question. Especially so since Wofford's cause on the foreign field has been consecrated with the lives of two noble sons, and the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association should contain in some form a memorial bearing testimony to the life and example and death of James W. Koger and John S. Mattison.

There comes to mind the familiar farewell message of Melville Cox as leaving America for Africa he turned to a friend by his side and said "I expect to fall in Africa, and when I do I want you to come and write my epitaph." "What shall I write?" was the answer. "Write, 'Though a thousand fall let not Africa be given up.'" And some how we believe that if a message could have been wafted across the waves of the Atlantic from the death-bed scenes of Koger and Mattison it would have been "Tell the boys of Wofford College that though a thousand fall, let not Brazil and the unevangelized portion of the world be given up." Let that message be engravened in invisible but eternal letters upon Wof-

ford College itself, and may it bear fruit now and in the years to come in the men of Wofford championing the cause of the Savior of mankind and going forth to proclaim his blessed Gospel, and education and civilization unto the uttermost parts of the world, heralding the approach of that day when "every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall proclaim the glories of the one who made that his purpose in coming into this world. It rests with us, the present generation of students. Shall we do our duty? Fellow-students, think seriously on these questions.

SELECTIONS.

"That was a magnificent time in history when the revival of learning occurred; when the classics broke out of the cloisters, and scholars journeyed from city to city with the strange new passion upon them. Universities were born, literature leaped into life, humanity recovered its birthright. Learning ceased to be a thing of the cell and became the familiar figure of the mart and the parlor. Those were great days when the famous universities were born in Germany, Italy, France, England and America. But the most majestic era since the Lord ascended is the era which began with three students praying beneath the shelter of a haystack and closes with the student federation of the world; the era that saw fifty Cambridge and Oxford men offer to take up Bishop Hannington's work after he was martyred; the era that closes with hosts of students in the field and other hosts waiting to go."—W. F. McDowell, D. D.

"The trouble with us is that we acquire a superficial knowledge of missions, and are interested to a certain extent, but we are not definite enough in our decisions. We won't decide as to what each of us should do for Christ in heathen lands. We are afraid to look the question squarely in the face."

"The question," said Bishop Pierce upon one occasion at a missionary meeting and with thrilling effect, "is not sim-

ply whether the heathen can be saved without the gospel, but whether we can be saved if we do not give it to them.'

If He says stay in the home field, you have gone 'into all the world' as much as the man who goes into the heart of Africa. But if He would have you in the foreign field, and you disobey Him, or do not seek His guidance, or look only for reasons for staying at home and force yourself into work of your own choosing, you have missed the mark! Though you get the largest church in New York City; though your pews be filled to overflowing; let your choir sing ever so sweetly; and be your steeple ever so high—there will be men beyond the sea who will go through life without the knowledge of Christ because *you* would not let Him send you to them. Can we hope to work reforms in this country if we ourselves are running away from God's purpose?''

Local Department.

SIMPSON F. CANNON, Editor.

CHARLES DENNISON KELLOGG.

On Monday evening, November 23, Charles Dennison Kellogg addressed one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Wofford College Auditorium. His subject was "Birds," and he held his audience spellbound for nearly two hours.

He first reproduced the songs of a number of birds, after which he gave a brief history of his life in the woods. This of course was very interesting. His pictures of the different birds shown on a large canvas were especially good and proved interesting to old and young alike.

The few views which he gave of the naturalist John Burroughs at his home among the Catskill Mountains of New York were grand, and the very sight of this lovely old gentleman is enough to cause one to fall in love with him.

There was a lesson for every man, woman and child in the audience, and we believe that every one will profit by having heard this lecture.

This was the third lecture of the season.

THANKSGIVING DAY—HOW THE BOYS SPENT IT.

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone, and the boys are back at work looking forward to the Christmas holidays. The day passed off very quietly on the campus. Some of the boys dined with their friends in the city. Some took long strolls in the country and studied nature in all her beauty, while others put in a hard day's studying, catching up with their back work. Quite a good many went home and spent the day, among whom we note the following: Mess. Q. B. Magness and E. F. McWhirter. Mr. Skinner of the Sophomore Class spent Thanksgiving with Mr. McWhirter at his home in Jonesville.

BEN HUR.

Ben Hur in illustrative tableaux was produced in the auditorium on Saturday evening, December 5th, to a large audience.

It was given under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy by the Rudisail Concert Company.

The proceeds will be used to erect a monument to the Confederate soldiers in Spartanburg.

The entertainment was a grand success and everybody seemed to be well pleased.

THE GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

The best performance ever given by a gymnasium team at Wofford College occurred on Friday evening, December 4th. Every member of the team did well and there was not a flaw to mar the evening's success.

A reception was held in the two society halls after the performance and every one had a pleasant time.

The following compose the personnel of the team: Prof. H. T. Shockley, Instructor; A. C. Daniel, Jr., Captain; Allen, S. L., Moore, F. B., Wilson, J. W., Carroll, H. F., Herring, O. L., Oliver, R. C., Shockley, B. F. Jr., Holroyd, E., Taylor, W. W., Trimmier, T. J., Neal, B. T., Carson, W. W., Jennings, J. C., Latimer, S. M., Stallworth, W. P.

Mr. E. K. Hardin has returned from the northern markets, where he went in interest of the Senior Class, to purchase their class rings.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Mr. Morris Meadows has returned to college and entered the Junior Class.

On Saturday evening, November 21st, the following men were elected by the Calhoun Society to serve during the ensuing term: R. O. Lawton, President; S. F. Cannon, Vice-President; J. P. Lane, 1st Critic; L. E. Cannon, 2nd Critic, J. A. McEntyre, Censor Morem; W. L. Glaze, 3rd Critic; E. C. Dye, Recording Secretary, J. K. Patrick, Corresponding Secretary.

Prof. DuPre to Senior R. O. Lawton in Geology—Mr. Lawton, what is a geyser?

Well, Professor, it's hot water coming from a hole in the ground.

President Snyder delivered a lecture to a large and cultured audience in Laurens Friday evening, November 20th.

The Prestons have elected the following officers to serve for the next two months: President, I. E. Curry; Vice-President, E. L. All; 1st Critic, T. L. Cely; 2nd Critic, C. L. Smith; Recording Secretary, L. A. Duncan; Treasurer, J. P. Stockman; Corresponding Secretary, Mitchell, 1st Censor, W. T. Jones; 2nd Censor, J. D. Holler.

Dr. Wallace made a trip to Columbia and Newberry on November 28th and returned December 1st.

PSYCHOLOGICAL.

Dr. Cooke to Senior T. O. Lawton (in Psychology.) Mr. Lawton can you educate your senses.

Well Dr. you can educate yourself but I don't know whether you can educate senses or not.

(In Romeo and Juliet, during the last act at the vault when it was being played at the Opera House December 3rd.) Fresh-McFa - - en, turned to his friend near him and said, "Look here, is that fellow greeting Shakespere?"

Junior Smith to Senior B--(after perusing the pages of the Columbia Female Catalogue for some time) innocently remarked, "I declare, P. W., the Literary department this month is very slim."

Has this a reflection on the catalogue or the Critereon?

One day last week in French, Dr. Cooke asked the class what English words do we get from the French word "main," (hand,) manicure, was yelled out, then Dr. Cooke asked what the word meant, Junior Manning yelled out "A man with both hands cut off Professor."

Mr. C. L. Smith, student secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association for South Carolina, has visited qnite a

number of Institutions during the past month. On November 13th. he went to A. C. C. I. at Edgefield, Leesville College, South Carolina College and to Welsh Neck High School. He reports that these schools are doing good work and the Y. M. C. A. work is up to the average. On Saturday, November 21st, he visited the association at Bingham, in our neighboring state.

Fresh Tony seeing a handsomely painted mail box on the street, put a nickle in the hole and waited for a piece of chewing gum. He had heard of "slot machines," but evidently had never seen one.

Dr. W - - - to Senior J - - - s in History—Tell us if you please what the "Budget" is that we have brought before us in history today.

Well, Doctor it might be a good many things but I think it is a committee from Parliament in this case.

Mr. D. Burnett from the Senior Class is able to be out again after a severe illness of several weeks.

Mr. J. P. Lane has been elected Anniversarian to succeed Mr. S. F. Cannon, resigned.

Wofford College Directory.

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JANUARY, 1904

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Literary Department

E. L. ALL, EDITOR.

Books.

Sweet comradship of all the world's great men,
Whose honored presence makes our hearts rejoice,
These come to us from out the hoary past and then
We feel how much we owe to sages dead long since
Who yet are here inspiring thoughts beyond our ken.
Philosophers and sages speak with vision clear the truth they knew—
Gentle thoughts, and words aflame with wisdom and with power,
Lifting us up above the common herd of men
To broad expansion views that fringe the infinite,
Giving our souls a freedom from the shackles of mortal clay
That we may soar into the realms of broader, clearer day.
Those who have fought and won through toil and pain
The dizzy heights to which they climbed afar, now condescend
To be our 'guests and spend with us the quiet evening hour.
How rude our hut may be no care to them, if in our souls
We prize their company, and strive to know their power—
The secret way by which they came o'er moor, or crag, or fen
Into those realms of intellectual view, those fields of thought
That span the universe and teach to mortal man
The blazing glory of the myriad circling suns,
The power of the Infinite hand that fashioned ocean's caves
Lifted high the mountain's cragged peaks into the clouds,
Separated darkness from the light, fixed in the spangled night
Each starry constellation, set bounds to boisterious waves,

And then oe'r all—the creeping things upon the land,
Fowls of the air, fishes of the sea, to be created things
Placed man, made in His own image, the crowing glory of His hand.

All this we learn and other myriad things besides we find
On the printed page. There before us stand
The wise of every age—the great, the true, the pure,
Ready to hold good fellowship with our poor barren minds,
And point us where refreshing waters flow from springs
Deep and perennial with everlasting truth, that we may find
Nature's hidden secrets and plume our trembling wings
To soar in realms of misty down, or in the glory of evening light;
That we may know how man first learned the sciences and arts,
Developed from a savage race into a race of power,
From strength to strength passed on until this hour
And now firm—fixed stands, his brow triumphant crowned
With glory unspeakable in this the latest hour of time.
These the ministers that wait upon our bidding, ready to speak
And in sweet converse lift our thoughts from low ideals
To plains far up the azure steeps of glimmering light
To glory's circling way, that we may tread with conquering steps
The paths that they have trod, and in the new-born light
Of this our glorious day climb further still, even to the throne of God.

"99"

Three Phases of the Romantic Movement in England.

The English Universities sent out a group of young men from their cloistered walls whose entrance into literary circles was an epoch in the literary history of the nation. They were men whose minds were trained, men who could see wherein lay the weakness of the literature of the preceding

age, and men who could lift it from this common-place insignificance into a loftier, a purer realm. They were not wild, reckless, and rash men who defied law and custom and authority for no other than a rebellious reason, being inspired by brute instincts, but rather men in whose young hearts and minds a great purpose was at work and a resolute will back of that purpose,—a purpose to break down the conventional barriers of literature and to establish it upon a loftier foundation. This great wave that swept England, and indeed all of Europe, is distinguished in literary history by a number of characteristics, but it shall be our purpose to note only three, the first of which is a return to Nature.

1. The poetry of the Eighteenth Century with its marvellous heroic couplet had turned its back in cold disdain upon nature as it lay around in its beauty, and simplictity and freshness, fastening its attention upon the cold classic forms of Roman literature, and consequently moulding a form of poetry devoid of life, local color, and charm. But when the young poets of the Romantic Movement sounded the clarion note of the new movement the battle cry was a return to Nature. Never before had the voice of the nightingale sounded so sweet to men's ears. Never before had such a halo of joy and gladness and ecstasy spread itself around every way-side flower, nor was there ever before such a benign look on the beetling crags and hoary mountains. Nature seemed suddenly to bid men cross her threshold and over step the cold barrier established by the preceding century There was a new meaning in the out-of-the-way stream and the roar of the ocean was converted into a melancholy moan, a moan that responded to the pensive mood of the movement. Wordsworth, the high priest of the movement, turned his back upon the crowded streets of London, wandered far up into the lake country, and settled in the very heart of nature, where he passed his quiet life in communion with her.

Lord Byron, after a brilliant season of city life, launched out upon the wild and stormy sea and travelled over many lands, finding comfort for his storm-tossed soul in the low moan of the ocean and the distant roar of the mountains.

Shelley, who was constantly beating his tender head against the unfeeling world, growing weary of the bickering and strife and turmoil of his home-life, left his native land for the sunnier clime of Italy, where he walked and talked with nature. Sir Walter Scott, the originator of the movement in another direction, built for himself a lordly castle from which he could view the distant landscape and hear the far off cry of the stag at bay.

But this passion for nature was not merely superficial, being inspired by outward beauty alone—it was also a worship, a deep communion, a feeling of reverence. Wordsworth saw a spirit back of nature, an indescribable something that could commune with his inmost soul.

> "A presence which disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts
> And rolls through all things."

They viewed Nature as a comforter, a teacher, a guide. When their Romantic hearts were weighed down by the characteristic pensive mood, and the world seemed cold and harsh and full of barren regrets, then it was that these poets of the New Movement sought comfort in Nature and submitted to her teaching and her guidance, believing that:

> "One impulse from a verual mood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good
> Than all the sages can."

This worship, this reverence, this deep communion was not the wild vision of an over-wrought poet's dream, but rather the honest, conscientious efforts of men dreadfully in earnest, striving to convert others to their belief. They

wished to establish a bond between man and Nature, to unite the whole world in one bond of universal fellowship, and to teach men that "the meanest flower that grows can give thoughts that often lie too deep for tears." When Coleridge conceived that Ancient Mariner "Alone all, all alone on a sliny sea where on sliny things did crawl," occasioned by the killing of the albatros, he sounded the battle cry of the movement—the eternal brotherhood of earth and air and ocean and man and beast, finally culminating in the key note to the poem:

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small,
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

II. The second important characteristic of the Romantic ovement in England is rebellion against existing customs. Indeed, if there is any one distinguishing characteristic it is an inordinate tendency towards the breaking down of all the barriers to full license and freedom. These young spirits communed together upon subjects that were burdening the hearts of the thinking men of Europe, and in the wild pulsations of their young hearts one might have heard the echo of a nation rising up out of the bondage of conventionalism and artificiality. When they sat down to write poetry they did not care tohave staring them in the face the Heroic couplet or any other set form of poetry. They wanted to write what they felt and what they thought and what they saw regardless of poetic law and poetic form. But not only was this spirit of rebellion confined to literature; it was as well, rebellion against social and political and religious institutions and customs. The Romanticists conceived in their wild imaginations a land of perfect and perpetual freedom, a land where every man was his fellow's compeer, where law and custom and authority were not, and where democracy should reign supreme in theory and in practice. With these individualistic conceptions of life and with hearts set against all law, it was but natural that these men should overstep the bounds

of existing customs and eventually try to revolntionize society, politics, religion and literature. While at Oxford, becoming disgusted with what appeared to him dry and lifeless church forms and rituals, Shelley wrote a peculiar and revolutionary article entitled "The Necessity of Athenism," the result of which necessarily terminated in his expulsion from college. Being actuated by the Romantic spirit, he straightway got married, living with his wife but a short time through reference for another. Lord Byron, who swept through society like a tornado of vice and lawlessness, and recklessness, could live with his young wife only a little over one year, after which he left his native land never to return. The remainder of his life was a ceaseless succession of encroachments upon moral, religious, and social laws, being finally ended on Grecian soil, where he died fighting for the liberation of her noble sons. The whole trend of the movement was one of conscious rebellion against everything that savored of law, whether literary or otherwise.

III. The third characteristic of the Romantic Movement is love of solitude. It seems as if there was a conscious effort on the part of the English Romanticists to get as far as possible away from the city's jar and the rush of the world, and to hide themselves in the solitude of nature. Upon every page of their poetry we find stamped this deep love of solitude and retirement and nature-worship. We see the high priest of the movement shut in by the beautiful environment of the lake country walking in blissful solitude, composing immortal eulogies to nature, while he is transformed by her into

> "That blessed mood
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world is lightened."

Lord Byron, after he had turned his back upon mother and wife and friends and society and everything that was connected with man, gave himself up to nature and solitude in the vain effort to find peace for his sin-stained soul, crying out in a sort of poetic grandeur:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more."

All the worldly joys that he once held dear being wrested from his grasp, he sought to fill the aching void in the solitude of Nature, where nothing shielded him but the blue sky by day and stars by night, where the only music that reached his ear was the song of the nightingale and the lark's carol and the gentle murmur of the ocean.

Shelley, after beating his head against the jagged walls of the world until he was weary and sick and needed comfort, following the natural trend of the movement, cried out to nature in a certain melancholy and characteristic beauty:

"Ah, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life, I bleed!"

Leaving behind him the discords of life, he wandered through wood and hill and field, suddenly realizing that these blessed agents held a balm for his weary soul ever since "the great morning of the world when first God dawned on chasos." There suddenly beamed upon him "A light whose smile kindles the universe,

A beauty in which all things work and move,
A benediction which the eclipsing curse of birth can
Quench not" and it was day-dawn in his soul.

But you ask, Why all this rebellion? Why this pensive melancholy? Why this deep reverence for Nature? What did it have to do with literature, with poetry? Where *now* are the wild dreamers of a visionary age? I answer, the men who trod alone the banquet hall deserted, who poured out their very souls to Nature in the absence of a better listener, who rebelled against the existing laws of the world, those men are dead, but like an ever widening, ever deepening, crystal stream their influence upon English literature and English life flows on. As a result of their lives and work

no longer does the peasant hang his head in shame because he is a peasant, but realizes that "a man's a man for all that." No longer do men scorn the beauty of the wayside flower but deem it as precious as any in the parterre. No longer does the nightingale sing her song to the desert air, but to listening and appreciative men and women whose ears have been tuned by these poets to catch the accents of Nature—even finding a joy and a comfort in the distant roar of the mountains and the far-off murmur of the sea.

Y. S.

The History of the Louisiana Purchase.

Scarcely any incident in the histoty of the United States has exercised a greater influence on its material prosperity and development than the purchase of the extensive province of Louisiana from France in 1803. The benefits from the gold mines of California and the silver deposits of Nevada are quite insignificant when compared to the agricultural wealth of these fertile plains. As a factor in the economic developement of our nation this purchase is without doubt the most important step which American statesmen have ever taken. Predestined, as it were, to become a mighty nation it was but natural that America should early find herself in the midst of circumstances which not only conspired to favor her growth, but even to necessitate it.

In 1762 France ceded the whole province of Louisiana to Spain, in whose hands it remained nearly forty years. After the American Revolution hardy pioneers began to push their way across the mountains into the inviting fields of the Mississippi Valley. As this was long before the time of railroads the most natural and feasible plan by which to get their products to market was to carry them down the Mississippi and its tributaries to New Orleans. At this time the river was our western boundary, and all of the land on the other side, together with the Crescent City, belonged to Spain. This state of affairs led our government to secure a temporary understanding with the Spanish authorities, thereby allowing our citizens the free navigation of the river and the right of

deposit at New Orleans. Even after this agreement had formally expired it was tacitly continued. In the meantime the West was growing so much that at the opening of the nineteenth century three-eights of the nation's trade was handled down the Mississippi.

On October 1, 1900, by the secret treaty of San Ildefonso, Spain ceded Louisiana back to its original owner. But the actual transfer of soverignty did not take place until more than three years later. The treaty was kept a profound secret for a long time. These changes, however, would not have concerned the Americans much had not the authorities at New Orleans suddenly refused us the right of deposit there soon after the signing of the treaty. Instantly there was a storm of protests, not only from the Western planters, but from every state in the Union considerable pressure was brought to bear on the national government. Naturally the attempt was made to rectify matters at Madrid, through Mr. Charles Pinckney our minister there. The Spaniards not only treated him with indifference but did not even hint the existence of that treaty.

A little later it became reasonably certain to our people that Louisiana was again a French province. Accordingly President Jefferson sent urgent instructions to our minister at Paris, Mr. Robet R. Livingston. The plan of the administration now was to secure both river rights, and the cession of the island on which New Orleans stands and Florida, not knowing that the latter was still Spainish property. Mr. James Monroe, the author of the famous Monroe Doctrine, and a man in whom our people had the greatest confidence, was sent to France to assist in the negotiations. The gravity of the situation is clearly shown by the following extract from a note addressed to Mr. Monroe by the President: "The agitation of the public mind on occasion of the late suspension of our rights of deposit at New Orleans is extreme * * * Remonstrances, memorials etc., are now circulating through the whole of the country, and signing by the body of the people. The measures which we have been pursuing, being invisible, do not satisfy their minds; something sensible,

therefore, has become necessary, and indeed, our object of purchasing New Orleans and Florida is a measure likely to assume so many shapes that no instructions could be squared to fit them."

While our special envoy was on his long and tedious voyage across the Atlantic things were fast moving in our favor in Paris. England and France were on the verge of war. With his astute mind Napoleon was rapidiy yet carefully planning for it. He thought of Louisiana in its unprotected condition. He also thought of the English strong-holds in the neighboring West India Islands. Summoning two of his most trusted counsellors, he spoke as follows to them: "They (the English) shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. * * * The conquest of Louisiana would be easy if they only took the trouble to make a descent there. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach. * * * I think of ceding it to the United States. * * * They only ask of me one town in Louisiana, but I already consider the colony as entirely lost; and it appears to me that in the hands of this growing power it will be more useful to the policy and even to the commerce of France, than if I should attempt to keep it." So had it not been for Napoleon in conceiving this bold plan our great country, of which we are so justly proud, would still have the Mississippi river for its western boundary, and a very different history would have been written of us. When considered in all of its phases we are not far from the truth in saying that this act of the great French empire builder was more far-reaching in its effects than any other act of his life.

Napoleon now delegated that most excellent gentleman and diplomat the Marquis de Marbois, to conduct the negotiations with the American representatives for the sale of the entire province of Louisiana. Just after the arrival of Monroe in Paris, Marbois proceeded to reveal the desires of the First Consul (as Napoleon was still called) in regard to this matter. At first our envoys were astounded, but realizing that they had no time to lose they quickly came to an agreement with the French goverment. The terms of the

purchase were (1) the payment of $11,250,000 to the French and (2) the assumption by our country of all the claims which our citizens held against France, amounting to $3,-750,000. Thus the total purchase price was fifteen million dollars. The western boundaries where somewhat indefinite, but that question was not of sufficient consequence to seriously interfere with the negotiations in such stirring times as those were. Immediately after the treaty was signed, Mr. Livingston shook hands with Marbois and Monroe, and exclaimed: "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives."

The treaty reached Washington on July 14, 1803, but as Congress did not meet until October it could not be ratified until then. The plan of purchasing the whole province was more than many people approved of, so considerable opposition developed. But the "manifest destiny" of our vigorous young republic seemed to point toward territorial growth, hence the treaty as drawn up in Paris was finally ratified.

Just here some slight complications arose. As soon as the news of this treaty reached Spain that goverment served notice on Washington to the effect that in the treaty of San Ildefonso France had agreed not to cede Louisinana to any other power. Neither France or America paid any attention to this remonstrance. Although the treaty of San Ildefonso had been signed three years before this time, yet Spain had not surrendered her authority to France, and this of course made the situation look a little dark for a while. But in the latter part of November France assumed the jurisdiction and about three weeks latter, on Dec. 20, 1803, the American troops marched into New Orleans, and the Stars and Stripes began to wave over the land of the Creoles. The French goverment reluctantly announced on that day to the assembled crowd: "In conformity with the treaty I put the United States in possession of Louisiana and its dependences. The citizens and inhabitants who wish to remain here and obey the laws are from this moment exonerated from the oath of fidelity to the French Republic." Then the new American goverment said: "The cession secures to you and your

descendants the inheritances of liberty, perpetual laws, and magistrates whom you will elect yourselves." And the French flag was forever furled on the continent of North America.

The size of this new acquisition was 883,072 square miles, or more than a half billion acres. It was four times larger than the German Empire of today. Out of it we have carved, either wholly or in part, the following states and territories: Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas. Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory. Within the limits of the original purchase there are today over fifteen million inhabitants.

528.

To ——

Did you know last night when you sang
With such perfect selfcontrol,
That each thrill of your voice rang
Through the deeps of a tortured soul?

Did yon see far back in the crowd
Aside from the brilliant glare
The dimlight form of a man's head bowed
By a taste of life's dispair?

Did you know, ah did you know that he
Who stood aloof and cold,
Was tight in the grasp of the agony
Of hopeless love untold?

Could you see as your spirit swept
Into music's vision land
Love's shattered dreams and vows unkept—
Could you dimly understand?

Could you see the marks of a better strife
Left in a bloody trail,
Did you catch what it means to grapple life
High spirited, and fail?

And was it passing fancy that chose
  A song of other years
Why when you stood 'mid wild applause
  Your eyes wet with tears?

You felt, ah you must have known,
  As your voice full and clear
Swelled high, and you glanced at him forlorn
  Earth held one worshipper!

—122903

"When Money Has No Power"

The sun was setting and the cloak of darkness was being drawn about the little village. It was preparing itself for that peaceful slumber which usually hovers over a country village. But there were two, whose thoughts were not on sleep. These were Henry Young and Mamie Ruford. They sat by the roadside, in an accustomed spot, beyond the limits of the little town.

Young thought that Mamie was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and it would not be right to say that he was wrong, for she was unquestionably the most beautiful for many miles around. While they sat there—the dying says of the sun on the one hand, and the first light of the moon, just rising from her golden bed on the other, playfully contesting and dancing upon her features, his opinion was not weakened. He nestled closer, and resting her head upon his shoulder, she looked up into his eyes which told a truth too strong to be put in words. He whispered gently in her eager ear:

"Mamie, dear, I am so happy tonight. The mortgage that has been hanging over my farm is lifted and soon I can claim you as my own. We have been waiting a long time, but now our hopes are soon to be realized."

Oh, poor soul, if you but had eyes to see into the future! But—"ignorance is bliss."

"Money is not every thing, Henry, yon will realize that some day."

Then he placed a burning kiss upon her forehead and they arose to retrace their steps homeward. They had not

gone far when they heard the clatter of hoofs behind them. They drew nearer and nearer, clearer and clearer. Soon a company consisting of two carriages and a horseman, came up to them and stopped. From the foremost carriage a man, dressed in a uniform, jumped and ran up to Henry.

"Is your name Henry Young?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir; that's my name. But———"

Before he could say more two other men were upon him. The three hurried him into the carriage, wheeled their horses, and started back at full speed.

Mamie, who had fainted from fright and excitement, lay on the ground sobbing and with but little consciousness.

But now another man, who had stepped from the other carriage, was at her side. He raised her up and began saying:

"Miss Ruford, my dear Miss Ruford, listen to me a moment. I love you. I have always loved you, but I knew I could never get you as long as Henry Young was around. But he is out of the way now. And—listen—I have two lanterns in my carriage, one red and the other white. If you do not marry me I will send the red lantern to the officers by my messenger, and that will mean that they are to kill him. But if you will marry me I will send them the white, which means that he is to be set free. If the messenger is not there in two hours they will kill him, so you had better decide which you shall do. I will give you three minutes."

Mamie forced herself away from him and began to sob again, but realized her position and how much depended upon her actions. She began to think.

I would rather die than marry that man. But if I do not marry him Henry will die. Oh, that could never do, for I would rather die than let him die.

She lay silent a while longer and then the man aroused her with,

"Time is almost up."

She burst into tears again but he heard her say,

"I'll marry you."

The messenger was quickly dispatched with the white lantern.

As soon as he was off the man was again at Mamie's side. He tried to persuade her that she should be willing to marry him by telling her that he was wealthy and loved her devotedly. But after talking a long time and seeing that he was having no success, he quietly took her up and placed her in the carriage. Then telling the coachman not to drive too fast he jumped in and they started off.

Oh, conscience, how could you allow a man to destroy forever the happiness of two human beings merely to satisfy a mad desire!"

But let us follow the messenger as he flees through the darkness on his momentous journey. These were his simple but noble thoughts.

I cannot see a poor, helpless, innocent woman treated that way. I will do all in my power to help her and her lover.

Having determined upon this he stuck spurs to his horse, for two hours had almost passed. Soon he was at the woods where the prison was located. He dismounted down and hitched his horse just outside the road. Then seeing that he would not have time to reach the prison (for there was a thick wood to pass through) he climbed a tree, shot his pistol and when his companions looked he waved the white light. As soon as he saw that they were untieing the bandages he came down and hurried on.

It was then the custom to put a prisoner outside the gate and let him find his way out as best he could. This was an almost impossible task, but the messenger remained outside the gate until Henry came out, then he went up to him and said.

"I am the messenger. Come and I will show you the way to the road. I expect to help you catch the rascal that has your loved one."

Then he hurried Henry on through an almost impassable way until they came to the road. Then he said:

"Here is my horse and revolver. Take them and go

as fast as you can. They are on their way to Gumville but you may be able to overtake them."

Henry was a little reluctant in taking them, but the messenger insisted, so thanking him most heartily he mounted and rode off. As he rode he said to himself.

"Why did Mamie consent to marry that fellow anyway? I would rather die than see her marry him. But I'll catch them."

Then he thought of how it would be if the messenger had not given him the horse.

"That fellow has a noble heart," he mused. "I'll pay him for this some day."

Then his eyes flashing fire, he continued, "There is someone else that I'm going to pay too."

On he sped rapt in thought, until after mid-night, when he suddenly came upon them.

"Halt," he shouted to the coachman. "And if you move I'll put a bullet in you."

He sprang from his horse and pulled open the carriage door. He saw a man raise up whom he recognized as one of Mamie's old suitors. Seizing him by the throat he jerked him out and roared.

"Come out here, you cowardly beast. I'll fix you up in a hurry."

He was now upon him and pouncing him fearfully. See ing that his life was in danger the man said as loud as he could,

"Save my life and I'll give you $25,000."

Henry paid little attention to his pleading, but after putting him in a pretty bad state he accepted the proposition and received the money. Then taking Mamie and the carriage he started homeward once more. Although he was exceedingly angered, when he thought of not only having Mamie back but also $25,000, his heart grew light and his spirits rose. But Henry Young never saw another happy day.

When they reached home he told the story to Mamie's mother, who was very much worried. A physician was summoned to see Mamie, who was now complaining very much.

He came and reported her illness very serious. She continued to grow worse for several days and was expected to die at any mement.

Henry was always with her until she brightened up, and hopes were renewed. She improved for several days and it was thought that she would recover.

One day Henry was sitting in his room planning how he could best invest the money.

"I'll have things fixed up nicely when Mamie gets well, and will then get married."

Presently there was a feeble rap at the door, a friend entered, looked at him a moment and slowly said:

"Henry, Mamie took a sudden relapse and she is de—dead."

He would have fallen, so great was his grief, if his friend had not supported him. He stood in breathless silence a few moments, then almost sobbingly and very slowly and painfully he muttered,

"Money—money—but *what* is money—when Mamie—*my* Mamie, is gone."

Mamie's words came true.

3-12-86.

Gen. John B. Gordon.

Eyes that have seen the ghastly faces of the dead on many bloody fields, and have watched by the side of dying friends without tears, are now wet with sorrow for the departure of their chief; their comrade, and their friend.

He has made his last march and the stars of earthly honor are forever past. But around the throne of his Heavenly commander, with those great men whom he opposed but honored, with the stars of eternal blessings, he is singing the song of praise and peace.

The clear skies of Dixie have been clouded with the sorrow of her sons, and the North is bowed down in grief, for the Captain of the "Raccoon Roughs" has gone to his Land,

which one by one, each of us, as nature has ordained, must eventually seek.

No thunders of cannon disturbed the peaceful sleep of the South's great general, as he fought the last conflict, no rattle of musketry was heard as the great captain passed silently over the river, but as the great life, slowly came to an end all the land seemed bathed in the sunshine of peace and joy.

As the body of Gen. Jno. B. Gordon rests in the capital of his state, the North and South, reunited will shed tears over their deceased friend. The Southern boys stand guard over the casket in uniforms of blue, and over the grave of the Confederate general the veterans of the North and South will join hands in sad but friendly grasp.

Thousands of Georgia's citizens turn from the busy duties of daily toil to wend their way up to the capital. Its flags are at half mast and the church bells of the city, in which his name was loved and honored, peal forth in sad notes the sorrow of thousands.

As the angels of death beckoned from the gates to the tired traveler, no sting of conscience was there to mar the eternal peace. Yes, he has gone home, not as he returned to the South from Appomattox, but this time on the scarred face of our friend is the smile of joy and the wreath of victory crowning the head that once bore defeat.

But why should we mourn for him? We should rather sympathize for those scarred veterans of fifty friends, who stood beside him in victory; loved him in defeat, and who in the dreary days of the Reconstruction, following his advice, brought the South once more out of the dirty hands of the ignorant and debassed, and *today* stand by with tear-stained faces as they bury the lifeless form which once stood so gallantly amid shot and shell, and guided them on. It is for these that we shed our tears.

It is in the hour of grief that we often receive our greatest lessons, and from the life of Gen. Jno. B. Gordon the South should gain an unbounded blessing.

Scarcely can we find in history a character more remarkable. Gen. Gordon was born in Upson County Georgia, Feb-

urary 6th, 1832. In 1852 at the age of 20, he received his diploma from the University of Georgia. He at once took up his profession, and began the practice of law in Atlanta. In a very short time he gave up this work to relieve his father in the management of his mines in North Georgia.

It was here in the heart of the mountains that the first sound of the trumpet came to the ears of the South's great leader, and in his heart kindled the fire of love for his people and their cause.

Taking his stand proudly benéath the Bonnie Blue Flag he quickly rose from Captain to the higher positions until the memorable May morning at Spotsylvania, when "he was appointed Major General."

During his service he was always kind but stern. Love guided his life, and as he stood in the ranks at Appomattox and shook hands for the last time with his men, the eyes of every man overflowed with tears.

But his influence was not to end with the battle of Appomattox. The fiercest battle was yet to come, and it was in this conflict that he has won the love of his comrades, and in the hearts of the younger generation has kindled a fire of devotion that will never die out.

Out of the hands of the ignorant, and from the control of the debased he has helped to raise the South, and as a true son of the New South, he has served the reunited country with undying zeal. '06 JNO. C. CANDLER

The Incentive of Difficulties.

The lighting power of electricity depends upon resistance. If the conductor is large enough to carry the full current it will not glow and scintillate with the brilliancy, which says to darkness, "Be thou disspelled," and forth with there is light. The sailor takes the helm and turns the great ocean steamer towards the open sea. In so doing he realizes that the pressure of the water against the prow of the vessel is the greatest force which he has to overcome, but at the same time he

also knows that if this same water did not offer resistance to the propeller his steamer could make no headway nor reach the desired haven.

In human life as well as in the physical realm the law of resistance is the law of progress. Difficulties are the motor forces that bring into action our greatest powers and make possible the highest success. They are a savor of life, for powers that lie dormant die. The things that offer the greatest resistance also develops the greatest strength. Our acheivements are not at all determined by our limitations. This is well illustrated in the lives of people whose physical limitations are of the severest kind. Take Helen Keller, for instance: Surely a soul could not experience greater difficulties. Deprived of sight and hearing, with no avenue to the outer world save the sense of touch, she has accomplished far more than most people gifted with greater capacities and endowed with all the faculties. Nor is Miss Keller an isolated example. A careful examination of the facts will show that many of the world's greatest men and women, both of acient and modern times, have risen to eminence in spite of the greatest difficultes. For many of them it was the way of humiliation, but nevertheless it led to the highest success and to an undying fame. From the long roll of honored dead we mention merely as examples, Homer, Socrates, Milton, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Lincoln and Alexander H. Stephens.

Difficulties are necessary to bring out the best that is in ones life, to make it an integer, a complete unit. No matter how fine the particles of bronze, unless there is cohesive power the statue will fall to pieces as soon as it is released from the mould. The metal must be subjected to the intensest heat, else there will be no lasting beauty and symmetry. So with our lives; it is by struggling with difficulties that our faculties have proper relationship and complete unity. Then, and only then, is it possible for the whole self to triumph over the pastial self. To every one there comes the possibilty of making his life a masterpiece. By overcoming this difficulty today and that one tomorrow, building the structure stone

by stone, watching it develop in beauty and grandeur until the whole shall stand forth in the magnificence and glory of perfected manhood.

It is not always true that great opportunities make great men. It is more often true that difficulties and limitations prove to be the ladder on which men rise to positions of responsibilty and usefulness. Truly has it been said that if the present generation is fed on condensed milk and predigested food, a toothless, invertibrate one will follow. For many people's life is being made too easy—the way too smooth. On all sides we see the tendency to outflank difficulties instead of meeting them face to face determined to conquer or die. young men and young women seek schools with low standards that they might complete a short college course and enter life with an A. B. or. B. S. degree which can in no way help them, since the toil and achievement that ought to stand back of a degree is lacking. They forget that the value of a diploma does not consist of a piece of parchment tied with a blue ribbon, but that the true value, if it exists at all, is in the development of the power of concentration which results from the mastery of difficult problems.

It is a noticeable fact that in our higher institutions of learning, as a rule, the men who are fighting down difficulties—most often that of poverty—are the ones who are doing most to set the standard of high intellectual attainment. They use their difficulties as scaffolding around the house they build. Scaffolding, of course, is to be removed when the house is finished, but without it there can be no strong, complete, and enduring structure. It is on the scaffolding that we climb upward to carry the unfinished work to completion. The poet has beautifully expressed the thought:

> "We rise by things that are under our feet;
> By what we have mastered of good or gain,
> By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
> And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

To the heroic soul no barriers are insurmountable, no fortresses impregnable, no foes formidable. Before such a

soul difficulties disappear as winter's snow when kissed by the springtime sun. But there can be no real heroism without a great life purpose. The mind must be permeated through and through with the spirit of achivement. The mists of doubt and failure vanish before a great purpose. No omen of evil can turn it aside. A life domination by such a purpose may be compared to a great river breaking through mountain passes, cutting its way through solid rock, and flowing out into the ocean with a strength and force that is felt far out at sea. How different is the river that finds an open plain to the ocean! It breaks into a hunhred channels, looses its way in the sands and marshes, and has no well defined outlet to its ocean home.

It was the mountain barrier that made the first river clear and swift, and so it is with our lives. When we stand in the shadow of some difficullty, dazed by the magnitude of some towering barrier that lies across our pathway, it is then that the soul finds the monitions of an infinite presence, inspiring it with determination and nerving it for great acheivement. It is through experiences in encountering difficulties that God would teach us his great lesson that mind is superior to matter that all material things, however formidable they may appear, are absolutely passive, that the spirit is the source of power, and all things are subject to the will of man.

If what has been said is true, and it is—let us not despair, but with the tread of conquorers go forth to meet the hard things of life, knowing that they furnish the steps by which we climb onward and upward, higher, still higher, over difficulties and dangers, and toils until we have reached the summit of the mountain and turn to gaze upon a conquered world and to behold the way over which we have come through marsh and fen, in sunshine and in shadow. Then what joy will the thronging memories bring of victory on that field of battle, of success in that endeavor, of triumph in that undertaking! Who has ever felt the thrill that tingles along the nerves and sets the whole being to vibrating with joy over some difficulty removed, some barrier broken down, some ragged height scahd, and not thanked God for the hard things of life? "88"

Constitution of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE I—TITLE.

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE II—OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be to develop closer and more friendly relations between the colleges of the State; to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several colleges, and to hold annual contests at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE III—MEMBERSHIP.

The Association is composed of the following college membership: Furman University, Wofford College, Clemson Agricultural College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Erskine College, Newberry College, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by a unanimous vote of all the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV—OFFICERS.

Section 1.—The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Recorder, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Secretary of the Sealed Marks, one of the six colleges now represented in the Association, and alternating annually in the order of colleges as named.

Sec. 2.—All officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot—the nominations being made by a nominating committee appointed by the President, and the college representative receiving a majority vote shall be decided the choice of the Association.

Sec. 3.—The President of the Association on his retirement from office, and ex-prizemen shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.

Sec. 4.—The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.

Sec. 5.—If any office in the Association shall become vacant, the student body of the college represented by the vacating officer shall have power to elect his successor.

ARTICLE V—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 1.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall attach his signature to certificates of membership, and shall have the power to call special meetings at his discretion.

Sec. 2 —The Vice-President shall be active chairman of the Executive Committee, and as a representative of his institution he shall have a voice in all deliberations of the committee. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.

Sec. 3.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Recorder to keep an accurate copy of all amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws which shall be made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to colleges represented, and shall keep and file the proceedings of the anuual convention, and copies of all orations delivered in annual contest.

He shall also notify each college of the Association as to the officers immediately after their election.

Sec. 4.—It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President, and shall attend to sueh correspondence as may devolve upon him, and any other duties the Association may authorize.

Sec. 5.—The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive

Committee. He shall keep on deposit all moneys belonging to the Association; shall receive all dues and receipt for same.

Sec. 6.—The Secretary of Sealed Marks shall receive and keep the grades from committee, Section A; shall not open them except in the presence of committee, Section B, on night of contest; and shall then and there assist Section B in combining and tabulating the grades of the two committees.

ARTICLE VI—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Section 1.—The President shall appoint annually an Executive Committee, consisting of one representative from each college having membership in the Association. No officer, with the exception of the Vice-President shall be a member of the Executive Committee.

Sec 2.—It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association. The committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

Sec. 3.—The annual oratorical contests shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 4.—The Executive Committee shall appoint each year at its meeting a committee to select the medals, and this committee must take into consideration as to the design of the first medal, the Palmetto tree.

ARTICLE VII—COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

Section 1.—Six persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of the Committee on Decision shall not at any time have been connected in any capacity, directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution. No member of committee, Section A, shall be selected from South Carolina.

Sec. 2.—The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President at least sixty days previous to the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the committee's selection and acceptance.

This committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them and shall grade them on the following points: *Originality*, *Thought and Rhetoric*, giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred—the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred, and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared to the first.

Sec. 3.—Section B shall be selected by the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the contest. This committee section shall grade on *delivery*. All points shall rank equally; shall be graded without consultation, each member of the section giving one grade to each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred as in Section A.

Sec. 4.—Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision, but not more than two objections shall be allowed each college, and such objections shall be submitted in writing, and shall be in the hands of the President at least twenty-five days for Section A, and ten days for Section B, previous to the contest.

Sec. 5.—The Corresponding Secretary of the Association, at least twenty-five days before the contest, shall forward a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of the Committee, Section A, who shall grade them and send sealed copies of their grades to the Secretary of the Sealed Marks. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days previous to the contest. Neither the names of the authors or the orations nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of Committee, Section A. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Association to furnish each member of Committee, Section A, with the name and address of the Secretary of Sealed Marks.

Sec. 6.—At the close of the contest and in the presence of the audience assembled the Secretary of Sealed Marks, assisted by the members of Committee, Section B, shall make a final average. At no other place and time and

under no other circumstances, whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

Sec. 7.—The orator, whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be the greatest, shall be awarded the first honor medal. The orator whose rade is next highest shall be awarded the second honor medal. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, Committee, Section B, shall retire and without consultation shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator, or orators, judged by them to be most entitled to the prize or prizes. The chairman of Committee, Section B, shall then announce to the audience the result. The markings of the entire Committee on Decision shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

ARTICLE VIII.—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association, no oration shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary to construe this article strictly to the letter, and to return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline or explanation attached to the oration shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

ARTICLE IX—REPRESENTATIVES.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to only one representative, and he shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an undergraduate at the time of his selection. Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Secretary three typewritten copies of his oration at least thirty days previous to the contest.

ARTICLE X—FEES.

Section 1.—Each college of the Association shall pay an

annual fee of fifteen dollars. This fee shall be paid at least thirty days previous to the contest.

Sec. 2.—Each contestant shall pay a fee of one dollar. Upon the payment of this fee the Treasurer shall issue his receipt, which shall be forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary, who shall then issue a certificate of membership in the Association and shall forward it to the President for his signature. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee within thirty days previous to the contest shall not be allowed to enter the contest for prizes.

ARTICLE XI.—PRIZES.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association there shall be awarded two prizes; as first honor, a gold medal of the value of twenty dollars; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

ARTICLE XII.—CONVENTIONS.

Section 1.—The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the contestants from each college, and the officers of the Association.

Sec. 2.—The annual convention of the Association shall meet at such time preceding the contest as the President may direct. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All representatives who take part in the contest, and all officers of the Association present shall attend the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject offender to expulsion. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, but shall not be allowed to vote upon any question except a motion to adjourn.

ARTICLE XIII—EXCLUSION FROM MEMBERSHIP.

Any college of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any aunual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIV—CONTESTANTS.

Section 1.—The order of speakers shall be drawn for at

the meeting of the Executive Committee, at least thirty days before the contest. Each contestant's place, name and subject of oration alone shall appear on the program.

Sec. 2.—A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals or pins, and no college banner shall be placed in any position, whatsoever, during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

Sec. 3.—The successful contestant shall represent the Association in the Southern Inter-State Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE XV—Publications.

The Association shall have no official organ, but each year the different colleges shall publish in the January issues of their magazines the Constitution of the Association together with a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XVI—Authority Recognized.

All questions of parliamentary forms and usages, not provided for by this Constitution, shall be referred to "Robert's Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVII—Amendments.

This Constitution may be amended at any annual convention of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the college representatives present.

President, C. W. Riser, Newberry; Vice-President, J. M. Daniel, Furman; Secretary and Recorder, E. K. Hardin, Jr., Wofford; Treasurer, O. M. Roberts, Clemson; Corresponding-Secretary, T. H. Smoot, P. C. of S. C.; Secretary of Sealed Marks, G. D. Brown, Erskine.

Executive Committee—E. W. Hiers, Newberry; E. Inman, Furman; W. D. Burnett, Wofford; J. B. Mosely, Clemson; J. H. Clarke, P. C. of S. C.; W. J. Hunter, Erskine.

Wofford College Journal.

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CALHOUN

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Local Editor, S. F. Cannon.
Assist. Bus. Manager, M. A. Connolly.

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Literary Editor, E. L. All.
Alumni Editor, E F. McWhirter.
Y. M. C. A. Editor, E. K. Hardin.
Assist. Literary Editor, W. D. Roberts

L. M. Oliver, Business Manager.

Entered at the postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as second class mail matter

Editorial Department

POWER W. BETHEA, Editor.

Anniversary of the Journal. With this issue marks the fifteenth anniversary of the JOURNAL. Its career has been a checkered one, yet there have been some men on its staff in the by-gone years who are filling the front walks of life. In its infancy while the intention was a good one, there was a lack of means and enthusiasm necessary to publish a first-class college paper. Nevertheless, as years passed by the majority of obstacles were overcome, and success was the result. But for the latter part of the last decade the JOURNAL has not approached the ideal as near as might have been expected, perhaps more on account of the small enthusiasm manifested by the boys than by the inefficiency or negligence of its boards. Let us not be discouraged, however, by these shortcomings, but rather profit by the mistakes of others, and remember to "Look not mournfully into the Past, it comes not back again; but wisely improve the Present, it is ours; and go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

Try for the Track Team. Wofford, for the first time in her history, has inaugurated the idea of track athletics. And it is not such a bad one, either. This sport, so long popular in the North, is fast becoming Southernized, and we should endeavor to keep pace with the leading colleges in the South. Everyone who has any interest in athletics should try for the team. We have some of the very best of material in college at present, and with the excellent instruction of our efficient gymnasium director, who is both willing and desirous of training the team, we will be able to cope with any team in the South. Why cannot every one put talk into concrete reality and develop a team that would reflect credit on the College and the State?

The work of organizing has already begun, and in early spring a practice meet will be held at which the regular team will be selected to represent the college. The students have always responded where college spirit has demanded, and it will be a painful disgrace if we do not avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us at present.

Dr. Smith to Deliver Literary Address. We are glad to announce that Dr. Charles Forster Smith, Professor of Philology and Greek of the University of Wisconsin, will deliver the Fiftieth Annual Literary Address before the Calhoun and Preston Societies at next commencement. It being the year for the Calhouns to select the speaker, the letter was received a few days ago by their corresponding secretary stating Dr. Smith's acceptance of the invitation to deliver the address. Having taken his Ph. D. degree in one of the German Universities, and, being the author of several notable books, he is well known throughout the country and Europe as well.

Dr. Smith's acceptance will be doubly appreciated by all loyal supporters of the college. Firstly, because he is an alumnus of the college, and for four years held the chair of Greek and German therein. Secondly, from the mere fact that he will be deprived of participating in the Semi-Centennial of the University of Wisconsin, which will take place the same week Wofford's exercises are held.

for Wofford's Endowment. Never in the fifty years of its existence has Wofford had such brilliant prospects as she has today. The people not only in Spartanburg but all over the State are coming to recognize the true relation between Wofford College and Methodism; that the success of the College and the prosperity of the Church must ever be inseparable. Wofford is in a transition period between the small college that it was and the great college that it is to be. Prejudice and opposition have both been crushed, and we are not only commanding the friendship and loyal support of our own city people but the more distant sections as well. The greatest objective evidence of this growing spirit is the recent action taken by the Board of Trustees to increase the endowment fund of the College $100,000. This is all but a certainty, and we may safely expect to see it secured ere the Semi-Centennial Celebration at the coming commencement. When we say it is all but a certainty, we mean that we have implicit confidence in those men the Board have selected to secure the fund. We believe that if any trio in South Carolina can secure the amount, they are Prof. Clinkscales, Pres. Snyder, and Rev. W. A. Rogers.

The following is the announcement from Bishop W. W. Duncan, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and below it the comment of Dr. W. R. Richardson, Editor of the Southern Christian Advocate, relative to this commendable and patriotic work:

"It has been now fifty years since Mr. Benjamin Wofford left his fortune of $100,000 to found the institution which bears his name. In spite of its comparatively limited resources, during the half century of its history, Wofford College has amply justified the wisdom of its founder. Its fame has gone out as a college where men are trained through religion and scholarship to the highest service to society. In every walk of life the men who bear its stamp show such leadership as to cause one to say that Wofford College is one of the most valuable assets the Methodist Church in South Carolina has. In the sphere of scholarship, in the church, in society, in political life, in all the practical activities the men of Wofford illustrate the high policy that has directed her aims.

"What Wofford has been and is has caused the college to be deeply imbedded in the affection of the people. No institution in the South has a more loyal body of alumni, none more truly the confidence of its constituency, and about none have there gathered richer traditions as to moral tone, religious influence, genuine scholarship, and the fine manliness of its students.

"For a number of years the feeling has been growing that all that Wofford has been should be not only conserved but furthered to still greater power and efficiency. With this feeling, too, has come the recognition that this could only be done through a greatly increased endowment. This general recognition found expression at the last meeting of the South Carolina Conference at Greenville in the resolution urging the trustees to take immediate steps toward increasing the endowment. Now, pursuant to this resolution of the Conference, the trustees held a specially called meeting January 6th and perfected plans to carry out the purpose of the resolution. It was their unanimous judgment that Professor J. G. Clinkscales should undertake the movement. With him have been associated President H. N. Snyder and Rev. W. A. Rogers. Under their united management a campaign will be conducted for raising $100,000 or more for the endowment of Wofford College.

"Can this be done? Shall it be done? Yes, is the answer everywhere. A strong pull altogether, by the Church, by the alumni, and by all who value what Wofford College is, and the amount is raised. And in doing this no richer contribution can be made to the best and highest life of the State and the South. We are in the fight, and the victory is ours if we all shall give thought, and energy and means to it. Nay, more. We could enter upon it at no more fitting time—the semi-centennial year of the history of Wofford. And then, too, we have the inspiration of what the Baptist Church, our sister denomination, has done for Furman University. What they have done, we, as Methodists, can do.

W. W. DUNCAN,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees."

"The above statement of Bishop Duncan, Chairman of the

Board of Trustees of Wofford College, will be read with more than usual interest by the friends of the college. We are committed to this movement to add at least $100,000 to the endowment fund of Wofford College. We must not do less—we can and should do more. The necessities of the college demand it. We feel quite sure that the sum proposed by the Trustees can and *will* be raised. The enthusiastic response called forth by the suggestion made by Bishop Smith at Greenville that the Methodists of South Carolina raise an endowment of $100,000 this year for Wofford College as an expression of their gratitude to God for what the college has done for the young men of our Church and State during the half a century of its existence, is an indication of the strong hold that the college has upon the affections of preachers and people. A further indication of the awakening of a new and deeper interest in the welfare of Wofford is the resolution passed by the Conference 'urging the Trustees to take immediate steps toward increasing the endowment.' The Trustees have taken steps toward carrying out the resolution of the Conference. When we voted in favor of that resolution, it was a pledge on our part to give ourselves, to the full extent of our ability, to this important movement. For years we have been talking about endowing Wofford College—now let us convert talk into a concrete reality.

"This is our day of opportunity. We must act promptly and with the invincible purpose to succeed. We commend to our people throughout the State the men to whom the Trustees have committed this undertaking. They are our leaders. Professor Clinkscales, President Snyder, W. A. Rogers—it would be difficult to find three men among us who possess in so high a degree the qualities of leadership, and each man's heart is in the work. But their success depends largely upon the cooperation of our pastors and the leading laymen of the Church. South Carolina Methodism expects every man to do his duty. And we believe that every man wlll rally, without hesitation or reservation, to the call of his Church. The endowment of Colleges is in the air. The friends of Furman University have just raised, with surprising promptness and ease, an endowment of $125,000. Are South Carolina Methodists less able to do for Wofford what

our Baptist brethren have done for their college? It is not a question of ability—for, as to that, we are abundantly able to swell the endowment to half a million—but it is wholly a matter of willingness. We do not believe that our people are lacking in appreciation of what Wofford is and has done for Methodism. They recognize the fact that this grand institution has been an important, if not the chief, factor in the making of South Carolina Methodism. But the pressing need of the hour is to get them, individually, to realize the necessity of a better equipment of Wofford for future work. Our college must be endowed."

Exchange Department.

R. O. LAWTON, Editor.

We have just reviewed the December issue of the *Converse Concept*. On the whole, it is the best issue of the season. "Christmas at the Heights" is a most pleasing and happy departure in the story line. It is novel, clever, original and humorous. After one reads a succession of sentimental and pathetic attempts and would-be stories, it is indeed refreshing to meet such a sparkling, laughing story. Whoever wrote it—we have cause to believe she has passed through similar experiences—should be favorably criticised and congratulated. "During the Encampment" is another original story and well written. At first it lags a little and seems inclined to be sickly, but our interest is soon aroused, and it develops into a catchy plot. We are still in doubt as to the exact sound of that smothered "There—that'll do," however. "Our Irish Hero" is a well written and to-the-point essay on Sir Thomas Lipton. Besides its merit as an essay it is instructive. "Are Christmas Holidays Beneficial?" is a pertinent question, and cleverly answered by the writer. Miss Aldrich's maiden effort, "Christmas Customs," is a fine beginning, and contains some valuable information. "A Christmas Story," by "Pig," is up to the high average, and is a departure—and a pleasant one. We are not exactly clear about that "blue, lace thing," however. "Thoughts that Winter Brings" is a poem of real worth.

The Carolinian for December is one of the best college magazines we have read. The laws of proportion in essay, poetry and story are well observed, and with the exception of one or two slip-ups, all of the contributions are qualified. The first poem, "The Wonderful Realm," is excelled by no other that we have read during the present scholastic year. There is a genuine rhythmic cadence about the poem that gives it a sort of classic ring. If some of our contemporaries could only catch that cadence and be charmed thereby! "The Closing Days"

bid fair to be a good story, told in a novel way, until we had all but completed it, when suddenly it developed into sickly, maudlin, and weak sentimentality—a failing that ruins so many college stories. "Reveries" is a unique thing and well written. "The Summum Bonum of Modern Psychic Existence" came near scaring us off with its mere title, but it is not so loud after all. In fact, it is a strong piece of work. "When Polly Decks the Christmas Tree" is another of those apologies for poems. "Are You Ready" and "His Stolen Christmas Present" are both cleverly conceived stories, and well developed.

On the whole, the *Charleston College Jovrnal* seems to be in bad health—it looks thin. "A Resting Place," the first poem in the December issue, is characterized by feeling, thought, and poetic expression. It is a happy poem. The next is a story, or rather a pathetic attempt in that direction. It is entitled "Two Queer Accidents." The accidents happen not to be the only queer things about the story, however, the whole thing is queer, painfull and sadly so. And as to possessing the art ofdeveloping a story, the writer doesn't know the first principles. The Journal could improve and still have room for that sort of business.

In *The Limestone Star* "From Mansion to Cottage" is a pretty good story that has been worn thread-bare; fortune gone, beautiful home sacrificed, and contentment found in a humble and unpretentious cottage. The writer evidently has a peculiar fondness for the word "beautiful," for she used it seventeen times in the first paragraph. The writer should bear in mind the fact that we can be surfeited with beauty as well as other things. We would also call attention to the utter disregard of the laws that govern the paragraph, there being only one paragraph in the whole story. "A Review of Silas Marner" reflects credit upon the writer, being well written and comprehensive. "Only a School Girl" is an exceedingly clever-interesting, and original story. It has its share of slang, but it is such bright slang that it is not so grating. Another striking characteristic of the story is that the scene is local. The writer does not cross the ocean for a plot and a background—

that sort of thing generally ends up in a ship-wreck, anyway. We would suggest that the *Star Magazine* print a poem or two for a change. Surely those girls have sentiment enough to write poetry (?).

The Winthrop College Journal for December is a most excellent issue. It begins with a good poem and keeps up with the high standard all through. "Women Who Are Known to Us Through Their Association with Men of Letters" is opportunely instructive. It tells us especially of Dr. Johnson's association with Mrs. Shrole. "El Dorado" is a very fine story, and it hasn't any sickening, weak sentimentality about it. It is unusually well developed and written. "The Perils of Chicken Stealing" is a story that is calculated to make anybody laugh. It is pleasingly bright and humorously entertaining.

NOTHING DOING.

We went to Cupid's garden;
  We wandered o'er the land;
The morn was shining brightly,
  I held her little—shawl.
Yes, I held her little shawl—
  How fast the evening flies—
We spake in tones of love;
  I gazed into her lunch-basket.
I gazed into her basket;
  I wished I had a taste.
There sat my lovely charmer,
  My arm around her—umbrella.
Embracing her umbrella—
  This charming little miss,

Her eyes were full of mischief—
  I slyly stole a—sandwich.—Ex.

Teacher.—"Willie, state this sentence in other words, 'the goat butted the boy out of the window.'"

Willie.—"He hurled the previous end of his anatomy against

the boy with an eagerness and velocity which, backed by the goat's avordupois, was not relaxed until the instigation of the vehement exasperation was landed on terra firma outside the pale of the goat's jurisdiction."—Ex.

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in a vial,
And after a while
They found a front tooth and a cuff.—Ex.

What shall we do with the old maids ?
'Tis a problem hard to solve.
It has puzzled harder heads than mine;
Young man, make your resolve.

(With all due apologies to Tennyson.)

Broke, Broke, Broke,
On these steep red hills I lie,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

And the many bills go on
To their haven near the Hill,
But oh for the touch of a vanished dime
And the sound of a jingle now still.

Broke, Broke, Broke,
On these red hills to be
For the shining face of a dime now gone
May never come back to me.

"Steach" on discontinuing business.

Alumni Department.

E. F. McWHIRTER, Editor.

C. C. Alexander, the poet of the class, is now principal of the Darlington graded school ,Darlington, S. C.

B. H. Boyd has a very flourishing school in Appling, Ga., about forty miles north of Augusta.

C. B. Burnett of base-ball fame is now in the oil business in Beaumont, Texas.

J. E. Edwards will soon graduate from the medical department of the University of Chicago.

J. C. Fairey is working in a railroad office in Augusta, Ga.

A. D. Gray is traveling salesman for a Kentucky flour concern.

P. C. Garris is now preaching in Port Royal S. C.

E. H. Hall has a very fine school in the city of Chester S. C.

L. L. Hardin, who has until lately been connected with one of the cotton factories of Gastonia, N. C., is now cashier of the Gastonia Savings Bank.

E. M. Lander holds the position of cashier in the Bank of Williamston, S. C.

C. D. Lee is in the merchandise and telephone business at Lydia, S. C.

E. C. Major spent a short while at Sewanee taking a course in medicine, but is now teaching school.

W. C. Martin, who was admitted to the S. C. bar last year, is further preparing himself for the legal profession while teaching near Kingstree S. C.

E. P. Miller is teaching school.

W. H. Philips has charge of the Southern Railway's office at Pacolet, S. C.

C. P. Rogers has charge of one of the departements of the Fort Wayne Hosiery Mill, Fort Wayne, Ind,

H. T. Shockley is assistant Professor of English and Gymnasium Director at his Alma Mater.

L. E. Wiggins joined the South Carolina Conference at its last session and fills the charge of Buffalo Mills, a few miles from Union S. C.

Y. M. C. A.

EDWARD K. HARDIN, JR., Editor.

Another Association year has passed, with all its victories and joys, all its defeats and sorrows. The time has come when the officers of Wofford's Young Men's Christian Association who were elected last January must give over their duties into other hands. In accordance with this fact, at the last regular business meeting the following officers were elected; President, Albert D. Betts; Vice-President, W. D. Roberts; Secretary, J. C. Anderson; Treasurer, O. M. Mitchell. There is an element of sadness in the ending of anything. Particularly so is it in this instance to the old officers' who, looking back upon the year's work, see the many mistakes they have made, the many shortcomings which characterize their work. May the new officers profit by the mistakes of their predecessors, and do all in their power as the leaders in one of the most important departments in college life. And let us ask for them the hearty co-operation of every student in college, whether a member of the association or not. They must have our help in order to accomplish anything, whatsoever. While our work now is in good condition, let us begin the new official year determined to make the Y. M. C. A. a greater power for good, a more important factor in the life of Wofford students.

A great opportunity for the Wofford boys is the coming convention for the Young Men's Christian Association of North and South Carolina, which meets in Spartanburg February 21-23. Many well-known and famous speakers and workers will be in attendance. Delegates from all the college and town associations in the two States will be present, and it ought to serve as a great stimulus to our own work. It is an inspiring scene to see gathered together young men, enthused with the right spirit, and trying to find out the best plan to carry on this noble work.

Let every man of us attend the sessions of this cenvention.

In accordance with an established custom, the regular annual evangelical services will be conducted some time in the near future. It has not yet been announced whose services will be procured to lead these meetings. These series of meetings have always resulted in much good to the student body, and, with the co-operation of all Christian men, let this one mean more than any one yet held.

Local Department

SIMPSON F. CANNON, Editor

With Dr. DeMotte Again.

Once more the people of Spartanburg and the Students of Wofford and Converse have had the opportunity of hearing Dr. DeMotte in another one of his famous lectures.

On Friday evening, January 15, he delivered the second lecture of his series, "The Python Egg and the American Boy." We all remember with much pleasure his lecture of last year and the year before entitled "The Harp of the Senses," and we feel safe in saying that this one his, second, is equally as good.

For a long time before the lecture began there was much conjecture as to why the American boy was compared with the Python Egg, but after Dr. DeMotte in his forcefu and earnest manner had fairly begun this delusion was cleared away and everyone saw at once the significance of the comparison.

It is not our purpose in this short review of the lecture to go at all into details but only to give some idea of the good that such lectures may accomplish if heeded and what an impression it has made on the minds of many of the hearers.

Many are the happy thoughts that he has left on the minds of the audience and these thoughts will not soon fade away, but which, if heeded, will work one of the greatest changes which the people of Spartanburg have ever experienced. Someone has aptly said that it is not so much how Dr. DeMotte says a thing but it is what he says that makes him one of the most popular lecturers on the American platform, and I might add the most beloved.

My one regret is that every mother and father in Spartanburg could not hear this lecture. There is no doubt but that they would each have learned a lesson never to be for-

gotten and perhaps a reformation might have started which would have swept over the entire community.

Let us resolve, boys, that we will profit by the thoughts which this great and good man has thrown out to us and let us try to live a better life, let us try to build others up and when we lay down at night let us have a clear conscience and pure thoughts so that our rest may do its proper work.

PROFESSOR GAMEWELL TO HIS LYCEUM WORKERS.

Professor J. A. Gamewell's home on the Campus was the scene of a most enjoyable reception given to a few of his young friends just before the Christmas holidays. The co-workers of Professor Gamewell of Wofford and Converse in the Lyceum course were the guests.

Mrs. Hale, assisted by Miss Eubanks, made the afternoon one quite enjoyable. Progressive flinch was played as the game of the afternoon. But the most enjoyable feature of the evening was the course dinner. The following were present:- -Misses Dameron, Eyrich, Willis, Orr, Doe, Roseborough, Mary Morrison. Helen DuPre and Eubanks, and Messers. W. C. Herbert, M. W. Brabham, C. B. Goodlett, T. O. Lawton, J. H. Hamel, J. P. Kilgo, Joe Gamewell and S. F. Cannon.

MISS HELEN DUPRE ENTERTAINS.

Miss Helen DuPré, a student of Converse College and President of the Freshman Class in that College, entertained a number of her young friends at the home of her father, Professor DuPré, on Wofford Campus a week or so ago. The evening was one of great pleasure for all present. Games of various natures were played. The course of refreshments served were tempting in the way of preparation as well as in the manner served.

Those present were: Misses Julia Tatum, Gertrude Burnett, Atlanta Gibson, Pearl Morrison, Cora Hunt, Holiday and Heilig; Messrs. E. L. All, J. O. Skinner, Ralph Willis, M. W. Brabham, R. C. Oliver, C. P. Wofford, Towers Ligon and Ralph Rogers. M. W. B.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The first meeting of the year was held by the societies on January 9th. The outlook for a good session's work is very fine. It seems to be the determination of every member to make his society the best in the South.

The Constitution of the Calhoun Literary Society has been revised by a committee, composed of Mr. S. F. Cannon. Chairman, and Messers, T. O. Lawton. J. G. Stabler, J. M. Ariail and C. P. Wofford, and was adopted on November 28th. It is hoped that the new constitution will prove adequate, and that very much better work may be done. The work up to the present time has been of a very high order.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Mr. W. M. Fair of Orangeburg has returned to college and taken up his work with the Senior Class.

Mr. Roy Lenoard of Reidville an old "04" has also returned. We are always glad to welcome our old boys back to Wofford.

The speakers and marshalls for the annual Sophomore Exhibition have been elected and are as follows: Calhoun Speakers, Geo. W. Nichols, Jr., J. C. Candler and J. C. Townsend. Preston Speakers, J. C. Guilds, J. R. Lyles and O. M. Mitchell.

Marshalls, J. D. Holler, Chief; J. C. Anderson, H. F. Watson, J. O. Skinner, F. B. Moore, F. H. Adden, Roy Webster.

Mr. Huger Richardson is presiding officer.

The officers for the Young Men's Christian Association to serve throughout next year have been elected and the result is:—Mr. A. D. Betts, President; Mr. W. D. Roberts, Vice-President; J. C. Anderson, Secetary; O. M. Mitchell, Treasurer.

(Prof. Snyder to Senior Ariail in English Class)—Mr. Ariail, what relation does the Dauphin of France bear to the King? Mr. Ariail (confidently) Something like a secretary, or typewriter, I think, Professor.

Messers John G. Stabler of Orangeburg and C. P. Wofford of Spartanburg have been elected to represent the Calhoun Society Annual debate, which is held during commencement.

Mr. Patrick of the Sophomore Class has been suddenly called home on account of the illness of his mother.

John W. McCullough, Jr., has returned to college, after an absence of one week. We are glad to have him with us again.

That Wofford is to have a College Annual is practically assured now. All the boys seem to be deeply interested, and with the co-operation of our alumni and friends we can get out as fine an annual as any college in the South. Let us go to work and push the good thing along.

Much interest is being manifested in the coming Oratorical Contest. Messrs. W. D. Burnett, J. C. Candler and C. P. Wofford will represent the Calhoun Society and Messrs. E. Hardin, C. L. Smith and J. H. Hamel will speak for the Prestons. This contest will come off early in February. Each man is doing his best work to win.

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PUBLISHED BY
THE CALHOUN AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Spartanburg Businesss College

Business opportunities for young men while attending Wofford College

Do not waste your time. Follow the example of other young men who have spent their leisure moments with us—taking Book-keeping, Shorthand and Typewriting. The best opportunity you will ever have.

As the South increases to take on new life, the demand for competent, well-trained young men continues to grow. Business firms today cannot get help, and are constantly writing or sending to us for help which we are unable to supply.

Call and talk with us and get our special terms to Wofford College students.

Cleveland Building. **Opposite Courthouse.**

L. B. VERNON,

Principal.

ATTENTION!

Students and others in sympathy. You owe it to those who patronize us to give them your trade. Here they are:

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Literary Department

E. L. ALL. EDITOR.

The Discoverer.

The knight was stalwart, he was old;
Somewhat tall, somewhat bold.
Grey tinges on his coal black hair,
Determination in the air
Of his carriage. His eyes were keen
And yet perhaps could we have seen
The emotion which he choked,
We would have stopped, not only looked.
On his heart a burden lay;
Not one which passes with a day,
But one which into a life doth grow
And is repeated o'er and o'er,
Until imbedded in the heart,
It becomes of life a part.
"Forth will I go ne'er to return
Till the wish which my soul doth burn
Is appeased." The words fell cold
Upon his listeners. Then he told
To himself in his misery
The story of the inhumanity
Of man to man. "The rainbow's end
Will I find, or die." The trend
Of this thoughts began anew.
A flock of birds o'er him flew.
To them he raised his supplication
But they passed on. Without hesitation
He mounted horse. "Be the cost
What it may, I will away
To find the treasure which hath bought
My life's ambition. I have fought

'Gainst heart, yea heart's desire,
This even now my deed inspires.
Yet will I return, by heaven,
For to me the power is given
To reveal to men the treasure
Of gold, the oft-sought measure
Which the gods hath surely placed
At the rainbow's end." Away he raced
His steed. He was gone
To search for what he oft had thought upon.

* * * * * * * *

A year hath passed, the knight's return
Is heralded. He hath found
The treasure at the rainbow's end.
Now the curious gather 'round;
They listen, but in vain
They plead and beg, e'en implore
The knight to tell them of—But lo!
He moves away, then begins
To chant a song they scarce can hear:
"When the rains of years have fallen,
And the dews of centuries sunken
To the lowly grass of earth,
Then we hear a low voice calling
Back to us from spirits drunken
With the love of immortal birth;
Strange the voice yet even stranger
Is the message and the language
Where-with 'tis clothed. In a manger
Lowly born, is the spirit of the warning.
Brothers all in common feeling
Hear the words which atoning
And to each and all appealing,
Comes the song; 'tis from above
Not of earth yet earthly meaning
Is contained in the words of love.
Now we see the incarnation
Of a spirit and a being,

Now we feel an inspiration
To be up and onward fleeing;
Not only moving but even daring
To behold an endless motion,
As the mariner, when sea-faring
Looks and smiles upon the ocean.
'Tis a hand infinite guiding
Us to grasp things worth saving;
'Tis a voice gently chiding
The seeker after worthless cravings.
I have found no heap of treasure
Behind the rainbow. But a measure
Of joy, hath entered in my living;
I have found that in giving
One receives what one gives not,
A spirit loosed direct from heaven.
This the wealth and the golden
Recompense to be beholden
By the seeker after gain,
When he comes to the rainbow's end."
The knight was gone. A wiser man
He is today. In his hand
He holds not wealth, but the heart
Is free. Is not that the better part
Which he hath chosen? 3344.

Theodore Roosevelt.

There has probably never been a more unique and characteristic occupant of the White House than the blissfully independent personality who sits there today. Perhaps no President has ever been so notoriously famous, while few have impressed upon the nation a greater personality. Indeed, there is a certain reckless daring about the man that tends to dazzle his enemies, and inspire his friends. His spectacular moves and grand-stand plays succeed one another in such quick succession that his party quakes for fear he will shat-

ter it. Hoary headed senators and political magnates, whose peculiar function it has heretofore been to advise the President, are curtly heard and their political schemes are as so many soap bubbles exploding before the intreped ruler. One day the newspapers cry out in a mighty chorus of accusations condemning his apparent political strokes, while the next day they predict the dissolution of his party by his reckless dashes. Some deem him a crank, a fanatic, while others look upon him as a man who does things, a statesman characterized by ability and honor, both of which views are partially right and partially wrong. When we set aside all partisan views and biased opinions and weigh President Roosevelt as a man, as a public character, with the light of facts to guide us we shall see him in a different role.

First of all he is primarily and preeminently a man of action, a man who does things. He is no figure-head who is swayed to and fro by political wire-pullers, but rather a man who has a distinct idea as to how the government should be run and he isrunning it regardless of the advice of the greatest and most distinguished statesmen of the day. As to whether this is the best method for a chief executive to pursue there is not the slightest shadow of doubt in the minds of thoughtful men that it is not. It is absurd for one man to set himself up as a bureau of universal knowledge and to claim infallibility in the appointment of officials in sections about which his knowledge is pathetically circumscribed. But still one naturally and unconsciously has a certain respect for a man who does things, who acts independently, regardless of his party. And after all, when we sift it down to the last analysis, the man who makes mistakes is the man who does things, for he who does nothing can make no mistakes—he is the so-called "safe man," whose sole reason for achieving success is found in the fact that he is safe.

President Roosevelt's second distinguishing characteristic is a certain daring independence. He seems to be utterly regardless of a nomination, treating with apparent indifference and contempt the suggestions and demands of his party in earnest of the impending election. He seems to have

a high conception of a President's duty, and so far he has adhered to that conception with characteristic self-reliance and independence, whether or not it affects his future political success. Some have seemed to see in his grand-stand plays political strokes, but their vision is undoubtedly obscured by party prejudice, for the jagged ends of too many of his strokes chafe his own party, and are apparently breaking his own neck. A committee waits upon him for the peculiar purpose of sounding his conservatism as a provision upon which his nomination will depend. What does he say? He tells the committee that he will make no promises, but that he will do his duty as he sees it. This may be the rash act of a tactless and foolish crank, but such crankism, such fanaticism, elicits a certain amount of respect and admiration in this day and time when men are shamefully pulled into office by the aid of greased wires and underhand scheming, when the nation should hang her head in shame over the millions spent on vote-buying. There are times when President Roosevelt's continued independence and self-reliance become obnoxious and repulsive—in the case of his willful and unpardonable appointment of Crum for example, but still he claims to be inspired by justice and by the general good of the country. This may explain his inexcusable action but it does not tend to cool the boiling hatred that echoes in every southern heart throb. We hold that a recognized wrong should be righted, hence President Roosevelt is essentially weak in this peculiar instance. The nation calls for a man who is strong, brave, independent, and stalwart to fill the highest office that it can boast, but it does not relish a Bronco-buster who turns a deaf ear to all advice, even though it be reasonable and for the best interest of the country. There is a growing tendency among southern newspapers to over-emphasize these isolated cases, however, and to over-look the numerous statesman-like acts of the President.

The other striking characteristic of President Roosevelt is his versatility, his many sidedness, his power of adaptability in so many different phases of public life. One may be ever

so prejudiced but still one must admit that he is a man of culture, a man who has a firm grasp upon literature and life—despite the inordinate desire of newspaper and magazine cartoonists to represent him as a rollicking, reckless, rough-rider and a wild, willful, wayward cowboy. His literary culture and attainments are not only revealed in messages to congress and in his spotless speeches, but his valuable contributions to American literature bear witness to this unusual quality of a President of the United States. Apart from having made for himself a name in the domain of letters, and occupying a unique place in the category of American Literateurs, he has proven himself an able speaker whose public utterances are characterized by force, clearness, logic and artistic finish. Indeed, so famous has he become as a speaker and so popular are his speeches that there is an unanswerable demand coming from all over the land to the strenuous President. Besides these two distinguishing traits his versatility shows itself further in his military attainments. The nation is once more over shadowed by the dark cloud of war, and the far distant roar of cannon resounds over our fair South Land. The intrepid leader forms a body of Rough-Riders and with characteristic energy and bravery helps to lower the war cloud. When the war is over and the battle flag is furled, and the country calls upon him to wield a hand in her government he is equal to the call and shows to the nation another side of his nature. Becoming too strong and dangerous and honest for the political good of his party, it tries to side-track him by switching him into the Vice-President's chair, but the fall of one of Amerca's greatest and best and purest Presidents by an assassin's bullet made vacant for him the very place out of which the crafty politicians were trying to keep him. Since assuming the presidential responsibility there has been a proportional increase of versatility in him and he now stands out as author, speaker, military leader, statesman, and President of the United States.

We hold that a man whose whole life has been one of brilliant deeds and public services, should not be wholly and

everlastingly condemned just because he has made a few glaring mistakes, or rather mistakes that happen to come our way. Therefore we conclude that as Ex-President Grover Cleveland is the most distinguished private citizen in the world, President Roosevelt is the most distinguished ruler of the most distinguished nation.

A. B. C.

Lines Composed Under Benjamin Wofford's Portrait.

Come you with me into this sacred hall,
  Come with uncovered head and down cast face,
Such memories that cluster round this wall
  Make the proud relic temple of a race.

Leave at the door all petty strife and care,
  Shut out the high strung thoughtless throng,
No impious breath should breathe its foulness here,
  Where sits the mighty, and where dwells the strong.

We stand beneath a portrait's time-worn frame,
  Old fashioned, framed by unskilled hand,
The strong-willed face of him we speak, whose name
  Descends an inspiration on his native land.

There hangs his likeness as the years speed by,
  Years filled with strife and hard with toil,
Which strew with wrecks, the lone shore of eternity.
  Yet no more touch his soul, with all their soil.

From this still spot there is a higher view of life,
  Here is the presence of a helpfulness unknown
To men whose hearts are seared and rife
  With bitter thoughts of noble deeds undone.

Here is the presence of a deed so vast,
  Weighed in the scales of human enterprise,
That our uncertain present and our past
  Awaits the future's opening of men's eyes.

Once as he walked earth's dull and common way,
  Hard-toiling, struggling friend of man,
A voice spake to him; in unearthly day
  He saw a vision; formed a wondrous plan.

Men heard; Too great, said they, oh thought sublime,
  Oh sacrificer, strong brave Kingly soul,
What thou hast done is no affair of time
  Save to make larger as the years swift roll.

Oh pilgrim of life's self denying way,
  How we rejoice that it to us was given
To live within the shadow of thy life today,
  And gain the fruits of impulse born in heaven.

Thy daily message to thy sons is this,
  Go forth, be manly, I didst live that thou
Mightst know the way from wretchedness to bliss
  And bless the world; fail not my yearnings now.

1884.

Beside The Grave of Poe.

"Oh starry hope that didst arise, but to be o'er cast."

During the past summer it was my unexpected fortune to visit the historic old city of Baltimore. Scarcely had I left the boundaries of my own state and was crossing the rough ways of North Carolina that lead into the fertile regions of Virginia, before I began making plans for my stay in the city. Here and there in Virginia a field of waving grain was pointed out to me as the spot where some great battle had been fought in the dark days of the sixties. Here Jackson had thundered down upon the unsuspecting rear of the foe, and yonder Johnson and Stuart and Ashly and "Surrey of Eagles Nest," had waged the fiercest conflict that our history records, and died on the field of honor. Past these sturring scenes, across the Potomac whose nights have been all quiet for many years, we swept into Maryland and Baltimore. My plans were formed ere I reached my hotel; a day should com-

plete my business and two should be spent in seeing the city and gratifying a wish of years.

On the afternoon of the second day I walked leisurely out to the famous old Presbyterian Cemetery where sleeps our own Edgar Allan Poe, Sidney Lanier, and John Wilkes Booth. I requested the keeper to point out the graves of these men, which he did, and respectfully withdrew.

The afternoon was fine; the very hum of the city's business seemed to have sunken into music and the cares to have Arab-like folded their tents and silently stolen away. As I stood there and looked out over the splendid prospect, thoughts of the old South came into my mind. I thought of the terrible reconstruction days and how nobly Baltimore had answered the appeals of her sister cities in time of great need; how her streets had been red with the blood of patriotic sons, and how our southland loved this Queenly old city. Standing as I did with the city out before me, and at my feet the resting places of two of the South's most famous singers, I felt that I stood on holy ground, or like some Hindoo who finds himself in Mount Abu's sacred temple.

Over fifty years has Edgar Allan Poe lain in his illkept city grave, and yet the sweet music of his verse has floated out across this chasm of time until the fast hurrying world has been forced to listen, fascinated, by the storm of melody.

Twenty-five years had passed since he yielded a defenseless, unprofitable strife to a contention-tossed world, ere the base and petty prejudices that darkened his name, and a few men and women who had come to appreciate his genius and to love him for his own sake, gathered together to erect a monument to him. Today all the world knows his magic name. From the far south to the land of the midnight sun, men know the pathos of life and drink deeply of the wild melody of this child of Genius. Europe has declared him our supreme genius and bathed his poems in the refulgent glory of aescetic philosophy.

My thoughts were not given solely to the genius of Poe; this has been accounted for and thoroughly sifted. Every

ear, however careless, has been caught by his Israfellian music, and knows how "storm battered and dying he sank beneath life's burdens in the streets of Baltimore." There is scarcely a schoolboy who doesn't know that the consummate artist displayed in "To Helen" and "Annabel Lee" and Lines To F— asserted itself over the torn down system of a tortured man. Not one who doesn't know of his proud sufferings, the wild longings of his soul, how all hell struggled with all heaven for the soul of this man until the carpeted floor of earth's Music-room was red with his blood, and how in the passing strangeness of it all, his delicate, etherial soul was lost in the blackness of despair.

So, standing by his grave, I turned aside from the beaten paths of students of Poe, partly forgetting his loves and strivings, faults and blasphemies, and the sadness of the death which ended all, and asked myself the question, what would have been the result had Poe attempted a moral and succeeded? What if for once he had come out into the life of full day, leaving behind the abnormal, the weird and the supernatural, and written a story of real life, where men are human, not hollow eyed, mysterious beings, always consumed by some inward fire? What if he had come out more openly into the great expressions of human life, seen other than its suffering and tasted of its broad humor? As he stands he teaches no moral; we read and are transported and tremble, but the wings of the soul remain folded. What if the energy he used in creating his worlds had been put to describing the world as God has already created it. Using the English language as a tool, master of style combined with harmory, king of artists, he might have moved the minds of men as no American has done. Could he have forgotten that he was a Grecian born out of his time, or shut his eyes to visions not lawful for men to behold, and seen practical life for once, no man can surmise the results. With Cervantes' or Hugo's or Browning's Ideals, he must have made literature far richer. We conclude that any effort at a moral by Poe, or the treatment of any great moving force, might have crowned America with a world book. But the curtain has long been

drawn and we may only surmise. Here by the side of the brilliant, moody, unfortunate actor who is himself a tragic "might have been," and the great calm singer Lanier, lies all of him that is mortal. Perhaps the true story of his life awaits the coming of some great sympathetic soul who shall unfold it. We are not slow to feel the lack of a moral in Poe, but we feel that there was never a more artistic or musical message framed in American literature than the one which he gave to us.

While I stood lost in these and other reflections the sun sank slowly and it became necessary that I should go. Gathering a decaying flower from the sacred mound, with lingering looks, I went back to the city, feeling that beauty and truth are never lost, and that there is a peace that passeth understanding, which the most erring sometimes finds,

1884.

The Irony of Fate.

Generally college students are men who have their convictions and their own ideas. Whether they are right or wrong, practical or visionary is another question. But the fact remains that they are very decided in their views. At any rate such was the case at Rowdon College. One evening just after supper a half dozen of the seniors were chatting together in the room of one of their number, John Caswell. They drifted not unnaturally into the subject of marital match making.

"What do you think of runaway matches?" asked White.

"I am emphatically opposed to them under all circumstances," responded Cedric Carlton, whom the boys called "Parson," due to certain inherited clerical mannerisms of his and not because of ministerial intentions.

"Why that's the way to make a marriage interesting," exclaimed Transom, who was fond of the exciting. "Just give me a charming young lady who loves me and whom I love, and let the old folks be so bitterly opposed to the match that

they will watch her like a hawk. Then I would show you the most romantic marriage you ever heard of."

"But is it not justifiable sometimes when the girl's parents object?" White again asked.

"Always so," insisted Transom.

"No. It is never right," maintained "Parson." "The boys and girls who do it have very little sense and less love, though they don't realize it until after marriage. Besides, parents always know what is best for their daughters. The man who persuades a girl to go contrary to her parents' wishes in such a serious matter ought to be hung."

"But sometimes circumstances alter cases," observed the conservative Caswell.

"Never in these matters," said "Parson."

"Say 'Parson,'" began Drayton, another one of the boys, "suppose you should fall in love with a beautiful girl, but her parents objected to your marriage on unreasonable grounds. There could not possibly be any objection on account of your family or individual character. What would you do in such a case?"

"Any theorist," he replied, "can support his theory by a supposed instance. I don't expect that to happen, but if it should I would break off the engagement finally."

"Time will tell. The irony of fate surprises us occasionally," Caswell sagely remarked.

Two years passed by and the members of that senior class were scattered far and wide. "Parson" Carlton was closing a very successful year as the principal of the Berton graded schools. A love affair of absorbing interest had sprung up between him and the lovely daugher of Col. Trenholm, a wealthy planter who resided twelve miles up the river from Berton. The Trenholm mansion was a stone structure of Gothic architecture and in appearance not unlike an old English castle. It was located in the midst of a grove of giant oaks and on a slight elevation overlooking the river. Col. Trenholm's father was a retired English merchant from India. He took a fancy to the level and highly productive land of this region, and especially to its delightful

semi-tropical climate. So he purchased here a large plantation and built this magnificent home. His son now reigned in his stead.

Mr. Carlton soon made the acquaintance of Miss Edith Trenholm, who was the only child of the home. Her fair face, and sparkling brown eyes "set moon-wise in the midnight of her hair" (as the poet Riley would say), was more than he could resist. With him "to know her was to love her." He visited her home occasionally(?) and found it a good way to while away the long winter evenings. But the spring time must needs come at last, and so one evening about the first of May the moon rose. Its silvery rays disclosed a row boat with one lone occupant sailing up the river. It stopped at the landing in front of the Trenholm residence, but not long, for again it glided out upon the placid bosom of the river. This time some one else was in the boat. The bewitching moonlight seemed to shroud her in angelic glory and perfection. Carlton thought before that she was beautiful but now his admiration knew no bounds. Is it any wonder then that at this time he told something of vast importance? After telling him of her own love and desire to accept his proposals, she continued:

"My parents are planning to send me to England in five or six months to spend a year with relatives in London. They want me introduced into London society, and are cherishing the hope that I may attract the attentions and advances of some English Earl or Lord. But I don't want to go. I would like England alright, but I care nothing for society life on the banks of the Thames or for the nobility."

"Let us tell them of our own desires; perhaps they will yield to our wishes," suggested Mr. Carlton.

"That we must do, but I fear it will fail," she said decisively.

A few days later he called on Col. Trenholm and brought up the matter. The Colonel was astounded, and he immediately consulted with his wife and then his daughter. At last realizing the gravity of the situation he positively refused

Carlton the privilege of coming to his home and futher association with his daughter. And after that she was zealously guarded. Carlton had never been treated that way before and it startled him no little, But it did not take him long to see that the exigencies of the case demanded action. He succeeded in getting a note to her secretly. To this she replied that for the present it was best to keep quiet and appear to drop the affair; thus her parents would probably cease to he so vigilant. After two months they contrived to meet again. Then they began to plan.

"Edith, what are we going to do about this matter?" he asked.

"I really don't know. Have you any idea?"

"So far as I can see there is no way out of the difficulty except by a runaway match."

"What are the details of your plan?" she inquired.

"Some moonless night I will drop down the river in a launch, stop at the landing for you, and then go to Berton where we can catch the fast mail at 6:30 a. m."

"I don't like to slip off from father and mother, because they have been so good to me, and I love them dearly. I am not prepared to decide this matter definitely just yet."

Here her lover began to plead with her in his own behalf. Life to him would not be worth living without her. Edith was dearer to him than all things else. He urged upon her the importance of instant action, owing to the plans of sending her to England soon. Still she could not make up her mind to take such extreme measures.

On the morning of Aug. 27th a boy handed Carlton a note which read as follows: "Father starts me on my journey to London tomorrow. I scarcely know what to do. Come to our landing tonight at twelve o'clock, and wait for me. Don't dare to leave your boat for the dogs will give the alarm. If I do not come before dawn, then know that I have decided to comply with my parents' wishes. I do hope this will reach you in time, Edith." He at once arranged his affairs for an indefinite absence. Securing a naphtha launch he started up the river late in the afternoon. He

went a short distance above the Trenholm mansion and waited until nearly midnight.

At the appointed time he quietly moored the launch to the landing, and began his anxious wait. The moon was absent and the stars were obscured by the clouds; hence Egyptian darkness prevailed. His anxiety was intensified by the uncertainty of her final decision. The minutes seemed like hours. Till four o'clock he waited, and then realizing that the approaching dawn would make his position perilous he sadly began to cut loose from the landing. But, hark! he heard a light foot-fall. He listened, and there came a sweet whisper:

"Cedric, are you there?"

"Oh! Edith," he joyfully responded in a whisper. In a few minutes they were gliding swiftly down the river. They reached Berton just in time to catch the fast mail.

* * * * * * * * * *

In a distant city the next morning John Caswell found an interesting account of the whole affair in the paper. He wired at once to Cedric Carlton: "Such is the irony of fate. Accept my heartiest congratulations." 2200.

On the Anniversary of Sydney Lanier's Birthday.

Today the world is smiling through and through
With joyful satisfaction as we view
Thy grave kept green as is the blue
Of a violet in the spring; thy memory
More full of glory
Now than e'er before; thy heart
Better known, is not far apart
From lovers of poetic art.
A place to the singer who sings a song
Out of the heart's passion, expression strong,
Poured forth with breathing deep and long,
With the freshness and beauty of new-born spring
And with the delight of being,
Now is given.

Now that the opinions of years are dry
Signs of a stronger quality,
Sweeter breathings which will not die,
Come forth.

Southern-voiced, yet thy lines
For their beauty, are divine.
I see with pleasure that there lies
A yearning for thee in the eyes
Of a people, which never dies.

I hear faint murmurings; I seem
To see the dying prejudice of them
Who for long did naught but dream
Of a Southern land, o'er grown
By corruption; it was unknown
To them that we had a son

Whose sweet singing was not surpassed
By their own poets, who had passed
Their critics' "well done." At last
I quickly move and see between
The country's fame, a memory green
Emerging into open space
Where fame and praise interlace;
"So close the heaven of blue is seen"
Intertwined with his memory green.
Sweet-voiced yet not akin
To earth. Thy rambles in
A higher sphere kept thee free
From common faults of humanity.
When first I heard thy voice, there came o'er my eyes
A mist, and a desire that I might rise
From earth's impurities,
And feel *thy* emotions, and insights——

Goodness and thy majesties.
Go through struggles for a name
Thou hast been made purer. There's no blame
Unto thee attached; thou art not maimed:
Thy spirit is stronger, and thy heart
Which in all things hath taken part
Lead thee,
Teach thee,
To live and love the poet's art. 8911.

What Cotton Is to the South.

With rapid strides cotton is coming to its rightful position of leadership. The prediction of far-sighted statesmen and sagacious business men of fifty years ago is coming to be realized as truth. The great Southern product extending over a wide area, reaching out before the eye in smiling fields of white has out-stripped its competitors and has forged irresistibly to the front rank of industry. It has made the South--which has a practical monopoly in the cotton industry —an industrial factor of no small consequence among the nations and has raised it to a position of economic and political importance in the affairs of the government.

There has been a general awakening along all lines of activity in the South within recent years. The spirit of the people has been changed, their attitude to the outside world and its demands has been modified and enlivened; their view and conception of the industrial world have been enlarged and unmeasurably bettered. The South has caught the spirit of the age and marching to the drum-beat of progress, has blazed the way for a magnificent future. The people of the South have overcome their lethargy and natural indolence and with an eye single to their country's welfare, have persevered in the work of rebuilding their country's shattered fortunes—a work which has already yielded rich returns. The old Southern Colonel who revealed to the world a proud and glorious civilization, has passed into history and his children and grandchildren, while venerating

the memory of their ancestors, have undertaken a new work, made necessary by new and unforeseen condition. Industrial and manufacturing interests sprang up with startling rapidity and their number is still growing larger. Realizing the mighty resources of their favored land and contemplating the wealth which could be had for the taking, the men of the South have applied their energies to the development of those resources and the acquirement of that wealth; and these two processes have only begun. Under these hopeful conditions the work is being carried on and the South today lifts its voice for the expression of this sentiment:

"The factory whistle lifts its note,
There from its broad and grimy throat
It sings, for those who understand,
The finest anthem in the land."

Ex-Senator John L. McLaurin forcefully expresses it in the following words: "The South must play an important part in our country's future.———At last she has emerged from her forlorn and prostrate condition; freed from her enthrallment, she can put herself in touch with the best thought of the age, and again exercise an influence in national life. I believe the time will come when the South will be the hope and salvation of this nation. Her marvelous growth in manufacturing enterprizes, her development of natural resources, and her rapid advance in progressive thought and action, is making her again the leading section of this country. The centre of manufacturing has been transferred from Fall River, Mass., to Columbia, S C."

Almost every phase of activity was stimulated by this mighty industrial wave, yet the cotton industry enjoyed the greatest results, for it was improved and increased to such an extent that no other industry could compete with it on equal ground. Almost every day brings a report of new industries begun or developed in the Southern states and of the rapid progress of manufacture and kindred industries. But this does not alter the fact that the great bulk of Southern industry must be in the production and manufacture of cotton. These other industries are important and should be

encouraged by appropriations and public interest, but they can never attain the scale of importance which cotton occupies. Natural resources prevent them from giving serious competition to the cotton industry. The abundance of cotton and the comparative scarcity of other raw material firmly establish-that fact.

The South is the centre of the world's commerce in cotton, the central point to which all eyes are turned whenever there is unusual activity in the cotton market. An unlimited opportunity is extended to the South for commercial gain and financial advancement; with the cheapening of the means of production and the improvement of the facilities of transportation, with increased demand for the staple and a larger market for the sale of it, it is by no means unreasonable to believe that a good proportion of the wealth of the world should flow into Southern banks and into the pockets of Southern farmers. The snowy white fields of Dixie of which the Southerner is justly proud may be the means of gaining commercial supremacy for the South.

Statistics prove that there has been a large increase in the output of raw material, rapid progress in the manufacture of cotton goods and a marked increase in the value of the product. Spindles have increased in number at a rapid rate. Many factories have been built and operated and there has been a constant flow of capital and labor to these dividend-paying concerns. In short, the progress of cotton production and manufacture in the Southern States has been phenomenal.

Edward Stanwood, a noted cotton expert, states: "The growth of the cotton industry in the South is the one great fact in its history in the past ten years. A scrutiny of the returns by states shows that substantially the whole increase in the South has been in the four states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. The number of establishments in these four states was 119 in 1880, 191 in 1890 and 355 in 1900." These figures are significant. In 1890 there were $53,827.303, invested in the cotton industry in the Southern states. By 1900 this amount han increased to $124,453,864, showing that the rate of increase

in ten years was 131.4 per cent. The following figures will indicate that the South has out-stripped her sister states in the manufacture of cotton. In 1880 there were 439 factories in New England, in the Western states 17, in the Middle states 139 and in the South 161. After the next few years the Western and Middle states dropped out of the race and were no longer competitors for the control of the market. The year 1890 shows the New England States to have 402 factories to 239 in the South. In 1900 the tables are turned and New England has only 332 to 440 factories in the South. In the decade between 1880 and 1890 the rate of increase of the factories in the South was 48.4 per cent. Between 1890 and 1900 it was 67.4 per cent. In the year 1880 there were 610,000 splindles in the Southern states. This number in 1885 had increased to 1,200,000 splindles. In 1890, there were 1,756,047 spindles, in 1895 there were 2,770,284; the spindles in 1900 had increased to 4,288,188. In 1880 there were 205,000 bales of cotton used in manufacturing: in 1890 there were 605,916 and in 1900 there were 1,477,775. The number of bales ginned in 1899 in the various states is as follows: In Virginia, 2,239, North Carolina 473,155, South Carolina 876,545, Georgia 1,296,844, in Alabama 1,103,690. These figures are significant and show without a doubt that the South is now well advanced in the march of industry and destined to become wealthier and more powerful as the years go by. The gaze of the South is on the future, never on the past.

Within recent years there has been a greater demand for cotton. The foreign demand has been especially large. Large shipments are made to Liverpool and other European points and a large proportion is sent to satisfy the Eastern demand in China and other countries. Many fine fabrics are now made of cotton; the finest grades of cloth are manufactured from cotton. This material is now put to a much wider use and application than it has ever been before. Another element in the increased demand is the existance of such a large number of cotton factories. The splendid dividends which the cotton industry has paid and the enormous profits rea-

lized from it has induced large amounts of capital from every class of citizenship. The salaried clerk invests his mite in factory stock with as much readiness as the powerful capitalist with millions at his command.

These conditions, together with the shortage of last year's crop, have raised prices of the staple to an excessive scale. Previous records have been broken and old conditions have been destroyed and new ones created. The phenomenal rise in prices has been so sudden that, at the present writing, one large cotton firm has failed, and many more are verging on financial disaster. Fortunes have been won and lost in the game of cotton speculation. So severe has been the strain on buyers, situated both in the North and in the South, that they have been forced to close down and throw out of employment their host of operatives. Several mills in the "Palmetto State" have reached the crisis and yielded to the unavoidable. Those mills still in operation are considerably affected by the condition of the cotton market, and some of them are running on half time.

To face the situation squarely, a serious state of affairs has been reached—a state injurious alike to producer and to manufacturer. The farmer, elated by the alluring opportunity for making a fortune on his cotton, will be crest-fallen and discouraged, and with his entire resources centered on the fleecy staple, will be ruined by a temporary or permanent decline of prices. The manufacturer, in the present state of conditions, will be curtailed in his warp and the line of fair profit will not be reached. He cannot afford to buy his raw material at so high a figure. It is an unnatural condition of an industry—dangerous and critical. Some change must be made or there is a gloomy state of affairs confronting us in the cotton industry. The situation calls for calmness, sagacity, and the application of economic principles.

That cotton is king in the South is not disputed. It is recognized as the most powerful product and most lucrative industry. That it is indispensable to the people is also true. Daniel J. Sully, the now celebrated bull of the cotton exchange, a New Orleans man originally, who seems to be

something more than a mere cotton speculator, proposes a novel plan, and it is absorbing the interest of the entire country. Mr. Sully states that the Southern people have not realized that they possess so great a fortune in the cotton industry. They have not appreciated, he says, the immense importance of cotton. Cotton, because of the increasing demand, will be high. It may vary from year to year, but it will hereafter be on a higher general plane. He claims that the Southern people should be educated to the point of paying higher prices for cotton goods—the manufactured article—and thus relieve the factory of the severe drain on its resources, give the farmer satisfaction in higher prices and improve conditions in general. This theory is yet to be put into practice, but it has many points of advantage.

This system would work evil to no interest or set of interests, and, if it comes up to the expectation of its supporters, will be a source of much benefit to all classes. The producer as the recipient of higher prices, will be the gainer; this will work to a considerable extent for the progress and culture of the rural communities. The manufacturer, although forced to obtain his raw material at higher prices, will be enabled to sell the finished product at a still higher scale of prices and will clear a fair profit. The consumer, on whom the greatest proportion of the burden falls, will feel very slightly, the extra burden of prices. The improved trade conditions will offset this disadvantage. We pay today, owing to irresistible trade and economic conditions, much higher prices for some commodities than we did several years back. Summarily, we pay lower prices on other commodities. Why not then adapt ourselves to the unavoidable cotton situation? The increased cost of cotton goods will not be sufficient to cause financial depression among the consumers or too large a surplus for the manufacturer; for it is a uniform change, neither partial nor unjust. At present, cotton will remain high—we may depend upon that. The most far-sighted policy would be to advance the interests of the many, instead of the few. Under the present conditions, the farmer receives more than his share of the benefit, the

manufacturer is shut out. Under the proposed plan, all interests alike will be advanced.

This newly formed theory is meeting with much favor among cotton men and those interested in the solution of the problem. The men of affairs in the South realize that the cotton industry must always be the nucleus of the wealth and the resources of the South, and are endeavoring to adjust conditions so that through the agency of cotton the Southern states may take the highest position in the competition of the commercial world.

CHARLES P. WOFFORD.

Immigration.

From the very beginning, it has been the prevailing policy of the United States to allow, welcome, and encourage immigration, regardless of qualification and discrimination. Our foreathers verily believed it played a most significant part in developing the strength and increasing the wealth of the nation. But the mere fact that our ancestors actually thought an incoming of foreigners was, upon the whole, a great prop to our commonwealth does not necessarily mean that they were altogether correct in their idea. Indeed, one of the gravest problems confronting us today is this question of immigration. When we allude to restriction of immigration, nowadays, we have no reference whatever to any scheme that will exclude the pauper and open the way for those in tolerably good circumstances. But the chief question with us is the protection of our wages, our high standard of living, and our quality of citizenship from stagnation by a vast incoming of foreign immigrants.

In 1790 the population of the United States was principally a native one, and until 1830 there was scarcely any immigration to America. During this period the increase of our population was more, in proportion, than ever before or since in the United States. Our population grew from about four millions to nearly thirteen millions. Until 1860, there

was a gradual growth of prosperity which greatly surpassed that of the preceding period. The vast strides in the science of medicine and the improved habits of living were of such a character as to augment the vitality and reproductive powers of our people. "Throughout this period, the standard of height, of weight, and of chest measurement was steadily rising, with the result that, of the men of all nationalities in the giant army formed to suppress the slaveholder's rebellion, the native American bore off the palm in respect to physical stature." The nation continued to grow in size and strength until foreign immigration began to assume a considerable part of our population. The decrease in our native people was first exhibited, and to the greatest extent, in the states, even in the counties, where most of the immigrants went.

Now comes the question, is it reasonable to assert that foreign immigration checked the increase of the original population. Immigrants flocked in large numbers to this country because of the relative decline in the native class, or else our own people did not increase in numbers, as before, on account of the vast throng of foreign arrivals. But the only true explanation of this great fact, with which we are dealing, must undoubtedly be that the increase of the original population was checked by the great number of foreigners who filled our shores. It would, of course, be absurd to say that the decline in the growth of the native element, at that period, was merely a coincidence. If so, it would be one of the most amazing in all human history. As a matter of fact, statistics show that the rate of increase in our population was smaller when the incoming of foreigners was more rapid.

"All human history shows that the principle of population is intensely sensitive to social and economic changes." If social and ecommic conditions were the same today as then there would be an increase, from one period to another in the native population of our country that would compare quite favorably to that phenomenal increase already mentioned above), which reached the climax between the years of 1820

and 1830. During this decade there was no immigration of any consequence to America and our original element inceased about two hundred and twenty-seven per cent. Such a marvelous increase in any population of considerable size and embracing a vast section, is unparalleled in history. When new social suroundings and economic conditions come about, it is very reasonable to suppose that the population will at once respond to the change.

In the ten years from 1830 to 1840, most members of degraded peasantry came to this country and caused a creation of two different classes in society, and also brought about changes in the economic field, which were destined to produce a great effect upon the population. The habits and customs of these foreigners were at once repnlsive to the nature of Americans. Their standard of living was, of course, by no means up to that of our ancestors. These immigrants were, at best, suited only to the lowest sort of labor.

"Americans shrank alike from the social contact and the economic competition thus created. They became increasingly unwilling to bring forth sons and daughters who should be obliged to compete in the market for labor and in the walks of life with those whom they did not recognize as of their own grade and condition. Habits of luxury were entering to reduce both the disposition and the ability to increase our population."

The character of the vast horde of immigrants coming to the United States today is certainly worth while noting. The immigrants who resorted to our shores over forty years ago came almost wholly from the north and west portions of Europe. By no means were they of the degraded set. They were characterized as a bold and progressive people with plenty of pluck. Not a few of them had enjoyed the luxuries of good homes; numbers of them were refined and educated, having the highest qualities of integrity and ideals of citizenship. But the foreigners now coming to America present a very striking contrast in a number of ways. The majority of them comprise the low order of peasantry

from southern Europe, who are lacking in thrift and whose habits are indeed revolting. The most of these belong to the illiterate class, and are not in touch with our institutions. Not only are they incapable of fully understanding our forms of government, but they are not in thorough accord with our political ideas.

The question whether our country has, as a whole, lost or gained very materially by foreign immigration should be well considered by every loyal patriot. The problems confronting us today are sufficiently serious without being augmented and confused by a vast horde of Poles, Hungarians, South Italians and others. It is time that our social, political and industrial system should be given a rest. Let's "see to it that the republic sustains no harm." Is it not time that the United States should, since we have welcomed more than five millions of foreigners, say to all other countries, "Give us a rest?"

W. T. J. '04.

Wofford College Journal.

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Editorial Department

POWER W BETHEA, Editor.

Our New Business Manager. It was with profound regret a few days ago that the editor received a telegram from the business manager, Mr. L. M. Oliver, announcing his inability to return to college and resume the management of the JOURNAL. We are not certain as to the occasion of his withdrawal from college, but believe, however, it was the ingenius pranks of cupid. Mr. Oliver managed the financial part of the JOURNAL so skillfully that we had come to the conclusion that no one else could take his place. But we have abandoned that idea since the business manager-elect, Mr. I. E. Curry, has assumed its management. That there is no doubt as to his ability may be evidenced by his election to the business department of the Annual, and the JOURNAL will still continue to move on that same high plane that it has heretofore.

Bryan to Lecture. We are glad to announce that William Jennings Bryan, editor of "The Commoner," and twice a candidate for the presidency will deliver a lecture in the city next Friday evening, Feb. 19, on "The Value of an Ideal." Prof. J. A. Gamewell, Manager of the College Lyceum, has been endeavoring for three years or more to secure the famous Democratic orator on his course, but not until last Saturday afternoon has he been able to arrange the desired schedule when he sent a telegram to the professor stating that he would lecture on the above date.

The students of Converse and Wofford, and indeed, the people of Spartanburg at large, are quite fortunate in being able to hear such a distinguished statesman, and it is with the untiring efforts of Prof. Gamewell that we are able to do so.

The Single Study System. For the last half century the tendency has been for man to specialize. Whether or not many of us view him as a machine as the times demand, there are sufficient analogies between man and an engine to warrant us in drawing certain conclusions in regard to the output from a definite amount of material furnished to the human organization. There is no doubt, the scientists tell us, that the brain is a receptacle of impressions which it can produce when properly stimulated. Now certain work must be done, that is, physical energy must be spent to make an impression on any kind of material. An impression on a rock can be made only by repeated blows of a hammer. Every one knows full well that a child—or one with the strength of a child—can efface a mountain if he will only persevere. No matter how difficult the task it can be easily overcome by continued action. It is almost impossible to make a German dent on one's brain if he rushes from a recitation in mathematics to a recitation in German and then flies to a lecture in French, and finally ends with two or three hours in labratory. We see commensurable photo-

graphs of our dignified seniors, and indeed of every class in college, but who will present us with adequate representations of the brains of students who have on their schedules for the week Math., French, German, Latin, Greek and Science? The interior photographs would be blurred and confused beyond recognition, while the exterior ones present a clear, lucid appearance which at first sight are easily distinguishable.

Some years ago a single study college was established in the up country of this State, and from all reports has met with remarkable success. Its prime principle consists in taking up one study at the time and finishing it before inaugurating another. We who are reared in the shade of a complicated college are attempted to laugh at such an experiment, but there are some characteristics which are worth while. It is a rare case to find a student who can read with fluency a French work on Physical science although he has studied that language throughout his college course. Had the same student been in a French village only three months he would have been able to speak French, understand others and read French newspapers. As a matter of fact in this case the environments are very favorable for obtaining a command of the language, but he will tell you that his success is derived from breathing and eating in French atmosphere. There is not a moment in the day that he is not reminded of a French verb, nor a night if he has them that he dreams in French. But he does not depend wholly upon being in a French town, he attends a French school where no other language but that is spoken. Suppose the same had taken up his residence in a frontier town where French is spoken on one side the river and German on the other, and he had tried to obtain a command of both languages in six months or even a year. There is no doubt as to his absolute failure. Now most of our colleges tend to give us a smattering of all subjects; in fact, they open the book of knowledge, show us what there is in it and how delightful it would be at some future time to acquire a good knowledge of the various subjects presented.

But we hear some one say, "You would take away all the mental freshness which a student receives in turning from one subject to another, were he to become a stupid specialist of a single subject." Many remember the pleasure with which they turned from Greek to Math, or from science to the classics, and actually attempt to argue that this relish led to a better assimilation than if they had attacked a single subject at a time. The truth of it is most of us exaggerate in regard to our early education, and are apt to think that all should take a course which may have awakened intellectual curiosity for the first time in our particular case. Thus the mathematical genius would have you study Math, because his having mastered the subject in early youth, has obtained a bull-dog grip upon it which should be the prime object in our education to acquire. If he had studied science as persistingly as he did Math, it is a cock-sure fact that the Math man would have preferred science instead. We see the identical case manifested in a different light. Often men receive great intellectual food from books which do not strike us as being anything beyond the ordinary.

Mention has been given of the dim and confused impressions which the mind of a student receives when he is subject to several changes of the mental faculties during the day. No one image has made a distinct impression but all are blurred. Nothing can be accomplished without continued and renewed energy and a certain bull-dog grip upon the subject. Where great force is needed, it is much better to invest the majority of strength of the body in a single limb. Indeed everyone is aware that the child with one eye always finds the lost coin. 'Tis this grip that gives the man with one idea such power. The discovery is easily made in athletics. The base-ball player before an inter-collegiate game, does not engage a half hour in swimming nor an hour in playing tennis, but rather concentrates his attention on those exercises which will perfect him in base-ball. Thus the student when brought face to face with the practical problem of winning a victory, does not pursue the same course that would elevate his intellectual faculties. Some one has thus

formulated a physical truth in education; an enduring mental impression requires forcible and repeated blows, and also the element time. The world has known periods of intense devotion to one idea and the result has been a marked one. It is not so important the amount we do as how we do it.

Finally we might consider some advantages of the single study system from a view point of aiding our memory. This faculty can be cultivated only by dwelling on one idea at a time. In photography the best images are produced by the slow plates. Quick plates, 'tis true, catch the fleeting images but the negatives are very thin and blurred. The same can be said of the brain in regard to the storing up of impressions which go to make up the memory. It is only by constant impression on the brain cells that we are able to master a subject. There is no fitter time to make these indentations than when the blood is rich and ripe and the brain is growing, and no fitter place than in our educational institutions. Realizing that the single study system is far superior to the complicated, what better standard could we hold up to our modern schools and colleges?

Exchange Department.

R. O. LAWTON, Editor

In reading over the criticisms of the exchange editors of the various magazines, we have noted with satisfaction and a certain brotherly pride the sincere and frank note that permeates their criticisms—despite the effort on the part of some editors to emphasize the contrary. Our conception of an exchange editor's duty may be different from that of certaln others, but we hold that if a magazine needs drastic criticism--criticism that will wake it up from its state of lethargy—it is the duty of the editor to criticise it in such manner. And on the other hand, if commendation is due, it should not be withheld in a sort of would-be editorial dignity that is characteristic of the small man of importance. There is a certain pessimistic opinion that is being erroneously nourished by certain other editors, whose periodicals seem to have been unconsciously overlooked, which would imply that certain editors vie with one another in editorial pleasantries. Well, these things may be, but as far as we have been able to see, it appears to be a hallucination of the critics' brain rather than a conscious and premeditated purpose of the editors in question. We would suggest, by way of parenthesis, that the divine injunction against judging applies to editors as well as to men.

The Converse Concept for January is up to the high standard that was set in the Christmas number. The issue is exceedingly well dressed, and its contents—most of them—are worthy. "A Life," the first poem, is a beautiful conception, but the meter and rythmic qualities are defective. "The Spirit of the Student" is thoughtful, instructive and entertaining, but chaffy. "How the Wager was Won" is a real good story—and it savors of originality, a rare quality. "Beat the Charge" ; another strong appeal backed up by the stand by, Napoleon. "A Comparative Study of

L'Allegro and Il Pensoroso'' is an essay that is characterized by good thought, careful comparative work, choice English and proportion.

The Literary Beacon, the new magazine that comes from the Welsh Neck High School bids fair to be a success. We take pleasure in offering a few criticisms inspired by kindness and interest. The first essay entitled, ''Longfellow as Compared with Other Poets,'' by its very title would imply that the writer was on speaking terms at least with all poets. Of course one is relieved of that erroneous idea as soon as one reads the first page, but it might be well for the writer to choose a subject not quite so far reaching. As a matter of fact, however, the essay is a good one. ''Hardy Perennials From the Wild'' is a departure—it gives some interestingly helpful dots on landscape gardening. The writer is opportune in his departure. ''Florence vs. Hartsville'' is a poem telling of the inglorious defeat of the former by the latter in a game of baseball played on the latter's diamond. It is a clever thing, too. Of course we are not wafted away on the wings of the poetry that is not in it, but then it is novel and timely.

The Mercerian for February is a fine issue. It has good and solid stuff in it. The first poem, ''Sunset Land,'' has fine thought couched in poetic languge, and it is not merely college verse. ''The Roman Book'' is an elaborate essay on the early difficulties that the Romans had to undergo in the writings of their books. The essay is most helpful and well written. ''The Great Indian Spirit'' is a solid story with no foolishness about it. The next poem is a translation from ''Beowulf,'' the great Anglo-Saxon Epic. The translation is opportune, and while there are mistakes in it, still it is good for a college student, for we know by painful experience what it means to give a good translation of the great Epic without the aid of *horse sense.*

The January number of *The Clemson College Chronicle* is a very fine issue. It is neatly bound, and has some remarkably good stuff inside. ''My New Year Prayer'' is a poem

that is worthy of being put to music, so rhythmic is its verse and good its thought. "A Wholesome Lesson" is indeed wholesome. It is a clear and timely story, entirely original. A fellow by the name of Lawton is taught a lesson or two. The story is well developed. "Down, Mars! Up Pegas!" has a very peculiar title, but it is well written. While we do not agree with the writer in his protestations against an increase in the naval power of the United States still his points are well taken, and there is thought in his remarks. Our personal opinion is that when the nations are at war and the battle flag is unfurled and the war drums are throbbing it is time for the countries to look to their navies. The next poem entitled "To——" suggests by its title an apology for a poem, but after reading it we came to the conclusion that it is one of the best we have read this year. There is something indescribably attractive and catching about it that wins us in a stanza. Again we wish to congratulate the *Chronicle* editors upon the excellent issue and the high type of literary work.

There was a crowd, there were three—
The maid, the parlor lamp and he;
Two's company, so, no doubt,
That's why the parlor lamp went out.

Billy looked at Polly—
O, what a pretty miss;
He stole a little nearer,
Then bashfully stole——away.

We have heard something. A Freshie was out driving with a lady:

She—"My hands are cold."

He—"Sit on them, that's the way I do when mine get cold."

She—(After a painful pause) "Nobody loves me."

He—"God does. God loves everybody."

Lives of great men all remind us
We should avoid these awful marriages,
And, departing, leave behind us
Automobiles instead of baby carriages.

She talked about economy
(He wondered why her haste),
But well she might, for all unknown,
His arm had gone to waist.

He—Don't you think this bench would be more comfortable if it had a back?

She—I think arms would make it just as comfortable.

Alumni Department.

E. A. McWhirter Editor.

CLASS OF 1899.

H. J. Brabham holds the position of assistant cashier of the Bamberg Banking Co. at Bamberg, S. C.

W. R. Crum, is in the general merchandise business at Rowesville, but will soon become a cotton broker in Columbia

G. E. Edwards is preaching at Pelzer, S. C.

R. J. Geddes of Spartanburg, is in the electrical business. His address is 29 West 65th St., New York city.

J. P. Gray is farming about five miles north of Woodruff, S. C.

W. T. Magness of Gaffney, S. C., is travelling salesman for The Mountain City Milling Co., of Chattanooga, Tenn.

H. S. Parnell is book-keeper for his father-in-law, Mr. J. J. Rowe, a merchant of Batesburg, S, C.

H. V. Stribling, the artist of the class, is now engaged in Hydraulic engineering with the firm of Ladshaw and Ladshaw of this city.

Ernest Wiggins is superintendent of the graded school at Kingstree, S. C.

CLASS OF 1898.

J. C. Allen has a flourishing school in Florida.

M. V. Bennett is one of the teachers of the West End graded school of Spartanburg.

I. C. Blackwood represents Spartanburg county in the

House of Representatives. He is a member of the law firm of Blackwood and Phifer of this city.

Gabe Cannon has the position of assistant cashier in the Merchants and Famers Bank of Spartanburg.

J. W. W. Daniel will receive his M. A. degree at Vanderbuilt University this June.

L. L. Dantzler, after taking a post graduate course at Vanderbuilt, is teaching in Tenn.

C. E. Dobson has been connected with the U. S. census bureau; is now principal of the graded school at Kershaw.

R. R. Goodwin of Augusta, Ga., is in the real estate business of that city.

I. W. Gray has an interest in the mercantile firm of W. S. Gray and son of Woodruff, S. C.

R. A. Hannon is teaching school at New Prospect about 20 miles north of Spartanburg.

D. T. Kinard teaches at Lykesland in Richland county.

R. A. Law, of Spartanburg, is now studying at Harvard University. His address is 30 Irving St., Cambridge, Mass.

C. H. Leitner is managing his father's plantation near Marion, S. C.

O. W, Leonard, who graduated with honors from the University of Maryland two years ago, is now practicing medicine here.

J. R. T. Major is principal of the Bennettsville Graded School, Bennettsville, S. C.

J. C. Moore, of McCalls, is practicing medicine in that town.

J. P. McCreary has a good practice in dentistry at St. Georges, S. C.

J. K. Owens teaches in the Denmark Graded School, and is also reading law.

W. M. Owings has been teaching school since graduation, but is now merchandising and farming at Rapley. S. C.

J. C. Rogers is cashier of The Peoples Bank, of Bishopville, S. C.

J. R. Walker, of Pineville, N. C., is teaching school in his native State.

J. B. Wiggins is principal of the Waxhaw Institute, Waxhaw, N. C.

Y. M. C. A.

EDWARD K. HARDIN, Jr., Editor.

An Appeal to Us.

Juiz de Fora, Minas, Brazil.
Dec. 26. 1903.

To the Members of the Y. M. C. A. of Wofford College, Spartanburg, So. Ca.

Dear Young Brethren:—

I salute you as fellow-workers in the Kingdom of our Blessed Master. It is a great comfort and help to us out on the frontier to know that many back at home sympathize with us and are holding us up with their prayer and their offerings.

I wish not only to acknowledge the $53 forwarded to me through Mrs. Tarboux, and to inform you of the use to which it was put, but also to try and direct your sympathies and offerings in the future to a very definite and important object.

The Juvenile Leagues of our Conference (called out here "Joias de Christa") have taken up the support of the converted priest, in favor of whom I appealed when in the States.

We are now making a desperate effort to prepare an educated ministry for Brazil. We have at the Granbery at present twelve young men studying for the ministry. They are promising young fellows. The great difficulty is to keep them at school. They are all poor; some had to give up their employment to come to the College. The Annual Conference has made an assessment on the churches which will be sufficient to pay the board of five young men. The scholarship given by the gentleman who was assassinated two years ago will pay the board of another. That leaves six, who are struggling under great difficulties to remain at school. The Granbery charges these young men the actual cost of their food for board. Our school is doing so much bencficiary work that it is almost impossible for us

to keep our heads above water. In view of these facts, I have used the $53 in helping to pay the board of these students for the ministry.

And I now suggest and request that the Y. M. C. A. of Wofford establish a scholarship of $100 a year for the board of a student for the ministry at the Granbery. I have just received a letter from one of our lady missionaries at Ribeirao Preto which I enclose to you. From it you can appreciate some of our circumstances out here. Sr. Attilio's father died some time ago. He was going to the mission school in Ribeirao Preto which was under the direction of Sr. Brento Braga, the young Brazilian whom Bishop Granbery took to the States and kept for several years at Randolph Macon. The yellow fever came a year ago, and among hundreds of others his teacher, Sr. Rento, and his mother died. Our missionary ladies, closing the girls' school entered as voluntary nurses the fever hospital, and for months aided the government physicians to battle against this terrible scourge. They are now looked upon in all that section as heroines, which they are. But to the point. The eldest sister of Sr. Attilio was so anxious that her brother should continue at school, especially as he wants to preach, that she begged Miss Stewart to write to me about him. What could I do but take him for the bare cost of his food? But even that with his clothes and books is more than the sister can carry. He is a good student and a promising young man. The Granbery is trying to carry five others like him, and to help a number of others (poor boys) to get an education, but our grocery bill and professors' salaries run up faster than we can pay them. Cannot, will not, the Y. M. C. A. of Wofford raise one hundred dollars a year for a scholarship at the Granbery? With this we can pay the board of one poor student for the ministry. We will select a good case; give you his name; send you a copy of his reports; and keep you posted as to his development, intellectual, moral and spiritual.

The young man, about whom Miss Stewart writes, is a worthy case. His name is Attilio Faria, age 17, tall, graceful looking young fellow, in 2nd year of Gymnasim, ought to graduate in

June of 1908. I mail to you a copy of our catalogue, The Granbery will have in two years or less the right to confer the degree of A. B. The cut gives a part of the old building as well as the nice new one. A few weeks ago the Gen. Sec. of the Y. M. C. A. in Brazil came up and organized a Y. M. C. A. in the Granberry, the 3rd College Association in South America.

Praying God's blessing upon you all and your work for our Common Lord and Savior

I remain,

Yours fraternally,

J. W. TARBOUX.

—

RIBIRAO PRETO,

DEC. 18, 1903.

Dear Bro. Tarboux:—

Enclosed you will find order for $10 on Atillios account, and $1 you will please give him as Christmas present from me.

We were well pleased with the results of his examination and trust he will continue to do well.

Do you think there is any possible chance of his getting a scholarship next year? On $35 per month it is hard for his sister who has two sisters besides herself to help. One of the sisters is now in Priacicaba and the other is with us, and the girl is trying to do all she can for each.

I hear that your school is doing well and I rejoice with you. If the yellow fever does not return I expect a full school next year. Our ferias commenced on the 8th inst. and will continue until Feb. 1st.

With kindest regards and best wishes for a Merry Christmas

I am very truly,

ADA MAY STEWART.

—

The above letters speak for themselves. The appeal comes directly to us. What shall we do? Are we able to send the hundred dollars? Looking at the question calmly and thoughtfully we are forced to the conclusion that we are able—able to support two or three Brazilian students. It *must* be done. Let us all pull together and it *shall* be done.

Local Department

SIMPSON F. CANNON, Editor

"MARO."

The largest crowd that has ever attended an engagement of the Wofford College Lyceum, greeted Maro, the magician, on Tuesday evening, February 2nd, in Converse College auditorium. The audience was not only startled and amazed during the performance but throughout it was kept in an uproar of laughter.

The entertainment was divided into three parts, and part second was given up entirely to Maro specialties. The Saxophone quartette was grand and brought forth encore after encore. The Gogglepeg, or the one stringed instrument was the feature of the evening. The Javaphone, which we will not attempt to explain, was no doubt the greatest wonder we have ever seen in the musical line. Four men played on these chimes and the music which they brought forth is beyond description.

The other two parts of the programme were equally as good. He held the audience spell-bound during the entire evening and his influence over it was remarkable. Captain Petty has taken his place unchallenged for the most wonderful feature of act the third.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On Friday evening, February 5th, the fifth oratorical contest took place in the auditorium. Dr. J. S. Watkins opened the evening with prayer after which Mr. J. C. Candler from the Calhoun society opened the contest. His subject was "The Right Spirit Will Solve the Race Problem." The other speakers followed as below.

Mr. E. K. Hardin, Jr., "The Reign of Lawlessness."

Mr. C. L. Smith, "Another Cry for Macedonia."

Mr. W. D. Burnett, "American Progress."

Mr. J. H. Hamel, "A Man Wanted."

All the speeches were exceptionally good and did much credit to the speakers as well as to the college and societies: Mr. E. K. Hardin was winner with Mr. J. C. Candler as second. The Prestons feel highly gratified as this is the first time that they have had the honor of winning it.

After the speaking was over a splendid reception was held in the two society halls which was very much enjoyed.

CAMPUS NOTES.

The date for the celebration of the anniversary of Benjamin Wofford's birthday has been set for February 26th. The regular date is the 22nd, but for several reasons it was thought best to postpone it for a few days. Mr. A. C. Daniel, Jr., will represent the Calhoun society and Mr. W. C. Herbert the Preston.

The Preston society has elected Mess. J. H. Hamel and J. P. Kilgo as speakers on the annual debate between the two societies. Mr. W. D. Roberts will preside.

Among those who have been on the sick list during the past month we note the following: Messrs. Creighton, Covington, Harris, McCollough and Hardin.

The following gentlemen have been elected by the Calhoun society to serve as officers during the ensuing term. President, J. A. McIntyre; Vice-President, T. C. Turner; First Critic, P. W. Bethea; J. P. Lane, Second Critic; S. F. Cannon, First Censor; Recording Secretary, W. L. Glaze; Second Censor, J. W. McCollough; Third Critic, E. F. Brigham; Corresponding Secretary, J. D. Garlington, Jr.

The annual staff is composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. R. O. Lawton, J. P. Lane, M. W. Brabham, M. A. Connelly, J. C. Candler, Ingram Wilson from the Calhoun society. Messrs. I. E. Curry, C. L. Smith, A. D. Betts, W. D. Roberts, J. C. Guilds and Ramond Speigner from the Preston society.

Dr. A. B. Cooke of the modern language department has gone to the German Hospital in Philadelphia for treatment. He has been in failing health for some time, but it is hoped that he will return in a few weeks very much improved.

The prospects for a good baseball team at Wofford were never better than they are this year. The amount of new material is really surprising to the old men and especially to the men who are playing for their old places. They find that they will have to hustle to retain their old positions. Captain Burnett has gone in to win this year and everybody knows that when "Buck" gets interested in a thing that something good is sure to result therefrom. So let every man of us assist him in putting out the best team Wofford has ever had. Let us hold up the "Old Gold and Black" and never let her go down in defeat on our account.

The following men have been appointed to serve as the reception committee for this session: Mr. J. W. Boyd, chairman, Messrs. W. L. Glaze, F. B. Moore and J. T. Harris, Jr., from the Calhoun society, and Messrs. J. P. Kilgo, O. M. Mitchell and S. L. Prince from the Preston. This committee is a very important one and their appointment was looked forward to with much interest.

Mr. Paul Brown has been elected monthly orator from the Calhoun society for the month of March.

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Wofford College Journal

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Literary Department

E. L, ALL. Editor.

Another Cry From Macedonia.

[Oration delivered in Inter-Society Contest, 1904.]

The Balkan Peninsula, with its adjacent territory, has been the battle ground of the ages. Here armies have met in the shock of battle, and the thunder of a thousand conflicts has reverberated from sea to sea. Here time and time again the flood-tide of Eastern civilization, seeking to enter Europe, has been stayed and hurled back upon itself. Here Miltiades met the marshalled armies of Persia and crowned the Athenians with the glory of Marathon. Here Leonidas and his Spartan band checked the myriad hosts of Xerxes on the bloody field of Thermopylæ. Here Russian and Turk engaged in deadly combat, and when the smoke had cleared away from Plevna 40,000 lay dead upon the field. Yet, after all these centuries of battle, and blood, and storm, no rainbow of promise spans the dismal scene, no ray of hope penetrates the gloom.

The flood of the centuries has swept on leaving the Balkan Peninsula stranded in its ebb. This unfortunate land once knew a higher civilization, once had possibilities of mighty achievement, but each succeeding wave of conquest has deposited its silt and left the country buried in the mire of internal race hatred and religious fanaticism.

Uncertainty and unrest rule in the Balkans to-day. The state of affairs existing throughout Macedonia—so-called—is beyond description. The reading public, deceived so often by sensational newspaper reports, refuses to believe that the prolonged tragedy is of such terrible consequence. And yet these reports are confirmed by travelers, diplomatic officials and missionaries. Indeed, it seems that the half has not been told. Details of barbarity too hideous to mention are

repressed, else humanity would rush to arms. It is estimated that during the present uprising more than 30,000 people have been slaughtered in West Macedonia alone, and as many more are hiding in the mountains and forest, many dying from cold and hunger. Women and children are to be seen plodding through the snow with bare and bleeding feet, voluntarily seeking this alternative to a death more horrible. The lurid glare of burning homes lights up the heavens and attracts attention to the awful carnage. To the cry of the babe snatched from its mother's arms and put to the sword is added a sharper cry from a deeper cause of woe. If in Rama there was a voice heard, Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not, what must be the anguish in the mother's soul who not only beholds the murder of her innocent babe but must also witness the unspeakable indignities heaped upon her older children?

The present trouble did not begin yesterday. It goes back five hundred years when the Turk first invaded Europe and defeated King Lazar on the bloody field of Kossova. Ever since that day the Mussulman has ruled over a greater or smaller part of Europe. Had it not been for the courageous resistance of John Sobiesky, King of Poland, in raising the seige of Vienna, Mohammedanism might have swept over all the continent and retarded the coming of Christ's kingdom for centuries. It was European jealousy and intrigue that made the advance of the Turk possible at that time, and it is the same jealousy that keeps him north of the Bosphorous today. In 1878 Russia had practically expelled the Turk from Europe, but England, Austria and Germany, vetoing in part the treaty of San Stefano, again consigned the Macedonian to the tender mercies of the Moslems. The peninsula has been compared to a chess board on which Abdul-Hamid is playing a shrewd and successful game. Though weak and inefficient, he is skillful enough to play off one great power against another and thus maintain his sway in southern Europe.

The motives actuating the Powers to-day may be briefly

summed up: Russia desires above all things to gain an outlet to the Mediterranean; England's chief object is to thwart this desire. Austria wishes Salonica as a sea-port, and German interests are involved in large loans to the Sultan. Among so many varied and conflicting interests the Macedonian finds himself held fast. No nation involved seems capable of subordinating self-interests to the universal good, and meanwhile the Turk works his will on the defenseless Christians.

But, say you, are not the Balkan inhabitants, themselves, given over to jealousy, hatred and revenge? True, too true! But let us imagine ourselves in the place of this suffering people. Would we, under similar circumstances, exercise greater self-control? When devastating bands descend upon us with fire and sword, laying waste our fields, desecrating our homes, and robbing us of that which we hold dearer than life itself, do we not rise in all the power of outraged manhood and seek a terrible revenge? Yea, Yea! In the presence of one act of violence against our homes we hunt down the criminal and consider no mode of death an adequate punishment for such a crime.

All are agreed that the present state of affairs in Macedonia cannot continue, but opinions differ as to the solution of the problem. It is needless to talk about reforms. These people have been fed on husks so long that they have absolutely no faith in the empty promises of the Sultan or the pledges of Europe. All reform measures for a century having proved a delusion and a snare, in sheer desperation they have risen in revolt. By contact with other nations they have come to realize how deep is their degradation, and with this has come a corresponding knowledge of their needs and their rights. Is it strange, then, that they should resort to revolution to satisfy these needs and to establish these rights? No, it is not strange that out of their hearts should come a burning indignation and a bursting enthusiasm that sweeps on into fanatical warfare and terrible revenge. Talk not of reform to these people! They have drunk the cup of bitter-

ness to the very dregs and have now devoted themselves "strenuously, resistlessly, persistently" to independence.

If reform measures are a failure, how, then, is the problem to be solved? To us the only rational solution is that suggested recently in the *North American Review*. What if the writer does immediately dismiss it as impractical because of the jealousy of the Powers? That a great federated Nation could be formed out of the petty Balkan States is not beyond the logic of reason or the possibility of accomplishment. That there are difficulties in the way no one will deny, but they are not greater than those overcome by other nations in recent history.

The great majority of the people inhabiting these states belong to the Slav race and doubtless could be successfully united under a strong federated government. We are fully aware that the anti-Slav element is considered an insurmountable difficulty in the way of consolidation, but those who so look at it seem to forget the lessons of history. Does not the government of Switzerland show how a free and stable nation can be formed out of widely differing elements? Here we see Germans, Frenchmen and Italians united in promoting the common good of their republic. Again, what could have been more bitter than the terrible strife existing between England and Scotland until they became united under one sovereign? Had their present relations been predicted during the centuries of border wars who would have believed the report? Yet, we see the Scotchman to-day as proud of the great Empire's glorious sway as is anyone born south of the Tweed or Cheviot Hills.

Russia would probably be the only power to oppose the establishment of a strong nation in South-Eastern Europe, and united action on the part of the other nations would make her opposition ineffectual. Indeed, the interests of civilization demand that Russia's plans be thwarted. Every one knows that the government at St. Petersburg has its eyes on Constantinople and is only awaiting a convenient season to seize it as her prize. In 1878 Russia was reduced by the war through which she had just passed and was in

no position to insist on the ratification of the treaty of San Stefano, but now she is lengthening her tent ropes and making broad her borders day by day.

Her resistless ambition is seen in her treatment of China and Japan abroad, and her recent revoking at home of the liberties solemnly guaranteed to Finland. It is worth while for all Europe to see that Russia is checked in her southward advance, and nothing would so effectually accomplish this as a strong buffer state in the Balkan Peninsula. For two reasons no time could be more propitious for forming such a state than the present. First, the terrible outrages in Macedonia give cause for interference; and second, Russia is absorbed in her Eastern troubles and could not afford to engage in a European war so long as Japan maintains her threatening attitude.

Do you ask what special reasons there are for alarm at Russia's advancement? The answer is at hand. Russia stands for ignorance, not enlightenment; for absolutism, not democracy; for tyranny, not freedom. The people are nothing, the Czar is everything. Wherever his power is extended liberty yields to despotism, and the conquered people lose all. This view of it brings the Balkan question home to all peoples and makes it not a local but a world-wide problem.

In view of all that has been said, what is the duty of Christian Nations? Shall misery, and chains, and degradation worse than death still be the portion of this people? Shall they still bow beneath the Turkish yoke, or shall they be delivered from its cruelty only to endure Russian tyranny? Are we to-day less responsible to hear and heed the call that comes from Macedonia than was the messenger of peace who, nineteen centuries ago, saw the vision of Troas, heard the cry, "Come over and help us," and immediately crossed the Aegan Sea with his message of light and life? Let the Christian Nations of Europe heed the despairing cry that comes to-day and go not in the spirit of retaliation but in the exercise of a broad philanthropy which will be beneficial to Christian and Moslem alike. Let them not go as avengers of wrong, but to settle once and for all this ever-recurring ques-

tion, to bring peace to a people long oppressed by war that here, at last, in the land made sacred by the memories of Marathon and Thermopylæ, the sun of liberty may once more rise and shine until every valley and hill-top is bathed in the light of freedom; that these people, too, may join in the onward march of civilization toward that goal of the centuries when the nations shall beat their swords into plowshares, and the angel choir shall announce the coming of the Prince of Peace.

C. L. SMITH.

Pete.

"Talk about heroism and self-sacrifice," said Col. Pike to a crowd of commercial travelers who were 'spinning yarns' in the lobby of the New Argyle some days ago, "I followed Hampton four years in Virginia and guess I saw about as many deeds of daring as the next one, but the noblest thing I ever saw was connected in no way with military heroism.

"The winter of 1863 witnessed one of the severest blizzards on record in western Virginia. Late one afternoon the wind began to blow with fearful rapidity, the scurrying clouds grew thicker and thicker and thicker, and in less than a half hour from the first indication of the storm a blinding snow began to fall. This lasted only a short time but meanwhile the wind blew colder and colder.

"We were out on a scouting expedition and stopped at a farm house to spend the night. In the Virginia homes we were always received with warm welcome, but tonight were met at the gate by a woman who seemed to be frantic with grief. 'My child, my child!' she sobbed. Seeing that she could not control herself sufficiently to tell the cause of her distress, we accompanied her into the house and from her mother learned the story.

"The two women, a child four years old, and a little half-idiot negro boy were the only people on the place. The father of the child was in Lee's army, and, like thousands of other Southern soldiers, had left his family unprotected."

"Just before the storm came on the child had wandered from the house and could not be found. When they discovered its absence the mother and Pete set out in search, each going in an opposite direction. The grandmother was too feble to leave her room. Soon the storm broke in all its fury and the distracted mother, having continued her search until almost frozen, was forced to return home. Shortly afterward our party came up and was informed of what had transpired.

"Separating in pairs we made circuits in every direction. The search was continued until late in the night. Our shouts had resounded through the mountain glens with mocking echos, for no reply came from either Pete or the child, nor could we by the dim light of the stars discern a single footprint in the snow. Having given up all hope we returned to the farm house to spend the remainder of the night.

"Though entirely exhausted by our long march and the trying search, at first I found it impossible to sleep. When I chanced to doze for a few moments I seemed to hear the wail of a child in anguish and would wake only to find that it was the shrieking wind. By and by I slept soundly and dreamed that I saw a negro boy fighting against the storm and at the same time a pair of little white arms clinging around his dusky neck. Morning came at last and with the first light we were again out on our search.

"I, in company with a big burly Irishman named Kirby, took the direction in which the negro boy had gone the evening before. Our path led along a mountain stream for a half mile or more and then struck across a wide open field. When we reached the center of the clearing my companion stopped and call my attention to what seemed to be tracks almost filled with snow. As we advanced they became plainer and plainer as if made when the snow had almost ceased to fall. Just as we reached the forest beyond the field we again discovered other and smaller tracks filled with snow just as were the first of the larger ones. Then we knew that we were on the right trail. Pete had found the tracks of the child and was following him.

"Suddenly the little tracks turned back as if going to meet some one and after that the trail no longer made the appearance of one person following after another, but of two persons walking side by side. From the regular distance between the tracks one could readily see that the persons who made them were walking hand in hand. We also noticed that the tracks began to wind more and more as if the wanderers were becoming uncertain of the way. Evidently they were beginning to realize that they were lost. Then, to our surprise, the smaller tracks ceased altogether, but the larger ones continued. For the first time since we discovered the trail the Irishman spoke. 'Faith,' said he, 'and sure it's the nager that's carrying the baby.' A philosopher of less sagacity than Kirby possessed could easily see that the child had become exhausted from cold and weariness and that little Pete was bearing him in his arms. Round and round went the trail, sometimes crossing and recrossing itself, then striking out in a straight course as if sure of the way. Finally we came near a large chestnut log with the snow brushed off where the trail crossed over but beyond which we saw no tracks.

"I can never describe the feelings of horror with which I approached that log, knowing as I did that on the opposite side must be the objects of our search. Many nights afterwards, when I slept on the field of battle, with dead and dying men around me, have my dreams been haunted, not with the din and noise of combat, but by the picture which I there beheld set in its frame of pure white snow. Close under the log the child, wrapped head and ears in the little negroes coat, slept as soundly as if in its own mother's arms. Even the waistcoat of the idiot slave was wrapped around the child. Pete, with nothing but his rough homespun shirt to protect him, had turned his back to the cruel elements and with his shoulder and knees against the log had made almost a perfect screen for his little master."

"Kirby was not a man given to quoting scripture, but brushing away two large tears which had escaped him, he said, 'Captain, don't the Book say something about greater

love hath no man than this?' I repeated, 'Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friend?' 'That's it, that's it,' he replied, and then more to himself than to me, he added, 'And he was only a nager, too.'

"The child could not understand why Pete did not awake, but without attempting to explain, after helping Kirby to place the lifeless body across his saddle, I took the child in my arms and all proceeded to the house in silence. We detailed two men to give the body burial and continued on our way. The fortunes of war never led me to that section again, but I have often wondered what became of the child."

A middle aged man who had listened to the story with great interest, rushed from his seat and seizing Col. Pike's hand, exclaimed: "I was that child, *I* was *that* child!" Then he told how after growing up to young manhood he had gone west to seek his fortune, but a few weeks before had returned to his old home, and while there had erected a nice monument over the grave of the little idiot slave.

"77."

Rational Treatment of Criminals.

[Anniversary Oration from Calhoun Society.]

The life of a nation is revealed in her institutions. The industries tell of her material progress, the colleges and universities stand for her intellectual attainment, the church with all its branches reveals the religious sentiment of the people; while the prisons tell of the social corruption and depravity. The manner in which the criminal, the diseased part of society, is treated is as much an index to the true life of a people as the fine edifices of art, as the extensive schools, or as the magnificent systems of industry.

Today the most alarming fact which meets the eyes of the student of social conditions is that of the enormous increase in crime. Crime is now at the flood-tide. So threatening has become the situation that we look with anxious eyes for the ebb. Since 1850 the criminal class of our country has

increased several hundred per cent. Fifty-five per cent. of the released criminals relapse again into criminal pursuits. Something must be done to relieve the situation. What can we do to check the on-rushing tide and quiet the troubled waters which may batter down the very foundation of our government?

It may seem a paradox when I say that our modern method of dealing with the criminal is one of the chief factors in creating and sustaining the criminal class. Yet this is a fact, and as a fact we must face it as best we can.

Without mentioning the evils of our devices for detecting crime and the many abuses of the court, let me point out the most prominent faults of penal punishment and of our prisons.

There is in us an instintive feeling that those doing wrong ought to suffer for it. This natural feeling in ages gone by prompted those who had the general good at heart to inflict punishment for each evil deed committed. Death, burning at the stake, breaking on the wheel, and every other torturing, brutalizing doom was awaiting the social offender. What horrible scenes were then enacted in the name of retributive justice! Though the new light of advancing civilization has blotted out of our minds even a thought of such inhuman torture, there remains with us the spirit of those same acts. We hold in our minds an idea that punishment is the proper method for holding in check the on-coming tide of criminality. This is erroneous. The spirit of retributive justice is wrong. Society says, "Hate thy enemy and persecute him." Christ has told us to love our enemies; to bless them that curse us; and to do good to them that hate us. Again society says, "Overcome evil with fear and torture." The Bible teaches us to overcome evil with good. Even if the spirit of retributive justice were right, who can sit in the judge's seat and deal out justice in its sacred entirety? What mortal man can look down into the bottom of a man's heart and see the motive that prompted him to do a certain deed? Or, who can know the exact social conditions of an accused one in order to give him strict justice? Since

it is evident that retributive justice is alone in the hands of the all-seeing One, we must abandon it and seek a new way to accomplish our end.

In formulating a theory for the betterment of criminal conditions in our country, it is necessary for us to bear in mind that punishment alone will not blot out crime. The only method of alleviating that fearful disease is by the redemption of our criminal class. Every effort must be made to reform those who are guilty of criminal offence. Love must be the prompting motive; discipline, education, and inspiration the method.

In order to put this theory into practice, and to get from it the best results, our prisons must be constructed on a different plant, the present form of sentence for the guilty must be done away with, and our method of prison labor must be reformed.

Our modern jail has been called the school of crime, the recruiting station for the criminal army. Lyman Abbott says, "The convict comes out of prison no better than when he went in; he comes out of jail a great deal worse." The first does not teach the fundamental principles of virtue and the latter drills him in crime. This school has its teachers specially gifted, its pupils with an inclination toward crime, and a place to meet. The comparatively innocent boy through his ignorance, youthful recklessness, or the influence of evil companions is led into the violation of the law. Immediately he is seized and cast into a cell often with some hardened criminal or perhaps with a drunken brute. Here he is taught the lessons of the most serious crime. There are poured into his youthful ears tales of successful criminal deeds. Thus an impress is made upon his plastic mind which can never be blotted out and which often proves the weight that pulls him headlong into a life of crime. The remedy for this evil is clearly seen. Instead of the cells being arranged so as to allow free communication to go on between the prisoners, each cell must be completely shut off from the other. Absolute seclusion broken only by the visits of the proper officials or authorized visitors gives opportunity to

the prisoner for reflection upon his past life and gives the teachings and efforts of the appointed wardens greater influence for good.

Today we find the courts sending each criminal to prison to serve a definite term. This reminds me of a doctor sending a patient to the hospital to be treated for a certain disease stating the exact time for him to come out. The criminal is the diseased part of society and he is sent to prison. Why is he confined within the frowning walls of such an institution? To protect society? Yes, but the main purpose ought to be to purge his veins of such infecting blood. The social offender ought to be kept in prison under treatment till his social health is so amended that his freedom would not hazard the life or property of the citizens. This system, besides protecting society against the imprudent liberation of dangerous criminals, would protect those prisoners whose sentences might be too severe or undeservedly long. For every crime committed the problem of punishment ought not to be to measure out a particular dose as being proportionate to the moral guilt of the criminal, but the length of each term should depend upon the particular breach of law or inflicted injury, and upon the personal characteristics of the criminal. If by proper training and instruction he is capable of being fitted to resume his title of citizenship, then it is natural and right for him again to breathe the air of freedom; if he can not be so amended, then freedom ought to be denied him.

For a long time it has been a problem to prison experts to decide what the prisoners ought to be engaged in while in confinement. Some even advocated no work at all for the criminal. The evil of that plan is clearly seen. Under such a system the prison might be called the public hotel where no charge is made for food and shelter. There the hardened criminal could occupy his cell thinking over and planning his next great work. With an apology to men of such a calling, we might liken the idle prisoner to some great artist in his studio studying what is to be his masterpiece. The importance of work is fast being recognized by the civilized

countries of the world, though it is looked on as being a great economic help to the State. This purpose ought to be subordinate to that more important one of reforming the criminal. Work is necessary in order to keep the unoccupied mind from brooding over its evil thoughts and animal appetites which can only hatch out criminal deeds.

Since the redemption of the criminal class is to be the first and foremost purpose of our prison endeavors, manual, mental, and moral training is necessary. The physical body must first be developed, for often the prisoner is ill-fed and diseased, and his ailments render him unfit for growth along the higher lines of life. When physically he is able to stand the strain of manual labor, he must then be given over to hard work. Such labor lays a broader foundation for the development of skill in special directions; it awakens the dullard to increased quickness of mental activity; and it enables the passionate and ungovernable to restrain and direct their impulses of temper and appetite. When this firm foundation has been laid, then the prisoner must be taught some occupation so that when he is discharged he can rise above the life of crime by being able to assume and to hold a decent position in the industrial world.

We often hear it asserted by narrow-minded persons that the criminal ought not to be given literary instruction. Some say that it only helps him in planning and carrying out his criminal deeds. In this remark there is a faint light of truth, but this light fades away under the redeeming brightness shed upon the diseased part of society by such instruction as the silent moon does under the brilliant light of the sun. Literary instruction is of the greatest importance, for men are influenced to better living by multiplying their higher interests and by taking off as far as possible their attention from the cravings of their debasing appetites. Such training is a tool invaluable in economic efforts as well as being highly influential in quickening the higher centers of the brain and in creating in the heart of man a fortress against the evils and tempations of life.

In suggesting a method of treatment for the criminal, the

influence of Christian societies is worthy of a prominent place. While the fundamental strength of manhood is being nourished by the discipline and instruction of the prison activities, the higher nature must be appealed to. Self-respect, ambition, and hope must be awakened in the breast of the suffering patient. What nobler work can the Christian do than the rescueing of a criminal from the firm, tenaceous clutch of crime and vice? This agency, through love and tenderness for the downfallen humanity, can do more to kindle a spark of the true life in the strong bosom of the social offender than can the prison discipline or the regular sermons of the chaplain. Thus in the noble work of redeeming our criminal class the State and the church must go hand in hand.

A. C. DANIEL, JR.

A Debt Unpaid.

[Anniversary Oration from Preston Socieiy.]

There hangs a debt over our country, not recorded in the national account books, but nevertheless a debt. Scarcely is the interest being paid. May 25th, 1803, is the date of its beginning, and the citizens of Boston were the first involved. Little did they then realize how much they were to owe him who came into their midst that day; but on the date that marked the cycle of a hundred years we find the citizens of his native town joined by those of other cities, especially in our sister States of the North, celebrating the centennial of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Assembly halls re-echoed words of praise, our magazines were filled wlth articles on his life and works, and friends, not only in our own land but throughout all English-speaking nations, silently rejoiced as they thought for a few moments of the beautiful life of this true American. But why should he be remembered? Why so great a celebration last May? What do we owe him? Would that we might realize even a very small part of this debt! Our purpose this evening is to suggest something of what this debt is.

Emerson's boyhood was marked by a seriousness which separated him from his playmates and seemed to place him already in that long line of earnest, fervent ministers from whom he descended. Dr. Furness, his life-long friend, says: "I don't think he was ever engaged in boys' plays; not because of any physical disability, but simply because from his earliest years he dwelt in a higher sphere." Books and school came early in the Emerson family. A short while before his son was three years old, the Rev. William Emerson is somewhat disappointed that "Ralph does not read very well, yet." Poverty, too, had its effect on this young life. The little fellow must have felt the hardship of having to share his overcoat alternately with his brother through a New England winter, but, to use his own words, "The angels that dwelt with them, and were weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, were Toil, and Want, and Truth, and Mutual Faith." The prayer of his grandfather that no descendant of his might ever have wealth was being answered.

His diploma from Harvard was well earned by four years of ceaseless toil and hard study, for he was no exceptionally brilliant scholar. School teaching was the only open door for the young man just then, but we are told that his scholars derived more benefit from the personality of their teacher than from their text-books. Next, young Emerson, following the example of his father, entered the ministry; but, though he had the inherited gift of a beautiful flow of language, he was not made for the pulpit, and after a few years withdrew from the church to worship in a larger temple—the handiwork of God, not of man—Nature. One of Emerson's dear friends, Father Taylor, the sailor-preacher of Boston, after hearing the young minister, once said: "It would take as many sermons like that to convert a human soul as it would quarts of skimmed milk to make a man drunk."

The greater part of this interesting life was given to writing and the hard work which he called "lecture peddling." Here he was a success. Auditoriums could not seat his

hearers. His fame crossed the Atlantic, and England welcomed him. His tall figure, gentle expression, deep-blue eyes, his noble, gracious bearing and manner all attracted attention. The very atmosphere seemed filled with something almost divine. His words were heard, but his presence felt.

But do we owe anything for those long-ago delivered lectures? Into those addresses and lectures Emerson put his very life. He could write verse at any time, but waited for moments of inspiration for his greatest prose work. Matthew Arnold says: "Emerson's essays are, I think, the most important work done in prose during the present century." But even here Emerson's poetic nature was so strong that poetic expression crept into his prose. So sympathetically did his heart respond to that of nature that she claimed him for her own and bade him give men her messages in poetry. He was

"The musing peasant lowly great."

who

"Beside the forest water sate,"
The rope-like pine roots crosswise grown
Composed the network of his throne;
The wide lake, edged with sand and grass,
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green, and proud
Of the tree and of the cloud."

If in Emerson we have not a singer, if he doesn't use perfect metre, we do find there a truly American poet, and

"He was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

His literary talent will be calculated by each generation of critics; we leave that to them. Whether that pen produced metrically correct poetry or not, there was a power, a life, behind it which this fair country may never forget. Think you that the influences implanted in the lives of those who heard his lectures, or of those who conversed with Mr. Emerson, have died? Scientists tell us that sound waves

travel forever, that the light of burning Rome is still flashing through space; so shall the vibrations set in motion by the influence of a great life last throughout eternity. A genius has given his life to his countrymen, to gladden, to uplift, to free them, that they might think, feel, speak for themselves.

A century ago America was sitting at the feet of Europe, still bound to her by social and intellectual ties as strong as the political ones that had been severed. Our land was simply a continuation, a repetition, of the Old World. Our ideas, our customs, our plans were borrowed. But now the time had come when even these bonds must be broken, and Mr. Mabie says: "To Emerson more than to any other single person or force, was due the spiritual emancipation of the new nation." Here was the truest American of them all. The narrowmindedness of his countrymen checked not his range and freedom of thought, but he looked beyond this imitation of European institutions and caught a vision of America's future. Nor did he doubt that his country would soon see her servitude. "The sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands draws to a close. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds." This was Emerson's aim, and has it been accomplished? Do we still ask Europe for our customs? No; she turns to America for advice, and is fast adopting American methods. When we celebrate the birthday of that noblest of men whom we so enthusiastically call the father of our country, the leader of our political freedom, let us take care lest we forget him who did so much for our intellectual emancipation.

In that dread shock whose tremor may still be felt throughout our South, Emerson, of course, took the side of slave liberation, but with it the compensation of their owners. "Every man in this land will give a week's work to dig this

accursed mountain of sorrow once and forever out of the world."

But what of Emerson's religious views? Indeed, it would be hard to find them. He had no conception of the supreme divine love of the Man of Gallilee. He looked with Jewish expectation for the arrival of another Christ, but he saw divinity in every human being. Christ was to him a great teacher in close touch with the Over-Soul—the great spirit underlying all things and all men, in which he so firmly believed. But can we expect a man of his temperament to be orthodox? No; every man has a church within himself; let him formulate his own creed. The key-note to his life may be found in the essay on Nature. "The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should we not enjoy an original relation to the universe?" The Rev. Mr. Taylor, to whom we have referred, firmly expected to meet his friend in Heaven, but doubted his religion. "If Emerson should go to hell," he said, "the devil would not know what to do with him; the climate would change and emigration would set that way." But no man was driven from the church, or from following the Christ by this thoughtful lover of humanity. He said himself, "Look at it how you will, the most wonderful fact in history is Christianity." Then, in social problems, in political strife, in religion, there ever rings out clearly,

"My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king."

Emerson's worship of the Over-Soul was scarcely more devout than his adoration for America. In her he saw the possibilities of an ideal state. Here he saw all men equal, speaking freely their minds and conversing with God through nature which surrounded them. The whirl of city and court life had no charms for him.

"Old Europe groans with palaces,
Has lords enough, and more;
We plant and build by foaming seas
A city for the poor."

And in the Boston Hymn we have:

"I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers, and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state."

When challenged by that great believer in the rule of the sword, Carlyle, on his American ideas, Emerson gently responded that we live under "the law of love and justice," and "we play the game with immense advantage." From the very heart of cultured England he wrote: "There, in that great sloven continent in high Alleghany pasture, in the sea-wide, sky-skirted prairie, still sleeps and murmurs and hides the great mother long since driven away from the trim hedgerows and over-cultivated gardens of England. * * * Here is the home of man; here is the promise of a more excellent social state than history has recorded," In the viens of an American Emerson could see the unsullied blood of our Tutonic ancestors. Lincoln was one of his models. "He had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation. He is the true history of the American people in his time."

Do you ask again why we celebrate Emerson's centennial? 'Tis for that great life so freely given to human service that he might free our lives from a slavery of which we knew not; that we might think for ourselves in everything; that we might better know the true meaning of America. A cheap edition of his works was recently gotten out in England, and twenty thousand volumes were sold immediately on publication. Our leading thinkers are paying him this attention. But not until the great mass of our people, in whom he has placed so much confidence, has learned to appreciate his life-work will that debt be fully paid; not until in one grand chorus we can say, "My angel—his name is freedom."

He sleeps peacefully who rests after toil. Just before beginning one of his last lecture tours Emerson read to his son some of his unpublished poems, and among them was the "Terminus." Young Mr. Emerson writes: "I was

startled, for he, looking so healthy, so full of life and young in spirit, was reading his deliberate acknowledgment of failing forces and his trusting, serene acquiesence. I think he smiled as he read it." Could the old man more serenely have drawn his robes about him, preparing for a peaceful rest after the accomplishment of his mission on earth, than in that short poem?

"It is time to be old,
To take in sail:—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: 'No more!
No farther shoot
Thy ambitious branches and thy root.
Fancy departs: no more invent;
Compact thy firmament
To compass of a tent. * * *

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time.
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime.

"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near
And every wave is charmed."

W. C. HERBERT.

Economics of Jno. C. Calhoun's Exposition of the Tariff of 1828.

One of the greatest economic questions before our people today is the tariff question. It is the most skillfully organized system of robbery of which human ingenuity is capable. This question is no new one. It has called forth comment and protests from statesmen and thinkers for generations.

In 1828 the South Carolina legislature adopted its famous "Exposition" which was drafted by Jno. C. Calhoun and presented, for consideration, to the special committee on tariff. It is one of the most thorough expositions of the tariff question which has ever been made. It attacks the contitutionality of the tariff measure. It proves conclusively that the manufacturing states, only, receive a benefit and a bounty which is paid for by the producing states, thus bringing out clearly that it is a direct violation of the great principles underlying our democratic government. It is legislation in favor of the classes rather than the masses. Why should one section or one class be built up while another is torn down? But waivering the questions of constitutionality and justice the third and, perhaps, more important question presents itself—the economic side.

The manufacturing states were deriving a benefit for which they did not pay. The south produced two-thirds or nearly three-fourths of the exports of the country. Exports go to pay for imports. The manufacturing states consumed a portion of the imports which were received in exchange for these exports, but the tariff duty was always paid by the producer. "An import and export duty," Mr. Calhoun says, "are not different." What difference does it make to the producer whether he pays one-third of his produce for the privilege of carrying it out of the country or one-third of what he receives in exchange for the privilege of bringing that in? In the last analysis they are the same. The producer necessarily pays the costs in either case. Ostensibly the burden rests upon the consumer in the manufacturing states, as these states contain almost two-thirds of the nation's population, but what he pays out returns to him through a skillfully organized system involving wages, prices of implements to produce, etc. Thus the necessity of supporting the factory laborer, enriching the manufacturer and paying two-thirds of the expenses of the natural government fell upon the producing states. The system has remained thus until today.

The high prices which we are forced to pay for all manu-

factured articles, caused by high protective tariff, necessarily raises the cost of production and if this be the case it debars us from competition with products of a free-trade country and we are forced to throw our products upon the home market at whatever prices the manufacturer will pay for them. We have to pay high prices for labor and all manufactured commodities because there is a great inducement for the farm laborer to go to the mills where he is able to get higher wages on account of the enormous profits which the manufacturer receives because of a lack of competition.

It will be readily seen that the agricultural states must be impoverished or resort to manufactures. As self-preservation is the first law of nature they will turn their capital from a larger to a less productive industry and thus, from an economic standpoint, cause society to suffer. The south has been particularly blessed with a fertile soil and a sunny climate, making agriculture its best paying pursuit. If the producing states forsake agriculture and become the rivals of the manufacturing states, they must allow free trade on raw materials, and even without restrictions for revenue, the country must suffer economically. The greater amount of manufactured goods must be thrown upon the markets of the world at a lower price, with the disadvantage of higher cost of production and the country suffers again.

To turn to a different phase of the subject. Many producers think they do not receive high enough prices for their products, but this is not what they need, it is lower prices on the manufactured articles which they buy. With this condition they need not fear the open competition of the world.

The manufacturer claims that his establishment cannot exist without protection. An industry should not be established until it can support itself, because this is an enormous loss. It turns capital from channels where it could yield decidedly better returns without causing unnecessary suffering. Again, how do the manufacturing states, who claim that they cannot meet foreign competition in the home market without a high protective tariff expect the producing states to meet it in a foreign country under the disadvantage of

low prices for their produce and expensive production? No manufacturing establishment should be placed in a country where it will not pay, but instead they should be left to gradually establish themselves in those countries to which they are adopted. Under these circumstances they could enter the markets of the world with their goods and find ready sale for them. Another serious disadvantage arising from the tariff is the fact that our products are debarred from entering markets because we exclude their goods from our markets. The producing states suffer again. They suffer because all their products cannot be consumed at home and those of the protected manufacturer can. The very means which secures the home market loses to us the foreign and the producing states lose at every turn. We have seen the fulfillment of this to a great extent. We have seen the south impoverished to fill the coffers of the north. We have seen the horny crown of oppression pressed down upon the brow of the laborer. The south has realized the danger and is making an effort to remedy it, not by a cessation of production but by diversified industry, by manufacturing her own products. By this means she receives the benefit of cheaper raw materials and equally as high prices as any other section or nation for her manufactured products.

If we live to see the perfection of the manufacturing system we will also live to see the abolition of the distinctively protective tariff system. For when the position reverses and the cry for bread from the northern man's wife and child is heard he will not endure it and thus only may we hope for the final abolition of one of the greatest curses which has left its stain upon the economic history of a nation.

J. H. HAMEL, '05.

"Isle of Palms."

Even if we have never visited Sullivan's Island we are not totally ignorant as to its location and structure, for Poe has very graphically described it to us in his "Goldbug." Isle

of Palms, or Long Island, as it was formally called, lies adjacent to Sullivan's Island, separated only by a narrow passage of water. This island is somewhat smaller than Sullivan's and a much prettier one. In his description of Sullivan's Island, Poe keeps true to nature, but when he tells of the mainland he soars into realms of imagination; he speaks of table lands, high cliffs, deep ravines, and narrow gorges, which is entirely inconsistent, for the whole of Charleston county is as flat as one's hand, in fact, all of the southern part of the State is either level or rolling. If Poe had laid his scene of the "secreted treasures" on Long Island he might have achieved better results, to be sure he would have been more consistent with nature. A more secluded spot could not have been found; for a mile or two on the extreme end of the island copses and underbrush are so intertwined with vines and parasitic growth that they are all but impenetrable. Here is the home of the majestic palmetto tree. In the spring of the year the atmosphere is redolent with the odor of the shrub, rose, honeysuckle, azalea, and the magnolia blossom.

The lower portion of the island has been subdued by man. Slnce the entrance of an electric railway, many improvements have been made, namely; dancing pavilions, vaudeville shows, cafés, banqueting halls, an excellent hotel, latest amusements, green lawns, and walks; these paths lead a circuitous route through fragrant flowers and extensive outspreading palm trees with pendant moss, interspersed now and then with azure lakes which reflect the many tints of the inclining azalea. In the midst of one of the largest of these lakes is a minature island very verdant. Here we find the ever green magnolia tree with its large white, fragrant blossoms; here and there are rustic settees which await loving couples or weary sightseers. On the placid water float snow white swans from whose dewy plumage is reflected iridescent colors; the distance between the shore and this island is spanned by an arched bridge built in a rustic manner over whose balustrades creep green ivy. Here the humming bird and the honey bee sport basciviously, and the sweet melody

of the mocking bird is heard from the distance. This island is very sandy. The sand has been known to be piled up in heaps some twenty or thirty feet in heighth, caused by the equinoctial gales; should one stray from the hard beaten path he would be rewarded by sinking below his shoe tops in the yielding element.

The beach is one of the finest south of Atlantic City; Tybee and Palm Beach are inferior to it. It is of a very gradual slant, so that ladies and children venture out into the surf several hundred yards from the pavilion. The undertow here amounts to practically nothing; the number of downings are indeed very few, in fact only two in the history of the city are recorded and these could have been avoided had it not been for the carelessness of the life-saving crew. The beach abounds in many beautiful shells and entomological specimens.

The woods teem with the partridge and the woodcock, the morasses with English duck, and the marsh hen, the creeks and inlets with trout and bass.

When the season sets in which lasts from the latter part of May to the first of September the island takes on new life. Northern tourists, Charlestonians, in fact people from many sections of the country, take up their abode here seeking health and recreation. This can truly be called the land of the "Lotus eater." In the cool of the afternoon automobiles, broughams, open carriages, bicycles, with well-dressed occupants, traverse the compact beach from end to end, happy crowds sport with the rolling billows, while children build sand houses to see them washed away by the incoming waves. In the distance can be seen sailing yachts gracefully riding the surging sea stretching their white wings to the zephyrs, the many colored sea gulls now soaring in the azure skies, now diving and resting for a brief moment on the white-capped waves, give vent to their feelings by frequent croaks or harsh utterances. The *climax of grandeur* of all this natural and artificial scenery is reached when we behold in the east soon after dark a golden orb raising its head from out the briny deep above the horizon, flooding the whole is-

land with a glow of white light. The unsteady surf below disseminates the reflected light in diverse courses. What scene could be more enticing to youth? What season could be more appropriate for love-making? Many couples perambulate the beach speaking to each other in passionate langauge the inner sentiments of their young hearts, and now and then can be caught melodious strains from the distant dance hall as they are bourne on the balmy zephyrs.

The pavilion or dance hall is about two hundred and twenty-five feet long and thirty-five feet wide, with piazzas on either side brilliantly lighted with many hued electric lights. The floor is waxed with great care. In the midst of this hall and to one side is the spacious band stand where is stationed the Fourth Artillery band from Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, consisting of fifteen instruments. Crowds of people old and young arrive soon after dark from the city to either catch a breath of fresh air or to take part in the dancing. It thrills one with joy to stand by and drink in the merry scenes which are here enacted. Jolly young couples glide gracefully over this polished surface keeping time with the many blended harmonies.

The banquet halls are a short distance from the pavilion but connected with it by an enclosed passageway. They are only used on special occasions, for the assembly of conventions or when the mayor of the city gives a spread to representatives of other cities or to distinguished personages.

The only drawback to the island is the mosquitoes, they come in droves myriads strong and when there is no breeze they are very annoying, but the fortunate part of it there is generally a breeze either from the land or sea against which they are not able to stand.

Spacious cars await the weary crowds, and after a ride of fifteen miles by railway and boat they are landed safely in the city.

E. C. DYE, '05.

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POWER W BETHEA, Editor.

"On the Western sky, in a yellow line,
The wind of his might paints a wormwood sign.
The March clouds, torn like shipwrecked sails,
Drift at the will of the angry gales.
On crumbling logs the grass grows green;
The freed brook laughs the rocks between.
The melting snow, the sap's full tide,
The polished buds that the young leaves hide,
These with the flush on the Mayflower's cheek,
To the dullest heart Spring's message speak."

• • •

Russia and Japan. At last the great struggle which may decide the fate of more than one nation has begun, and it would be only a faint surmisal to say how or when it will terminate. The inevitable result will be, however, that Russia will overcome Japan

in the end—although it does not seem to be the popular opinion at present—and the Powers will intercede with the former's being given Manchuria and the latter's being allowed political dominion in Korea.

But should war have been averted and Japan allowed to go on unencumbered in her remarkable development, perhaps it would have been the best thing for China and all the yellow races of Asia. For her overflowing population she would have been allowed Korea, and her trade should continue to expand into Manchuria and other Chinese provinces. She would then have complete influence over all the yellow races as England and her colonies have dominated all other parts of the globe. This would have been the result, too, had European nations said "hands off," or even had Russia not been so anxious for Asiatic dominion. Those peoples that are closely akin to the Japanese somehow have looked to them with this ultimate hope, and it is a very fit thing to come to pass. For with Japanese influence a new life and civilization would be awakened among the Asiatic peoples. It is as fine a prospect as a nation ever dreamed of, and it would mean a rebirth of Asia under the guidance of a very progressive Asiatic people.

But however high an ideal Japan had before her, Russia was too ambitious for its development. The ideals of both nations seem to conflict. The policy of the Russians is to push eastward to the ocean, since they could not accomplish much pushing westward, and an ocean they must have. With great force, patience, by overcoming a multitude of obstacles, and by some shrewd dealing, they have established themselves in Manchuria and it is their intention to remain there. They want more than Manchuria, they go into Korea. They are not satisfied yet, they must have free ports, trade, and their influence with China must increase. It is their aim to prevent Asiatic consolidation under Japanese leadership. This they regard as the "Yellow peril," and if tolerated would endanger Christian supremacy and the dominion of the white races of the earth.

The underlying motive of all this is Russia's seeking to

secure Asiatic influence, to outstrip English dominance and to rule all the Oriental races of the globe. Her first step is to suppress Japanese dominion and then to thwart English influence. So this is why Russia refuses to evacuate Manchuria and to leave Japanese political control in Korea untouched.

Russia, then, is certainly the aggressor. She finds a situation that she wishes to change, and in doing so encroaches upon the rights of Japan. She would shut the latter in the island which Japan occupies, and cut off all communication with the mainland. Russia advocates extension, but does not want Japan to get beyond her own limits. She really preaches one thing and practices another. Russia fights for ground to which she has no right; Japan fights to retain her power from sinking to the level of the more weak nations of the earth, and to retain the same high standard that for the last few decades she has attained.

• • •

King Cotton, Its Chaos in Prices. Perhaps one of the most vital questions that has seized the South for over a quarter century is the chaos in the cotton market. Indeed the price of cotton had been rising for months with sensational drops and falls until the first week in February last, when the high figure of over 18 cents per pound was reached in the Metropolitan City. Never in its whole history—at least since the seventies—has such a wild excitement reigned throughout the South. To every one who had real cotton to sell the inverse ratio of 1 to 16 was more plausible to the multitude of gamblers than the milk-white silver of Bryan.

Under the leadership of a host of these professional, amatuer, but bold and plausible speculators, their seemingly impossible theory of "20-cent cotton" now was a thing inevitable. Every little two-by-four crank with a few hundred surplus dollars, and even the more ardent misers who had been hoarding their pennys for years, eagerly

joined the army of "bulls" and "bought cotton." Twenty-cent cotton was the only high watermark, and every farmer's son who was old enough to sit on a bale of cotton and ride to town could explain how the price of cotton could never fall, as the demand exceeded the supply. Factory owners in England and America were on the eve of closing their mills, and King Edward, deeming the question so vital, made mention of it in his address to Parliament. The Germans, too, awoke to the occasion, and began making preparations for sending experts to the South to learn the culture of cotton so that they could increase the acreage in the fertile fields of "Sunny Africa," the real land of the "Negro and the Cotton," and the West Indian Islands.

The climax was reached February 1st, however, when J. D. Sully, the leader of the "bulls," announced his intention of taking a vacation for a few months in Europe, and in less than a fortnight cotton had dropped from 18¼ to 13 cents per pound, with thousands of failures and greater excitement than ever. What will ever become of this great Republic which boasts of its Democratic Government and institutions of learning when a single man can dictate the prices of one of its most important products? It seems a great blow at law and order and the establishment of mobocracy and anarchy. It is a direct return to the old aristocracy and tyranny of the middle ages in the financial world. So while we are pondering over the mighty power of the multi-millionaire, would it not be better to join that select caravan of fanatics who advocate the theory that all productive enterprises should be owned by the government and shield ourselves with the cloak of socialism than to tolerate these giant gamblers and thieves who will finally wreck the prosperity of our country?

But what has been the real occasion of such high prices in the cotton market? Perhaps it was the wild speculation in the estimation of the shortage of the cotton crop for last year, and the exaggerated statements that were brought in from every quarter of the South. Then, too, the "bull" delegation held a conference and objected to the idea that

any number of men could not collect sufficient funds or obtain sufficient credit to raise cotton to 20 cents. By this harrangue and continual conflict for a few months the "idea" became a concrete reality. When we take into consideration the actual facts and environments of the situation, there is no reason why the advance should be so great. The annual consumption of the world's cotton is 14,000,000 bales. For the last four years the annual output in the Southern States has been 10,500,000 bales; that for the last year was 10,750,000, which shows a bit above the average. We very naturally conclude that it was a misstatement in regard to the shortage in the Southern crops, and the great ambition of the "bulls" are what played such havoc in the cotton market.

Then, does this wild excitement and high prices in the cotton market benefit the farmer? We might very readily answer, only temporarily. Of course, at present every bank in every town and city in the South is running over with the deposits of farmers who have heretofore not been able to meet expenses. But how long will this last? Till the reaction sets in, only. This spring every available acre of land will be planted in cotton. Millions of dollars will be expended in extra labor. Articles of merchandise will go up. Real estate and fertilizers are already on the rise; rent per acre will be more, and the laborer will soon demand higher wages. What will be the result? A surplus of cotton will be made; the supply will exceed the demand; prices will be reduced; and the farmer will again sink into an indebtedness never to recover.

Then in view of these facts, might it not be the wiser plan not to plant so many acres but to produce as much as is expedient per acre and economize, as in the years of the nineties, so if the price was to fall to five cents per pound, no one would suffer any serious loss, and if it remains at 13 cents then greater would be the net profits?

Exchange Department.

R. O. LAWTON, Editor

Realizing that it is sometimes better to keep quiet and let others talk, we have decided to fill the space allotted to us entirely with selections from our contemporaries.

The latest bulletin issued from the Senior class during examination read thus:

8:30—Seniors aspiring.
10:30—Seniors perspiring.
12:00—Seniors expiring.

—*Moural College Monthly.*

Hattie Bloodworth—"When I go to heaven I'm going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote all those things in Hamlet."

Ella Pate—"What if he is not in heaven?"

Hattie Bloodworth—"Then you may ask him."

—*Moural College Monthly.*

"You are a brick, I do aver,"
Quoth Fred to Bessie at his side;
"A sort of pressed brick, as it were,"
She laughingly replied.

—*The Georgian.*

Senior Lawyer.—"What are the things I must avoid, doctor?"

Dr. B.—Mackerel, tea, coffee, oatmeal, *rye.*

Sr. L.—(With a gasp)—Rye!

Dr. B.—Yes, in the form of bread.

Sr. L.—(With a sigh of relief)—"Go on doctor."

—*The Georgian.*

We should tell the truth at all times, but a sick man has some excuse to lie in bed.

—*Ex.*

Dick Spencer says: "A lesson that Connally and a few

others have yet to learn is, the first law of gravity is never to laugh at your own joke.

—*Ex.*

There was a young lady from the sky,
With a figure like a capital I.
Said she, that's too bad,
But then I can pad,
Which shows you that figures can lie.

—*Ex.*

There was once a young man named Fisher,
Who went fishing for fish in a fissure,
A cod with a grin
Pulled Fisher in,
Now they are fishing the fissure for Fisher.

—*Ex.*

The maiden sorrowfully miiked the goat,
And pensively turned to mutter,
"I wish you would turn to milk, you brute;"
But the animal turned to butt'er.

There is the meter iambic, the meter trochaic,
The meter dactylic, asclepiadeic,
The meter that's tender in tone;
But the meter that's neater, completer and sweeter,
Is meet her by moonlight alone.

—*Ex.*

Man is like a kerosene lamp,
He isn't especially bright;
He is often turned down; usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.

—*Ex.*

He—Why is love like a camera plate?
She—No Idea. Why?
He—It takes a dark room to develop it.

—*Ex.*

The Freshman stood on the burning deck,
And, as far as we can learn,

He stood in perfect safety,
For he was too green to burn.

—*Ex.*

A man can't be dishonest in the class room and honest on the campus.

Ex.

Teacher—"A fool can ask questions a wise man can't answer."

Pupil—"That's why we all flunked on exam.

Fond Parent—I understand the faculty are very much pleased with your work.

Dropped Junior—Yes. They encored my soph year.

Ex.

He put his arm around her waist,
And the color left her cheek;
But upon the shoulder of his coat,
It showed up for a week.

Ex.

TO MY MOTHER.

'Twas those who taught my tottering feet the way,
And watched my steps with yearning and with pride—
And taught my little hands to grasp in prayer
When playful days was o'er at eventide.

With golden splendor in thy western sky,
Thy sun has set, thy soul has gone to rest—
May I, too, live a life of love like thine,
And have a clear, bright setting in my west.

Alumni Department.

E. F. McWHIRTER, Editor.

Class of '72.

Graduated seventeen men. Of these five have passed away: David W. Humbert, R. B. Turnipseed, W. H. Folk, F. A. Gilbert and Rev. J. W. Dickson. The first and second were teachers, the third a lawyer, the fourth a banker, the fifth a minister.

Of the survivors, L. K. Clyde is a lawyer in the city of Greenville, S. C., where he is glad to greet, not only his clients, but his friends, and especially his friends of college days. Len Clyde is the same genial fellow as in former years, and worthy of his friends.

Charles A. David is also of Greenville, S. C. God sent an artist into the world when David was born, and although Greenville numbers him among her leading merchants, yet does his natural bent remain. I venture the statement that his income as an artist equals that of the yardstick. Charles is the same cheerful, humorous boy as of yore.

James M. Gee, a lawyer, after serving his native county, Union, in an official capacity, for some years, moved near to Columbia, where he now resides. If a good, easy time can be secured without hard work, and Gee is as in College days, then I am sure he has it.

Louis M. Hamer, of Marlboro, has crossed into the old North State of tar, pitch and turpentine. He is mainly a farmer, but combines merchandise with it, I believe. But, whatever he is, I rest assured that Hamer is the same honest, true, worthy man as was prophecied in '72.

L. B. Haynes is president of Leesville College where his work has been quite successful. Haynes was, in College, of that class of men whom one could always please; and in his

life-work he has been equally so. Leesville honors her president, and well, for he has done much for her, and the State and the Church.

Pink Irwin, of Spartanburg, has for twenty-five years been in the employ of railroads, and has served in high, responsible posts. If he could have done it, his big heart would have prompted him to give all Wofford men a free pass, and to each of his classmates a private car for family uses.

Will Pegues lives and farms with great success, on ancestral lands near Pegues, N. C., his residence being in South Carolina, very near the line. His family life is happy to the utmost. Happy day it was when he woed and won that beautiful cousin of his. All of his boys are girls. Everything around him is far more handsome than the face he carried in '72.

Wm. A. Rogers; well, come to see me and I will tell you about him.

A. Coke Smith, it was prophesied would be a bishop, and sure enough he is. I think he is about the first Smith ever called to that high office. He will differ from Bishop McTyiere in this; Some one asked, "What became of that preacher McTyiere who once edited the New Orleans Advocate?" "Why, he is a bishop," was the reply. "Well, that was when I lost sight of him." He is a great preacher, for which I claim some credit, for I kept him straight for four years in room number eight, west wing, His home is Norfolk, Va. I know his age for we were born the same year and month. Why he became bishop before me, you must ask the Dallas Conference.

Charles Forster Smith was in all respects the best student of the class. "Smith," said the Professor of History, one day, "I believe I'd prefer your not reciting quite so well." He was literally making a perfect recitation. His magnificent success has been no surprise to his class. He is now Professor in Wisconsin University.

John E. Wannamaker, of St. Matthews, is one of the most successful farmers in South Carolina. You could not have a more pleasant hour than riding with him over his broad, well-tilled acres in the month of June. Withal, he is a man of literary tastes and has a well-filled library of excellent books. Keep in mind, boys, that I have nominated him for Governor of South Carolina, an office he could fill with credit to himself and honor to the State.

Chas. A. Woods, now of Marion, but formerly of Darlington, is on the Supreme Bench of South Carolina. I considered him the most profound thinker in the class. Since he began the practice of law, I have heard him in the courtroom and found him in law as he was in the classroom and literary society. His present position is what I expected, and my full expectations are not yet realized. He is the only member of the class who has been honored with the doctorate by his Alma Mater, having been made LL.D. in June, 1903.

I just wish to say to my classmates, Mr. Editor, that of the one hundred thousand dollars to be secured for Wofford's Endowment, if our crowd raises $20,000 (I speak seriously, let us all be thinking), I will ask the Board of Trustees to have a medal struck for each man and to endow with the $20,000 a chair to be called "THE CHAIR OF THE CLASS OF '72."

WM. A. ROGERS.

Y. M. C. A.

EDWARD K. HARDIN, Jr., Editor.

THE CONVENTION—SOME AFTER REFLECTIONS.

The Inter-State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association which convened in Spartanburg, Feb. 20-23, was an inspiring and uplifting occasion. It is a great privilege to stand in the presence of such a body of consecrated young men gathered from the two Carolinas and coming together to plan their work for the coming year and to get inspiration and help and power for that work. It is a good undertaking which is their's—the upbuilding of young manhood in these two great states of ours. It is a great purpose, a noble work and with such an end in view and with such zeal and enthusiasm as they show something must be accomplished. The theme or the convention was a suitable one, an extremely practical one—service. Service for the young men with whom we come in contact day after day; service for the young men in these two states whom we do not touch, yet who, without our opportunities, without our privileges, without our blessings are living a life that falls far short of the mark, and who, without our help, cannot make the most out of life; service for the young men in factories and towns and cities who have not yet caught a vision of life in its true fullness; service for the young men in our colleges who, wandering off into sin, are debasing their manhood and God-given powers within them, young men who, bursting asunder the restraints of home life, and losing sight of a mother's love and a mother's life are stalking forth upon the college campus young Samsons in their license and disregard for the laws of God; service for mankind in whatever condition and wherever found; such a principle might well serve as the theme for one of the greatest Christian organizations on earth, since it was the very keynote of the life of the Son of God himself, as he went about on earth doing good, serving his fellowmen.

This, in our opinion, was the great lesson the convention brought us. But it will not do to stop here. Has this principle, this lesson, this theme found its way into the very heart and life of our association at Wofford? If it has not, we have missed the greatest good from this convention, and this has been the finest opportunity we have had in years for creating renewed interest in our work.

The point is simply this. Are the Christian men in our association doing their duty to their fellow-students? It is a live question and we are going to meet it without mincing matters in the least.

Duty? What duty do I owe my fellow-students? Why, I have left home, left everything aside and have come here to prepare *myself* for *my* life-work. My fellow-student is in the same condition and if he does not realize his own opportunities, what matters it to me? I have no time to waste with him. *I* am wrapped up in *my* little *self*, *my* little *plans*, *my* little *life*, and I owe him no duty anyway. Prepare for life? What life? We leave college and take up teaching as a profession, or the ministry, or anything else, and spend there, say possibly fifty years and then step out into eternity, while the man whom we might have benefitted away back yonder at Wofford College, after touching a countless number of lives in his influence goes on without making the life-change necessary. Its all a farce, and the man, whether in college or not, who gains a conception of life and leaves out service to his fellowman misses the mark.

Then how can we aid our fellow-students? There are mighty forces of evil on this campus against which we, as Christian men, must throw ourselves with all our influence, and with all the power we can command, human and divine. We can't do it by simply talking about these things occasionally in the presence of a band of fellow-students. We can't do it by sometimes mentioning them in our prayers in the association meetings, or thinking of them ourselves and then letting the matter drop. It must be more than that, It is individual, personal, private work that is going to count. There must be prayer, as hinted above, for no Christian can

do anything without that, but it must be followed up by individual work. The experience of the past few weeks in our midst, and the good accomplished here among us, bears out that statement. Then in the name of all that is good, in the name of everything which would cause a man to forsake the evil, and lay hold on that which is ennobling and uplifting, in the name of Wofford College and its best intersts we call upon the Christian men on this campus to do more of this kind of work. It is our duty. And more than that, it is a great privilege for which we ought to be devoutly thankful.

—

MR. BECKWITH'S MEETING.

The series of services held yearly by the association has been carried on this year by Rev. Jno. G. Beckwith of Florence. Mr. Beckwith is a preacher of power, and a man with a forceful personality. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good done by his visit. When men, leading in college affairs, decide to change their lives and henceforth make them count for good, it means something beyond the power of man to reckon. We believe that, as a result of these services, the whole association work has received an impetus and spirit of enthusiasm, the influence of which shall never die.

Local Department

SIMPSON F. CANNON, Editor

Dr. Henry VanDyke.

The Lyceum has been the means of bringing before our students and the people of Spartanburg some of the greatest and most distinguished men of our country. Through it we have been introduced to Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Dr. DeMotte, Professor Foster and many other real leaders of American thought both in literature and science. We feel that we know something of these men, and no one will doubt that they have left their impress upon the people who have attentively heard their message.

The sixth engagement of the season was to be no exception to the rule. On Thursday evening, February 18th, Dr. Henry VanDyke was greeted by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Wofford Auditorium for a Lyceum attraction. It is true we expected a great deal from him, but he came up to our highest expectation.

He opened the evening by reading a story from one of his works which was intensely interesting. The evening was closed with the reading of several of his poems which were instructive as well as entertaining. We all hope to have Dr. VanDyke with us again, for he has won for himself a warm place in our affections.

—

Our Distinguished Guest—Hon. Wm. J. Bryan.

It was indeed a singular coincidence that two such men as Wm. J. Bryan and Dr. Henry VanDyke should be in Spartanburg on two successive evenings and address practically the same audience. But such was the case, and our people should congratulate themselves upon having such an opportunity.

On Friday evening in Converse College Auditorium Honorable Wm. Jennings Bryan spoke to two thousand

people. His subject was "The Value of an Ideal." Mr. Bryan was soon made to feel that he was in a Democratic town, for the applause that greeted him was deafening. He held his audience for nearly two hours completely under his control, and every one seemed sorry when he had finished.

After the lecture an informal reception was given Mr. Bryan, and a great many people took advantage of the opportunity to shake hands with the great American and Democrat.

—

ANNIVERSARY.

On Friday evening, March 4th, the annual celebration of the birth of Rev. Benjamin Wofford was celebrated by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies in the College Auditorium.

The speakers were Mr. A. Chalmers Daniel, Jr., from the Calhoun Society, and Mr. W. C. Herbert, from the Preston.

Dr. W. R. Richardson opened the evening with prayer, after which Mr. Daniel delivered a very entertaining as well as instructive speech on "Rational Treatment of Criminals."

Mr. W. C. Herbert spoke for fifteen minutes on the debt our people owed Ralph Waldo Emerson, the father of American free thought and speech. His subject was "A Debt Unpaid."

Both of the speakers showed that they had given their subjects careful thought, and the audience showed their appreciation by the much applause accorded them.

After the exercises were concluded in the auditorium a splendid reception was held in the two Society Halls.

—

CAMPUS NOTES.

Dr. VanDyke, during his stay in the city, was the guest of Professor Gamewell, as was also Mr. Bryan.

Mr. E. F. McWhirter, of the Senior Class, spent George Washington's birthday at Jonesville with his parents.

The following gentlemen have been elected by the Pres-

ton Literary Society to serve as officers during the months of March and April: President, C. L. Smith; Vice-President, T. L. Cely; First Critic, I. E. Curry; Second Critic, O. M. Chapman; First Censor, E. K. Hardin; Recording Secretary, J. W. Boyd; Treasurer, A. D. Betts; Second Censor, J. C. Guilds; Corresponding Secretary, L. A. Hartzog.

(President Snyder, unexpectedly running up upon Senior Jones in his room, asked him who his room-mate was.) "Oh-h-h-h sh-h-h-uh, my old lady, who do you reckon."

Mr. J. P. Lane spent several days in Greenville where he went in the interest of the Annual.

Wofford College Directory.

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Wofford College Journal

The

APRIL, 1904

VOLUME XV NUMBER 7

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Literary Department

E. L. ALL, Editor.

On Hearing Dr. Jenkins Lloyd Jones in Chapel.

It was no unplanned destiny that brought
  To touch our lives a dweller in the air
Of that high mountain-way of thought,
  To us a dim, far-off, untrodden sphere.
That we in minutes charged with weighty words
  Might worlds catch sight of we had never known,
Glimpse planes of living we had scarcely heard—
  See paths revealed where we had never gone.
From a great city's soul-disturbing whirl,
  Comest thou, great teacher, but with holy calm
Unbroken by thy contact with the world,
  Bearing for hearts dispirited an healing balm.
We sat like little children as there grew
  From out thy chaste and moving speech
Ideals and ends so great, so wondrous new,
  So heavenly-high, yet in our humble reach!
With spirits on the wind we followed thee,
  Through dimlit temples of the classic past,
Saw with annointed eyes what one alone could see
  By aid of seer much-travelled in the realms thou hast.
Deep down into our hearts thy message sank,
  We have a braver hand to battle strife;
Oh splendid scholar, would that we could thank,
  For that which beats its rhythm in our life!

* * * * * * * * *

Long hence, perhaps when thou hast sought thy rest,
Thy burning words shall throb within our breast

A., '05.

A History of the Journal.

It is quite a singular fact that through its fifteen years of eventful history no one as yet has attempted a compilation of mere facts far less write a history of perhaps the most important literary function of the college—the JOURNAL. So it is with this apology of inexperience and lack of information that we begin this crude sketch.

It was not until October of the year 1888 that enthusiasm was aroused by C. B. Smith, then Professor of History and Political Economy, sufficiently to pass concurrent resolutions by the student body as to the advisability of publishing a college magazine at Wofford. After many appropriate and spicy exortations of the Professor to his younger brother, E. D. Smith, who was at that time a member of the senior class, the long-looked-for desire was realized.

In December of that year a committee was selected to publish the magazine with E. D. Smith Chairman. After the initial number which appeared in January of the following year, a board of editors were elected. They were: E. D. Smith, Editor-in-Chief; J. W. Nash, Business Manager; E. D. Mouzon, W. P. Few, Literary Editors; A. M. Muckenfuss, Alumni Editor; J. M. Workman, Local Editor.

In the first number of the JOURNAL we notice in distinct headlines: *Devoted to the Interests of Wofford College.* From that time until now this has been the key-note to its purpose. Though not stamped with printer's ink on every number, it has been engraved in the hearts of those who have been connected with it in any way, and can never be forgotten as long as true men are placed at its head.

The salutatory of this number is well worth while and may not be considered out of place here. It reveals in two brief paragraphs the real motive of the JOURNAL as it was about to launch upon the tempestuous sea of life:

> "The Wofford College JOURNAL, in making its entrance into life, does not come with aspirations to fame, nor to a place among the leading literary

journals of the day. It was conceived of an honest purpose among the young men of the College to further their own development, and to give to the public the matter of the best literary character they are capable of.

"While the motives which brought about its birth are not ambitious, yet they are pure, and in taking its place among the literary papers of the country, it hopes to have a kind reception, and shall not be incensed at any just criticism made upon it."

In May, 1889, a new board was elected with J. W. Nash, Editor-in-Chief; and J. G. Baker, D. M. McLeod, J. G. Herbert, Jr., C. W. Stoll, A. J. Cauthen, Jr., Associate Editors. This was the first board to serve throughout a college year. From its establishment until seven years ago, the election of the staff was done by a call meeting of the student body, establishing a precedent to elect the editor-in-chief from the Calhoun Society and the business manager from the Preston one year, the following year alternate. But now it is under the auspices of the two societies. For the college year 1903-4, the Calhouns elect editor-in-chief, exchange editor, local editor, and assistant business manager, whereas the Prestons elect business manager, literary editor, alumni editor and assistant literary editor. The next year it is the reverse. The Y. M. C. A. editor is elected under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, regardless of the two societies or the class the editor-elect is a member. All the other members of the staff come from the senior class except the assistant literary editor and the assistant business manager who are elected from the junior class.

Much enthusiasm was manifested in the Journal in its infancy, and every one who was connected with it took pride in its columns; but as the years passed by the interest was lessened, financial depression seemed absolutely certain, the students were not as loyal to it as might have been expected, the advertising pages were reduced, and none save the immediate staff seemed to realize that the crisis had

come, that the reaction had set in, and if aid did not come and that right early, the college paper which was so near and dear to the students of '89 and '90 would be practically suspended. Then it was that the strong arm of the literary societies was placed about its neck, and success has been the ultimate result.

The JOURNAL is now on an excellent basis, and can be published until the Christmas of each year without a single advertisement or outside subscription. It has been the aim of the present board to publish as good an all-round paper as goes out from any college in the South. Wofford is distinctly a literary college and it is with pride that she boasts of her literary magazine. We have striven after quality, not quantity, and have been very considerate as to the merit of each article published in its columns.

In January, 1894, while D. D. Wallace was editor of the JOURNAL, the exchange department was created with W. T. Duncan Editor. Heretofore this department had been conducted by the Chief Editor, but his duties becoming so complex a new department was necessary. Up to that time there were two literary editors, but upon the creation of the exchange it was placed under the editorship of only one. W. Wm. Watson was the first sole literary editor. It was conducted in this manner for a few years when an assistant was added from the Junior class. It was at that time that the business manager was given an assistant from the same class.

In May, 1901, another department of the JOURNAL was created—that of the Y. M. C. A. with Norman L. Prince as its Editor. The editor of this department is elected by the Young Men's Christian Association, and the societies have nothing to do with it whatever. The JOURNAL had been in need of a department to represent the Christain side of college life for a number of years and great good has resulted therefrom since its creation.

The relation that exists between the editor-in-chief and his associates is about the same now as was when the JOURNAL was established. Both seem to co-operate with each

other, and there is no occasion for any friction whatever. But it is singular to note how the relation between the Journal and its exchanges has changed for the last decade. At first the exchange list consisted mainly of weekly and semi-weekly papers in this and the adjacent counties, and college magazines were comparatively few. Perhaps it was because there were not very many in the South at that time and a still less proportionate number in the State. The list at present numbers something over a hundred, and more interest is being manifested in this department than ever was heretofore.

But if the exchange has increased in importance, the local, and especially the alumni, departments have waned in a like proportion. Perhaps it is due to several causes. The events that take place in a college community are not as numerous as in the days of yore. When they do occur such a detailed account appears in the daily papers that it is rather out of place to emphasize them in the college magazine a fortnight or three weeks later. Our college folk are becoming more and more to look upon the serious side of life and it is with difficulty to record a joke or pun that is worth while. The alumni, by the aid of railroads and steamships, are scattering over the world in endless profusion, and it is almost impossible to learn of their whereabouts. They, too, are becoming less loyal to their *Alma Mater*. Hardly have they severed their connection with the college which has done so much for them than their interest in it begins to wane, and the result is their importance in the college periodical gradually fades into oblivion.

But we might offer two suggestions before closing this altogether. We are sorely in need of an athletic department. Every college magazine of any note has a department for athletics. In the Journal the local editor has charge of this. But he has not the time to devote to athletics that which is due, and the result is this important phase of college life is sadly neglected. Some years ago when sport in college did not play a very vital part there was some excuse for not having this department, but of late,

since so much interest is being manifested in athletics this idea is well worth our close consideration. Perhaps this is the occasion of so small enthusiasm at Wofford in this particular line. Then let us get together and elect an editor for this department, and the sooner the better. There will be no cause for regret and the interest in baseball and football will increase tenfold.

There is another thing, too, which is absolutely essential to the betterment of the JOURNAL. Interest should be awakened in the student body to urge them to contribute to its pages. There are very few men in college at present who even attempt writing an article for publication and it is indeed a difficult, yea painful, task for the editor to solicit manuscripts from lazy, slothful students. As we have said repeatedly, the JOURNAL is yours and do not feel a delicacy in contributing to its columns. Every one cannot receive inspiration, but we must accomplish our most difficult tasks by perspiration. Give yourself a fair test, it will help the editors, it will help the JOURNAL, and most of all it will help *you*.

POWER W. BETHEA.

The Value of the Panama Canal to the South.

For years past the isthmian canal movement has been quite prominent among American problems, and from the beginning the South has been almost a unit in her favorable attitude to the enterprise. Now that the canal is an assured fact within the next decade, it is well to note some of the advantages which we Southern people will likely derive therefrom.

The history of the Suez Canal clearly indicates that the opening of the American ditch will make important alterations in the channels of trade. Indeed we may expect, in the latter case, that these changes will be far greater than in the former. In the first place, the canal will affect all of the principal railroads of North America. Hitherto, most of the great paying railroads have been those which run

from East to West, and the greater part of these have been in the Northern portion of our country, so that the South has received little advantage from them. But the transportation of bulky freight across the Rocky Mountains is very expensive, hence an all-water route to the West will take the trade because of its cheapness. All of our rapidly developing Oriental commerce will also avoid the costly land journey to the Pacific and the reshipment there. These conditions will necessitate the construction of gigantic railroad terminals on the Gulf and South Atlantic coasts for the handling of this trade. Nor will the railroads be averse to this, for with cheaper land, milder climate, and an abundance of raw material, the South will be a far more inviting field for the capitalist than the North. Larger and better railroad facilities will bring into our Southland a much greater population, and our cities will begin to equal and even surpass those in the northern climes.

Our European trade will doubtless go on as before, and perhaps in a still larger volume, but with half of the world's population living on the sunset side of the Pacific our Oriental interests will, beyond a doubt, eventually overshadow our Atlantic trade. Far-sighted men are beginning to realize that the time is not far distant when the Pacific Ocean will bear upon its broad expanse the greater part of the world's trade. And all the lines of commerce will converge toward the Panama canal, the geographical location of which will make it of much more importance than the Suez canal. In short, Panama will become the "hub" of the world. The vast and almost untouched resources of the adjacent continent of South America will also contribute no little to the success of the enterprise. On account of the proximity of our Southern shores to Panama we will be brought into close touch with all the world, and nothing could add more to our material prosperity than the advantages gained thereby.

At one time in our nation's history nearly half of its internal trade was carried down the Mississippi River, but the new channels of trade opened up by railroads have now

reduced its commercial importance to comparatively nothing. The present state of affairs, however, will be changed by the existence of the new isthmian waterway. The easiest and cheapest possible way for the products of the Mississippi valley, which are consigned to Oriental ports, to reach their destination will be down the river and reshipped at New Orleans for an unbroken voyage. So the Mississippi will doubtless recover its former glory and again become an indispensable factor in our commercial activities.

From the standpoint of manufacturers, also, the canal will be no inconsiderable boon to the South. Being in such close touch with every part of the world, we will be able to secure raw products from anywhere cheaper than any other country on earth. This will give a wholesome diversity to our manufactures. Our ideal climate will in this instance, too, be no small element in our success. It is a well-known fact that a large portion of our cotton manufactures is already being exported to the Orient in spite of the great expense incident thereto. Under the new conditions a decided stimulus will be given to this department of manufactures.

The enormous influx of population which is sure to come may tax heavily our rich agricultural resources; but in this respect we will be even more independent than the North is to-day, because our land is more favorably situated for large and continued production. We can supply our home needs almost entirely. The value of land will, of course, rise rapidly and permanently. The best farming methods from all the world will be made use of in bringing about this development.

While the canal will be an incalculable blessing to the world at large, yet no people have more to expect from it than we have. The South went down in bitter defeat before her Northern brethren in the most terrible struggle of the nineteenth century, but, to a large extent, under the influence of the Panama canal the twentieth century will reveal, ere its close, the supremacy of the South in the

Union, having achieved it not through war, but by the more effective arts of peace. And that supremacy will be an unselfish one, in which all animosity is forgotten.

ALBERT D. BETTS, '05.

Trust.

When the morning stars made music,
  Sang the natal song of worlds;
When the floating clouds of glory
  Waved their saffroned flags unfurled;
When the oceans walls were builded,
  To the proud waves made a bar;
When the dayspring bursts in glory,
  Flashing beams of light afar;
When the sparkling, diamond dew-drops
  Jeweled every leaf and flower,
When the hoar-frost first its crystal
  Fashioned into roof and spar;
When the zig-zag lightning darting
  First its message on the clouds,
Traced the word with fiery finger
  In the pealing thunder loud
Spoke the voice of the Creator,
  Spoke His message forth with power,
Where wast thou, O mind that doubteth,
  Where in that creative hour?
Canst thou fathom all the wonders
  Of thine own poor mortal clay,
Though thy life is but a moment—
  But a swiftly-fleeting day?
E'er the dawn is fully faded,
  E'er the noontide's light is come,
Evening shadows round thee gather,
  And thou'lt hie thee to thy home.
If the myst'ry of this moment
  Baffles all thy powers of thought,

Lures thee on, evades thee ever
  Keeps thy mind fore'er distraught;
Can'st thou hope to know the wonders
  Of the ages that are passed,
Or what in the distant future
  Of the universe so vast,
Will stretch out beyond our vision,
  Farther yet, and farther still,
Think you now to know all secrets
  Of our Heavenly Father's will?
Finite mind, cease now thy doubting,
  Seize by faith the promise sure,
Gird thee for a life of service
  Built upon the Rock secure.
Then when thou hast braved life's tempests
  And art anchored on the strand,
Thou shalt see His face in glory,
  Seeing, thou shalt understand.

C. L. S.

A Life Well Spent.

Among the poets and literary critics which the South has produced none stand more prominently before the public today than Sidney Lanier. When we say that he was a genius and a man whose soul was filled with an artistic sense of beauty, we feel that we are but voicing the sentiments of a large and intelligent circle of truly appreciative readers. Here was a man who labored to give to the world something that would benefit it—to interpret life as it appeared to the mind of a man who was prepared to interpret man and nature and the relations which they bore to each other. Yet when we consider the difficulties under which he labored, and his conscious realization of the fact that the work into which he was pouring his very soul and upon which he was sacrificing his life was unappreciated, we wonder what was the motive behind his work. Yet we need not wonder. If we read his poetry we see in it not the hasty

productions of the every-day verse-maker, but in its every line is the mind and thought of the poet and artist. When we think of the fact that the people allowed the author of "Over the Hills of Habersham and Down Through the Valleys of Hall" to be buried in a simple pine coffin it is no wonder to us that they failed to appreciate his works of art. What cared this great genius, who lived far out of his time, if he was unappreciated by his own generation. He knew that the time would come when men would divine the true spirit of his life-work, and then his ambition would be accomplished.

The world needs to be proud of such men as Sidney Lanier. Living at a time when the public was loud in its cry for something sensational, something that would please them for an hour and as quickly pass into oblivion, and when men were willing to pay exorbitant prices for that which would arouse their emotions, he heeded not the voice of the public, but rather responded to that higher voice, the soul of the artist within, and, consequently, he has handed down to the generations to come a product which will stand the test of time and which will add more lustre to the name of its author as the ages roll on. With an unflagging devotion to his great work, notwithstanding the fact that his body was racked with pain and death staring him in the face, he labored on. Lanier received no fortune for a single poem, few great poets ever did; and it is well that they did not, for if they had written a popular work and received a great reward it is probable that they might have tried to conform to a conventional standard, and it is highly probable that the world would not be near so rich in true masterpieces of poetic thought as it is today. The really great artists have given no thought to leaving, at their death, a vast fortune or a name covered with glory —a name which would be upon the lips of the great reading public—but he strives to leave behind him a far richer legacy, a work which is truly beautiful and filled with the thoughts of a master mind, a finished product which will elicit praise from those who are in sympathy with his work,

and thereby competent to judge and express opinions upon it.

The man and his work, which is inseparable from him, thoroughly demonstrates the fact that the great works in literature as well as in art are rarely ever properly appreciated in the beginning, and also that the author must labor on without apparent reward. But if a man pours out all the feelings of a great soul—all the best and noblest that is in him—the time will come when the world will be forced to recognize him and that which he has created. The other great thought which is impressed upon our minds is that no work in literature which is written to satisfy the clamorings of a superficial reading public or to meet the demand of the hour can be truly great or lasting. It will vanish as quickly as it came. If a man, whether he be following the humblest pursuit of life or filling the highest position in the gift of a nation, wishes to leave a lasting monument to his memory he must be thoroughly in sympathy with his work and never surrender before the obstacles which come in his path, but persevere, strive ever onward and upward towards the accomplishment of the great purpose which he has set for his life's work.

Such was the life and lesson of one of the South's greatest poets. The man who died a martyr to the high sense of duty which his poetical and critical nature had placed upon him. He added a new beauty to the scenery of his native land and caused the ripple and dash of the waters of the Chattahooche to fall as music upon the ears of those who were privileged to listen. In connection with this great work as a poet he was also a critic and an essayist, and some of his greatest and most powerful work is in this field of literature. When his life work ceased and he laid down his pen to resume it never again he was in the midst of a series of famous essays which were being delivered before the students of Johns Hopkins University. While Lanier did not live quite in obscurity, the world could not in his life time thoroughly appreciate his genius or the great motive which moved him onward in his incessant labors.

A study of his literary work not only makes us acquainted with one of our truly great authors, but lends us an inspiration which induces us to put forward our best efforts in whatever work we may undertake.

We exclaim, often, how excellent is the life of a man who accomplishes a great work, even though he be surrounded by the most favorable circumstances. But how infinitely greater and more magnificent is the life and work of a truly great man who when he comes to close a career of toils and hardships can say to posterity, I leave you as a legacy the work of a lifetime, a work which contains my best thought, my greatest efforts, my all. It is for your benefit. Get from it what you may. J. H. Hamel, '05.

An Ode to Spring.

Welcome, welcome, joyous Spring;
  How we love your sunny face,
And your coming seems to bring
  Youth and life to everything.

See the trees that stood the blast
  Of hoary winter's icy chill,
Warming up to life at last
  Beneath your forceful, loving will.

How the lifeblood seems to flow—
  So full of joy and sweet delight—
While our hearts beat Oh! so low,
  And our spirits take their flight;

Wandering over hill and plain,
  Through love's mystic, dreary world.
Thankful that 'tis spring again
  And winter's banner now is furled.

And the mocking-birds you bring
  With their souls so full of Love,
And their gladsome carols ring
  Like the Anthems sung above.

Sad and sweet on dreary days
  They sing, with voice so far away,
Of the parting of the ways,
  Of pining love's uncertain day.

Soft and clear the music floats
  From the singer to the heart,
Who, in Love enraptured, dotes
  The sweetness when true Lovers part.

But the bright days change the song
  Into one of Love and Joy;
Singing sweetly all day long
  And far into the night. Ahoy!

Music's wafted on the air—
  It seems so near, yet far away;
Singing like the angels there,
  In notes of sweetest harmony.

We gladly see you come again
  To bring us merry, happy days;
Dispelling gloom, that mortal bane,
  Which lightly blights more cheerful ways.

Bright days are not with sadness fraught,
  But full of joy and peace divine,
To somber days a sober thought
  Best fits the day—best suits the mind.

M. T. W.

Some Lines of Progress in the South.

In a country in which action is so rapid, interest so varied, and occupation so intense and unremitting, as with us—where men of business and politicians pursue each their own special object with almost exclusive and overestimating eagerness—it is natural for one to pause and consider the cause of so great activity in the South.

Her frontier life has been abolished by the progressive-

ness of her people, and King Cotton is the world power behind the great economic transitions through which we are passing. The uncultivated swamps have been placed in excellent sanitary conditions, and along the larger streams the manufacturing of cotton goods is successfully carried on by the excellent water-power.

Before the war, manufacturing in fhe South was at a very low tide. The people devoted their time and attention almost exclusively to agriculture. This was due largely to the fact that agriculture was very profitable at that time, on account of the number of slaves owned by Southern planters. They had been accustomed to send their raw material to New England to have it manufactured, after which it was shipped back to them, which involved a considerable expense. As the amount of raw material produced was increasing every year, the people began to realize that they would have to manufacture it themselves, and although prior to 1820 there were only about two cotton mills in successful operation in the South, this number increased very rapidly, and in 1848 there were thirty-five cotton mills in North Carolina and thirty-two in Georgia, besides the manufacturing of checks and ginghams that was carried on in Alabama.

But just at this time, when this industry was spreading so rapidly, the Civil War came on and retarded the progress of the South to such an extent that it took her almost a half century to recover from her prostrate condition.

At the close of the war the South was looked upon as a section of the American commonwealth, whose people were crushed by the curse of war and were never to play any part in the country's great government. But, democratic as they were in their opinions of what a government should be, and diligent and industrious in their habits, they have revolutionized the once poverty-strickened South into the Mecca for the investment of Northern capital in her various enterprises. If nature had contrived to build a throne to send a blessing to an oppressed people, she could not have devised natural advantages better suited for manufacturing

than the South has to-day. Her mild climate, virgin soil, cheap coal supply, and excellent water power give her a superiority over any section in the world for industrial supremacy.

However, this does not mean that the South is neglecting agriculture, which is the basis of all manufacturing enterprises, for the agricultural lands are reaching a higher state of cultivation every year. By the abundance of cheap labor, ample means of transportation, and ready market, the Southern farmer of today can furnish raw material to the consumer at a profit.

Education, which is the most essential thing to a country's prosperity, has undergone radical changes in the South, and has developed to a very high state. From the anti-Revolutionary times until far into the nineteenth century, education in the South was in a deplorable condition. Statistics show that as late as 1840, out of the entire white population in the South under twenty-one, which was 2,671,362, there were only 264,607 in colleges, academies and common schools; and, furthermore, that 63 per cent. of all the illiteracy in the country was south of Mason and Dixon's line. This seems to show that the people were too much engaged in agriculture to give much attention to education. But facts are against such a conclusion when we recall that many of the oldest American colleges belong to the South. However, most of the higher institutions are in the North. It is partly attributed to this fact that it was the custom of the wealthy class to send their children North to college in order that they might have the benefit of University training. But, fortunately, at this period the various denominations of the South took up the cause and established colleges for the Christian education. Also, in 1846 the United States government granted large tracts of land to several Southern states on condition that a large per cent. of the proceeds should be used by each in establishing a college. Appropriations, also, were made by the government at several times for educational purposes in the South. These material benefits naturally brought about a

great change in the educational history of the South. The people began to patronize their own colleges, realizing the fact that the minds of their children whom they sent North to be educated were being corrupted by constant preaching against slavery and other Southern institutions. And so education in the South has gradually developed through successive years by the constant establishing of colleges and the many changes that have been brought about in the common school system, until now the poor as well as the rich are enabled to receive an education in institutions supported by the people. And today the South can take a just pride in the sagacity and great achievements of those who go out from her colleges.

E. FOSTER BRIGHAM, '05.

Tennis, the Game of To-Day.

Perhaps there is no outdoor game that better suits all students than Tennis. It is a game which is known and enjoyed by most every college student. It is played by many because it is simple, fascinating, and harmless.

The history of tennis is interesting. As we search the pages of history, we see recorded there facts concerning this game. The game has changed much since its origin. In the middle ages the game was played in France, Italy and England, mostly by the Lords and Nobles as pastime. It was played at that time in covered courts. We have often read in Greek literature where an assembly was called together in a tennis court. It is recorded that France got the art from Italy, and England from France. The game was virtually the same in England as in France, though there were few differences of details. The game as then played had many peculiarities. The net was five feet high and the outline of the court was peculiar.

There has been only a score of years since lawn-tennis was introduced by Major Wingfield, though it had been played out of doors, in one form or another, for many centuries. It was then taken up by "All England Club," who in 1877 remodeled the outline of the courts, laws and method of scoring. These

modifications left the game as we play it to-day. The lowering of the nets enabled harder strokes and more energetic playing, both of which are very important in the game.

Among students we have many very popular games, such as foot-ball, base-ball, and less violent games like tennis, basket-ball and golf. But lawn-tennis is the game of to-day. It has grown into popularity faster than any other one. It is a game which can be played by anyone. It is simple, though one among the best games for recreation. It is harmless compared with baseball, though very exciting at times. What is more enjoyable than to join in or witness a quick and snappy game of tennis, in which we see two champions gather their rackets, toss them for the serve, wield them in the most graceful manner, and place the ball by hard, though sure, strokes in an effective place?

There are many forms that might be selected in this game. Few players have a specific form of playing; in fact there is no specific form, as everyone has a form of his own. So you find only a few players who play exactly alike. Some have a hard stroke, some a cut, though the majority have the simple stroke. A purpose is certainly helpful in life, and we can see that it is just as helpful in the small things of every-day. Then we should have a purpose in tennis playing. Without a purpose and a definite form of playing one can never become as good a player as if he had these qualities. In all things we desire excitement. We find it in books very abundantly, but not more so than we do in games. No game has more excitement at certain points than tennis.

As we have seen tennis is a game that suits the majority of students, therefore every college should encourage it. It is not violent exercise and can be taken even by the weakest. It is a simple game and can be played even by the ignorant. It is an out-door game and is very helpful to a weak constitution. All students who have played tennis know that they feel much refreshed after a game, and are better fitted for their college duties.

Now, if tennis is a simple, harmless game, and enables one to do more effective work, then the colleges should encourage it by contributing some of their funds to support it.

J. P. S., '05.

The Hayseed's View of Progress.

You may talk about your graphophones
  And wireless telegraph,
And airships sailing overhead
  As light as flying chaff—
About the great electric cars
  That run through every town,
And locomotive driving wheels
  Quite forty feet around—
None of these new fan-dangled ways
  Just suit my sort o' style;
Not even if the train go by
  A minute to the mile.
I wouldn't give my old gray horse
  For fifty railroad cars,
Nor any airship ever made
  To sail up to the stars.
Perhaps its not progressive like
  To take just such a stand,
But when I start I like to know
  Just where I'm going to land.

—C. L S

Wofford College Journal.

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Editorial Department

POWER W. BETHEA, Editor.

The June Issue of The Journal. On account of there being only a single week in June before adjournment for the summer vacation, the staff has decided instead of publishing two single numbers to combine them in a May-June issue. In this number it is the aim of the board to not only get out a larger and more bulky one than has heretofore been published, but the quality of the material will be the very best that the students, faculty, and alumni are capable of producing. Besides, too, by co-operation with the "Aurora," we will be enabled to elaborately illustrate this issue with the most artistic scenes about the campus, the interior and exterior of the college building, and many other views which will be of inestimable value to all the subscribers and friends of the Journal.

Prize Story. The names of all the winners of Journal prizes for this collegiate year, with their subjects, will be published in the next issue of the Journal. Last fall the staff held a meeting and unanimously decided to appropriate thirty dollars, ten for the best story, essay and poem published in the columns of the Journal throughout the year. The idea is rather a new one at Wofford, but the experiment was by no means a failure. Quite a number of our poets, writers of fiction, and essayists responded, and it is sincerely hoped that the next staff will follow in the foot-prints of the present board, and see to it that this important phase of the Journal is not neglected. This has been one of the greatest incentives and stimuli to Journal writing and the literary department would have fallen far short of its present standard had not the prize story contest been instituted.

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The Aurora. For the first time in its history Wofford has decided to publish an annual. And well it might, for no fitter season could have been selected to commemorate its Semi-Centennial celebration in June. It is the aim of the staff not only to represent every phase of college life at present in its pages, but it proposes to publish a complete history of the college since its first establishment, a sketch of the Journal, the literary societies and the secret orders on the campus. Every student, alumnus, and indeed every one who has ever been connected with the college in any way will desire a copy of this invaluable bit of information.

It has been the experience of more than one college that the publication of an annual has debased rather than raised the literary and moral standard of the college community, but in this case we hope it will be an exception to the rule. With the present staff at its head, we have reason to believe that only the best quality of material will be utilized in its contents, and it will go down as a fitting memorial to mark the fiftieth mile-stone in the History of the college.

Leaving Before Commencement. Perhaps it is out of place just at this time, but ere the Journal goes to print again we will be on the threshold of commencement, and the suggestion that we wish to make in the mean time if postponed until then will be more untimely than at present.

As every one well knows, this is the Semi-Centennial celebration of the college. Much time has been spent and great trouble has been wrought in preparing a program that will be equal to the occasion. The most distinguished men of the day will participate in the exercises. So no one from senior to freshman can afford to miss this grand commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the leading Methodist college in the state. This rich and elaborate program which has been fraught with so much difficulty was prepared for you, boys, and if you leave before the performance of these interesting exercises you will have missed the quintessence of the college year.

Heretofore there has been some excuse for a small minority of the under classmen leaving before the closing exercises, but since the completion of the new auditorium with all its modern conveniences and increased capacity, no barrier can be concocted sufficient to deprive one of the greatest event in the history of the college. Then let us every one contribute at least his presence at the coming commencement.

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Wofford's Semi-Centennial. No small enthusiasm is being manifested in the Semi-Centennial Exercises which will be celebrated at Wofford from Friday evening, June 3d, to Wednesday morning, June 8th, 1904. Special committees have spent much time in arranging an elaborate program, which, now complete, is unexcelled by that of any other college in the South. In recognition of this fact its sister college at Columbia has moved the closing exercises of that institution a week earlier so that friends of both colleges may be present at the Fiftieth anniversary. It is hoped

that all the Alumni and friends of Wofford will be present at this occasion, and make it, indeed, the grandest reunion in the history of the college. Besides the Gymnasium Exhibition and the Joint Debate between the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies which will occur Friday evening and Saturday evening, respectively, the following pamphletic announcement has been issued by Pres. Snyder:

"For months committees have been at work preparing the progamme for the semi-centennial celebration of Wofford college. This programme is now complete, and it is doubtful whether any southern college has ever presented a stronger or a more attractive one. The list of speakers includes men of national reputation, and the community is to be congratulated on the opportunity of hearing them. One thing is certain, Wofford's fifty years of noble history will be worthily commemorated and this commencement will be a significant occasion in the life of the community as well as the college.

"The commencement sermon will be preached Sunday, June 5, by Bishop Chas. B. Galloway. Bishop Galloway is a writer of considerable note and a churchman of wide and varied influence. But above all, he is a matchless pulpit orator on great occasions. No other southern preacher is in so great a demand outside his own section, and wherever he goes he always leaves the impression of strong thinking and moving eloquence. He represents what we understand as the best in southern oratory.

"Sunday evening, in Central Methodist church, Dr. James H. Carlisle will deliver his annual address. For fifty years Dr. Carlisle has been connected with Wofford College. The wealth of his great life has been poured into this institution, making it a power for sound learning and high moral character throughout all this southern country. In celebrating the semi-centennial of Wofford, in a very true sense the college is also celebrating Dr. Carlisle and what he has done for it.

"Monday morning, June 6, President Ira B. Remsen, Ph. D., LL. D., of Johns Hopkins University, delivers the address at the dedication of the John B. Cleveland Science Hall. No

more fitting man could have been secured to worthily mark Mr. Cleveland's generous gift to Wofford College. President Remsen has been for many years one of the few great chemists of the world. Several years ago he succeeded Dr. Gilman as the head of the great Johns Hopkins University, an institution that has done more to shape university instruction in this country than any other single influence. President Remsen is a clear, forcible, interesting speaker.

"Monday evening, June 6, Bishop W. W. Duncan, D. D., LL. D., will deliver a commencement address on the subject 'Wofford College—Fifty Years of History.' No man could better represent Wofford College on such a theme and on such an occasion than Bishop Duncan, the president of the board of trustees. He graduated from the college in 1858, and some of the best years of his life have been devoted to her service. He has given freely of his means, his labor and his love to its upbuilding. In his hands, we are sure that the meaning of the history of Wofford college will be wisely and nobly interpreted.

"Tuesday morning, June 7, the annual address before the Calhoun and Preston Literary societies will be delivered by Professor Chas. Forster Smith, Ph. D., LL. D., professor of classical philosophy in the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Smith is an author of books, a frequent contributor to the leading magazines and reviews, a public lecturer in great demand, and a scholar ranking with the very first of the country. Those who know him and the work he is capable of doing are promising themselves a rich treat in the scholarly, thoughtful and inspiring quality of the address he will make.

"Tuesday evening, June 7, Dr. Richard D. Smart, of Norfolk, Va., will deliver the alumni address. Dr. Smart is a native Carolinian and a graduate of Wofford of the class of 1868. For the last ten years he has filled some of the leading appointments in the Southern Methodist church—at Memphis, Little Rock, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Norfolk. The alumni association are fortunate in having him to speak for them and to them on this occasion.

"Wednesday morning, June 8, will occur the exercises

of the graduating class. At this time, Chancellor Jas. H. Kirkland, Ph. D., LL. D., of Vanderbilt University, will make an address. Dr. Kirkland is not only a Latin scholar of wide repute, but also an educational leader who stands easily among the first. He is, moreover, an accomplished speaker of great finish and charm. His address is sure to be one of the significant events of this memorable commencement.

"In reviewing the speakers elected for this semi-centennial occasion, Wofford points with pride to the fact that four of them are her own sons and each is a leader in his own line of work—Bishop Duncan, '58; Dr. Smart, '68; Dr. Smith, '72; and Chancellor Kirkland, '77."

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This Was Not Put Here to be Read. Last year great interest was manifested in athletics at the College, and sufficient funds were raised to level and inclose the athletic grounds. So that now we have one of the most beautiful parks of any college in the state. The financial department of the Athletic Association was placed in very favorable circumstances, and the gate receipts always exceeded the amount to defray the expenses of the visiting teams with a neat surplus to be turned over to the association. Almost every student without a single exception became a member of this organization. But this year such is not the case. Only a small per cent of College spirit seems to be prevalent among the boys. Up to date only one hundred membership tickets have been issued, and it is now in the latter half of the base-ball season. Something is evidently wrong. For with the number of games scheduled it has been ascertained that it is actually cheaper to purchase a membership ticket and see the game for half price than not to become a member and pay the regular price. Only one dollar is charged as membership fee, and even if the cost of a ticket exceeded all the regular entrance fees for the entire season, that would be remarkably cheap compared with other colleges which charge five and in some

cases ten dollars to become a member of the association. Surely every one of us is willing to contribute a poor, measly dollar to the support of our base-ball team when three or four times the amount is spent frivolously and without occasion for such things that are detrimental rather than essential to physical as well as the intellectual well being of the college man.

That it is much cheaper to join the association which entitles one to purchase his entrance tickets to the games at half price, and so few boys join is a cock-sure fact that there is "something rotten in the State of Denmark". But it is not this idea of seeing the games cheaper that we care to impress upon the students; it is rather their lack of interest taken in foot-ball and base-ball. Athletics is fast becoming one of the most important phases of college life, and if we do not give our small contributions to its support, it is evidence that we do not approve of sports in college. You hear some of the boys hounding the faculty because they do not take much interest in this part of college life, but when we come to the truth of the matter it is the reverse. For they have always contributed very liberally to its support in every way, but the boys do not seem to realize that they must help bear some of the burden also. Some one will lament that Wofford has no college spirit, but what is the cause? The boys are the ones to create this spirit, and if every one deplore the situation, no one will ever do any good in this particular line. So far as the mere fee of one dollar is concerned that is insignificant, but what we are striving for is to create more enthusiasm in athletics, and to show the people of Spartanburg, and indeed the entire state, that there is still college spirit at Wofford.

Then let us consider this matter more seriously than we have heretofore, and show our appreciation of base-ball and foot-ball by connecting ourselves one and all with the association. No one will ever have occasion for regret, and it will place our athletic association on a much better financial basis.

Exchange Department.

R. O. LAWTON, Editor

The first magazine to greet us was the daintily bound, refreshing *Palmetto*. It opens up with an essay on the "Poetry of II Isaiah," which we consider one of the most logical and instructive pieces we have seen in a college magazine. It shows thoughtful study of the subject, is well written and compact. Its author is to be congratulated upon a unique and original departure from the general run of college magazine stories. "From Two to Five" has in it the possibilities of a good story; while on the other hand "A Woman's Reward" has little of merit. The last story, "The Princess and the Peasant," is good, and fully suitable to close this interesting issue of the *Palmetto*. Only one pink "Wild Rose" blooms in the *Palmetto's* practical garden, but it doesn't suffer from contrast and is pretty.

We have been influenced by past experience to expect an unusually interesting magazine in the "*Pine and Thistle*." We note with regret that the March issue falls far short of its usual high standard. The leading piece is the conclusion of a continued story—the context of which if we ever knew we have long since forgotten. We scarcely catch the drift of the story from the last chapter, but since it left its hero all alone enjoying a royal smoke, we must judge it a good story. "Tories and Whigs" has the material for a good story but is painfully undeveloped. "In the Usual Way" is void of plot, would have sounded better if told in two paragraphs, and perhaps better still if left out altogether. "Opera: Its Beginning and Development" is the redeeming feature of the magazine. It is a clear, concise treatment of a good subject. The poem "Class '04" is evidently a parody or a joke—we are surprised at the editors. The other departments are well edited and interesting but for a bunch of time-worn, stale, one-time funny practical exchanges,

The *Davidson College Magazine* for March is a good example of excellence in college journalism. "Sydney Lanier, the Man and the Poet," is a sympathetic and an appreciative study of this great singer. "Her Opinion" is a good story but lack of development destroys much of one's interest and our care for its hero. The essays, the "Monroe Doctrine" and "Grandfathers Mountain" are good. "Bobby's Reward" is a delightful story, well-written, just the right length and is one of the best contributions. Davidson is to be congratulated on the class of poetry contributed. "If I Fail" deserves special comment and a "Touch of Summer" is far from bad. Taken all in all the *Magazine* is well arranged and well stocked.

The *Erskinian* strikes us as being a well-balanced magazine. "Determination," an essay, is given the leading place, and deserves it. The apparently paradoxical "Littleness of Greatness" and "Greatness of Littleness" following close upon one another are unique and interesting. The former is perhaps the better of the two. "The Backward Trail" has the elements of a good story despite its tragic atmosphere. "Woman's Honor Before Her Love" is a continued story which may develop. Anything practical is conspicuously absent from the *Erskinian*. The other departments are gotten up well.

We confess our disappointment in the March number of the *Clemson College Chronicle*. There is lack of literary matter not characteristic of this enterprising journal. The opening poem is just so much good poetry while the article "John B. Gordon" is timely. "Some Factors of Success" deserves favorable comment despite its lack of originality. We have read "Walter Waters" twice in vain endeavor to find something in it "somewhere," but acknowledge our failure. Presumably it is intended for a story, but we cannot find in it our requirements for a good story. Evidently it was written by a man from the marshes, or who dreams of fish ponds and Florida rivers. It is preeminently the "watered" part of the March literary stock of the *Chronicle*.

The editorial department is dedicated to Winthrop Journal. However when the *Chronicle's* plea and firm stand for high-grade college journalism and the way it usually measures up to the best, we are convinced that March was only an "off" month.

But for its poetical barrenness we should think the *Southwestern University Magazine* easily one of the best that comes to our table. "Genius," its first essay is good but rather marred by quotation marks. The "International Exposition" is a thoughtful consideration of a timely question. The story a "Medley of Dreams and Facts" is interesting, but has too much of local interest in it to be called a success. The "Secret of Fuland Castle" is worthy of mention, while we think "A Visit to the West" the most charming story in the magazine. The other essays, "Irish Home Rule," "Texas—Her past and Future," and "Anglo-Saxon Genius in America" are scholarly and well worth a close reading. The *Southwestern* is well edited and must be reckoned among first-class college journals.

CLIPPINGS.

"Go to my father," was all she said;
And she knew that I knew that her father was dead;
And she knew that I knew the gay life he had led;
And she knew that I knew what she meant when she said,
"Go to my father." —*Ex.*

Said a bearded Med to a fain co-ed,
"I feel like a ship at sea,
For exams are near and much I fear
Unlucky I shall be."

Then said the co-ed, "The shore I'll be,
Come rest, your journey o'er."
So darkness fell and all was well
With the ship that hugged the shore.

—Ex.

"Dear old Sadie is dead and gone
And we'll never see her more,
For what she thought was H 2 O,
Was H2 SO4." —Ex

THE UNITED STATES IN A STATE OF MIND.

In the State of Mass.
There lives a lass
I love to go N. C.
No other Miss.
Can e'er, I Wis.,
Be half so dear to Me.
R. I. is blue
And her cheeks the hue
Of shells where waters swash;
On her pink-white phiz
There Nev. Ariz.
The least complexion Wash.
La.! could I win
The heart of Minn.,
I'd ask for nothing more.
But I only dream
Upon the theme
And Conn. it o'er and Ore.
Why is it, pray,
I can't Ala.
This love that makes me Ill?
N. Y., O., Wy.
Kan. Nev. Ver. I
Propose to her my will?
I shun the task
'Twould be to ask
This gentle maid to wed;
And so, to press
My suit, I guess
Alaska Pa. instead.

From the College Messenger

THE DRAMATIC CLUB
OF
COLUMBIA COLLEGE
INVITES YOU TO THEIR PRESENTATION
OF
MRS. COMPTON'S MANAGER
MONDAY NIGHT, APRIL EIGHTEENTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR

The coatless man puts a careless arm
  Round the waist of a hatless girl,
As over the dustless and mudless roads
  In a horseless carriage they whirl.
Like a leadless bullet from a hammerless gun,
  By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joy
  By endless union given,
Though the only lunch his coinless purse
  Affords to them the means
Is tasteless meal of boneless cod,
  With a "side" of stringless beans.
He puffs a tobaccoless cigarette,
  And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
  By wireless Telegraph. —Ex.

He thought he thought great
Thoughts, and thought
No other thought a thought;
If others even thought he thought
They thought he thought he thought.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
  She said in tones polite;
"I am indeed for getting you,
  That's why I came tonight."
—Ex.

His face was pale, his visage sad,
His look was hard and stony.
"Is grim death near?" said I to him.
"No, no; I've lost my pony."—Ex.

Her Greek-shaped head was classic,
Her pose was rythmic, sweet;
I thought her lines were perfect
Until I scanned her feet.—Ex.

"Yes sir; we can change anything here."

"Wish you'd change my mind then, if you are so good at it."

"Have no small change, sir."—Ex.

He loved his Dinah dearly,
And he sighed for her one night- -
"Dinah, could you love me?"
And she whispered, "Dinah might."

They were married in the autumn;
When she blows him up at night;
He realizes what it meant
When she whispered, "Dynamite."—Ex.

The Seniors like their soda pop,
The Juniors like their beer;
The Soph'mores like their Heptol Split,
Because it gives good cheer.

The Freshmen like their bottle milk,
Because it keeps off dizziness;
But specials have no choice at all—
They drink the whole blame business.—Ex.

Alumni Department.

E. F. McWHIRTER, Editor

Class of 1897.

E. L. Culler is a member of the House of Representatives and is a prosperous farmer of Orangeburg county.

W. M. Connor, Jr., is Assistant United States District Attorney of Moro Province, Philippine Islands.

W. B. Evans graduated from the South Carolina Law School four years ago, and is now practicing law in Columbia, S. C.

W. A. Hodges is in the insurance business in Honea Path, S. C.

J. P. Inabinit has joined the South Carolina Conference, and is now stationed on the Saluda circuit.

T. L. Manning is farming about three miles from Manning, S. C.

W. A. Medlock is practicing medicine.

N. M. Salley, of Orangeburg, is superintendent of schools in Bamberg, S. C.

M. L. Smith holds the position of stenographer for the Pacolet Manufacturing Co.

Class of 1896.

C. H. Barber, formerly of Spartanburg, is now in the cotton brokerage business in New Orleans, La.

T. C. Blake has a position with the Southern Bell Telephone Co., in Baltimore, Md.

C. E. Boyd is superintendent of the Graded Schools in Manning, S. C.

W. A. Cannon, of foot-ball fame, is now farming near Horse Shoe, N. C.

E. G. Clinkscales has a position with the Columbia Stock Exchange, Columbia, S, C.

F. A. Cummings teaches in the State of Virginia.

Gist Gee has been in Soochow, China, for something over three years as a missionary. He has a professorship in the Soochow University.

J. F. Grant is a rice planter near Conway, S. C.

Paul Hardin is farming and merchandising at Chester, S. C.

A. E. Holler has joined the Methodist Conference of this State and is now at Scotia.

Three years ago this class suffered the loss of one of its members—that of A. S. Hydrick.

D. J. Hydrick, of Orangeburg, is practicing medicine at his home.

A. M. Law, of this city, is Treasurer of the Home Building and Loan Association, and also deals in stocks, bonds and insurance.

C. C. Leitner, who has for a number of years been connected with an insurance company of Boston, is now in the real estate business in that city.

L. P. McGee has for several years been a member of the South Carolina Conference, and is now stationed at Timmonsville.

H. C. McKelvey is farming near Lickville, S. C.

G. Marshall Moore, who presented to Wofford the Tennis Trophy Cup, is superintendent of the schools in Barnwell, S. C.

E. L. Ray holds the position of assistant cashier of the Blue Ridge National Bank of Asheville, N. C.

J. C. Roper is a member of the S. C. Conference, and has charge of Spring Street Church in Charleston.

W. K. Smith conducts a general merchandising business in connection with his farm at Brighton, S. C.

Marion Tucker is professor of English in the State University, Tallahassee, Florida.

J. Easterling Walker is connected with the Pacolet Manufacturing Co., of Pacolet, S. C.

O. D. Wannamaker is professor in a college in China.

E. E. Williamson takes, in the coming June, the degree of B. D. from Vanderbilt University.

J. J. Wolfe is fellow and assistant in Zoology at Harvard University.

J. H. Carlisle, Jr., class of '85, of this city, will soon publish his book, "Fifty Years of Wofford," in which he proposes to list every man who has ever attended college, giving the address, occupation and time when in college. Any information containing the above facts will be gladly received by him.

Y. M. C. A.

EDWARD K. HARDIN, Jr., Editor.

Experience has clearly shown that the atmosphere of a college community is peculiarly conducive to the most rapid and thorough development of youth. But it may be for good or for worse. Every college, of course, seeks to promote only what is best; but here, as everywhere else in life, the choice between good and evil must be made. And so it happens that many young men run counter to the best influences and make rapid progress, but it is downward and sadly fatal.

And what about our development for this scholastic year? We are nearing another vacation, and it is not amiss to take a retrospective view before we are bewildered amid the delights and excitements of another Commencement. Every one has certainly progressed in some way. There are two Freshmen; both came from the country; both had equal chances. You laughed at them and called them rustics. One is now classed among the best in his class as a student and as a man; the other, in making progress downwards, has gone to the other extreme, and sometimes it is whispered "He will hardly come back next year." Take two others from the most favored homes, and the story is the same. The Sophomore, Junior and Senior have made rapid progress, too, in one of these two ways. But it has been a refreshing sight to occasionally see a student stop his wayward course and manfully struggle in the other direction. Every one should lend a helping hand to such a man.

But let us be intensely personal. In which way has *my* progress been tending? Am I better or worse? Our fond parents think we are the best and noblest young men in the world. When we left them we were innocent, or comparatively so. Now, when we return to our homes, will we go in the restful consciousness of duty done, or shall we con-

tinually have to make excuses and explanations concerning our manifest shortcomings and failures, and still fail to ward off the bitter disappointment that must come to our loved ones? While the path of the Christian student is a hard one, and at times uninviting, yet everyone, ere many weeks have passed, will be forced to the conclusion that it is the only safe one. Would that every student would act on that conviction when he comes face to face with it! If he does, he will not only spend a happier vacation, but his subsequent life in college and later in the world would count for something.

On March 26-27 a Student Missionary Conference was held among the students of the College. The conference was held under the auspices of the Southern Methodist Mission Board and was presided over by Rev. J. W. Shackford of Nashville, Tenn. We were especially delighted by the strong, forceful addresses delivered by Rev. E. O. Watson and Rev. W. R. Richardson, D. D. Excellent biographical sketches of certain great missionaries were prepared and read by Messrs. J. C. Anderson, J. R. Lyles, C. L. Smith and W. C. Herbert. Other students who took active part in the exercises were: Messrs. E. K. Hardin, Jr. and W. D. Roberts. All who were in attendance were conscious of a decided deepening of their interest in the cause of missions. It was a great disappointment to us, however, when it was learned that Rev. W. B. Nance of China, could not be present. He was detained by illness in his family.

The meeting of the International Y. M. C. A. Convention at Buffalo, N. Y., on May 11-15, will be an occasion of no small interest. There is much inspiration to be gathered from contact with the great spirited leaders and workers who are present in that large body. Unfortunately, we will not have a representative there from Wofford.

The announcements concerning the Southern Student

Conference are out. This gathering which has hitherto been meeting in Asheville, will now assemble at Waynesville, N. C. The date is June 10-19. This conference is always looked forward to with much pleasure by the Christian students of the South. It combines the sports and delights of a summer outing in the mountains with many spiritual blessings and strong religious influence. It is really a training school for Christian workers somewhat on the order of the summer school for teachers at Knoxville. Nearly every southern institution will be represented there. Among others the following well known speakers will be in attendance: John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Prof. E. O. Brown, of Vanderbilt; Dr. W. R. Lambreth and Dr. J. A. B. Scherer of Charleston, S. C.

ALBERT D. BETTS.

Local Department

SIMPSON F. CANNON, Editor

The State Contest.

The State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest will be held at Greenwood this year on Friday night, April 29th. Wofford's representative is Mr. E. K. Hardin, Jr. It will be remembered that Mr. Hardin won over his strong opponents during the early part of the year and it is a foregone conclusion that he will also be the winner in the State contest. His subject is "The Reign of Lawlessness."

The other speakers are S. T. Hill, Clemson; J. M. Daniel, Furman; J. B. Smith, Clinton; W. B. Seabrook, Newberry; W. M. Hunter, Erskine.

D. S. Henderson, O. Shepherd and C. C. Featherstone are the judges on delivery.

—

Mr. W. D. Roberts has been elected by the Preston Society as speaker on the Junior debate to take the place of Mr. J. P. Kilgo, resigned.

—

Our First Game.

The first game of the season was played on Thursday afternoon, April 7th, with Charleston College. The game was stoutly contested from beginning to end, but it could be seen at a glance that the Charlestonians were clearly outclassed. The score was 9 to 6 in favor of Wofford.

Our team left on the 11th to be away about ten days. The schedule of games is as follows: Monday, April 11th, Furman University at Greenville; Tuesday, April 12th, Clemson College at Clemson; Wednesday and Thursday, April 13th, 14th, University of Georgia at Athens; Friday and Saturday, April 15th, 16th, Georgia School of Technology at Atlanta.

The line-up is as follows: Taylor, catcher; Durant, pitcher; Glaze, 1b; McCollough, 2b; All, 3b; Dukes, ss; Richardson, rf; Brabham, cf; Cleveland lf and pitcher. Candler substitute.

HERE AND THERE ON THE CAMPUS.

Mr. W. C. Herbert and Mr. A. D. Betts are confined to their room on account of illness.

Mr. E. K. Hardin, assistant manager of the baseball team, is with the team on their extended trip.

The South Carolina Educational Association will meet in this city on Friday, April 29.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 12th, two of the most important games of the season took place in South Carolina. One at Clemson where Wofford defeated Clemson by the score of 5 to 3. The other one on Wofford College grounds between the Seniors and Juniors, which resulted in a walk-over for the Seniors. The result was 14 to 6, not 16 to 1, quite.

The Calhoun Society have elected the following gentlemen to serve as officers during the months of April and May: President, T. O. Lawton; vice-president, P. W. Bethea; 1st critic, A. C. Daniel, Jr.; 2nd critic, N. T. Clark; 1st censor, J. A. McIntyre; 3rd critic, L. P. Walker; second censor, M. W. Brabham; corresponding secretary, Paul Brown.

Mr. J. P. Lane, who was called to his home at Dillon, S. C. on account of the death of his father, has returned to college.

Rev. David Hucks having been forced to retire from his work on account of ill health, Messrs. Smith, Hardin and Lawton of the Senior Class have been filling his appointments at Jonesville and New Hope.

Mr. E. Forster Brigham of the Junior Class, is back on the campus again after having spent a week at his home in the city of Augusta.

Mr. Ray Durant, who was called home on account of the death of his brother, has returned to college.

Dr. Cooke of the modern language department, is back at his work again after several weeks absence. He has been in the German hospital at Philadelphia under treatment but is now fully recovered, and we are all glad that he is able to be back with us again.

The faculty showed us on April 1st that they had not lost quite all of their tender compassion by granting us that day for rest, which we all appreciated so much. We shall never forget them for this little deed of kindness, Good Friday.

Sen. R. O. Lawton: Do you know why Pres. Pell guards the bung-hole of Converse College so closely?

Sen. Herbert: No, I have no idea.

Sen. Lawton: Because he is afraid his "lasses" will run out.

Mr. R. O. Lawton spent several days in Greenville last month in the interest of the Annual. We also heard that he interested or was interested by some other parties over there in other than commercial relations. For further information ask the man.

"How about Wofford's baseball team?" It's all right.

—

For many months past committees have been at work arranging the programme for Wofford's Fiftieth Anniversary. We give it as it stands complete.

Friday evening, June 3d, 8.30 o'clock, Gymnasium Exhibition.

Saturday evening, June 4th, 8.30 o'clock, Junior Debate.

Query: Resolved, That the Democratic Party should nominate Grover Cleveland for President at its next convention.

Affirmative—Calhoun Society, C. P. Wofford and J. G. Stabler.

Negative—Preston Society, W. D. Roberts and J. H. Hamel.

Sunday morning, June 5th, 11 o'clock, Baccalaureate Sermon—Bishop Chas. B. Galloway.

Sunday evening, June 5th, 8.30 o'clock, annual address—Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle, Central Methodist Church.

Monday morning, June 6th, 10 o'clock, dedication of The John B. Clevland Science Hall—President Ira B. Remsen, Ph. D. LL. D.

Monday evening, June 6th, 8.30 o'clock, Commencement address, Bishop W. W. Duncan, D. D., LL. D.

Tuesday morning, June 7th, 10 o'clock, annual address before the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies—Professor Chas. Forster Smith, Ph. D., LL. D.

Tuesday evening, June 7th, 8.30 o'clock, Alumni address—Dr. Richard D. Smart.

Wednesday morning, June 8th, 10 o'clock—Exercises Graduating Class. Address by Chancellor Jas. H. Kirkland.

CLASS ROLL.

All, Ernest Langdon
Ariail, William Coke
Bethea, Power Wordsworth
Burnett, Warren DuPre
Cannon, Laurence Epton
Cannon, Simpson Fant
Cely, Thomas Loyd
Chapman, Oscar Manning
Chapman, Miss Olive Lee
Clark, Newton Thomas
Curry, Ivry Eldridge
Daniel, Andrew Chalmers
Goodlett, Claude Bernard
Hardin, Edward King
Herbert, William Chapman
Jones, William Townes
Lane, Joe Peter
Lawton, Robert Oswald
Lawton, Thomas Oregon
McIntyre, John Archibald
McWhirter, Ernest Fripp
Smith, Claude Livingston
Tarboux, Miss Marie Virginia

President, R. O. Lawton, Vice-President, E. L. All, Secretary, W. C. Herbert, Treasurer, S. F. Cannon, Prophet, J. P. Lane, Historian, E. K. Hardin, Poet, C. L. Smith.

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Y. M. C. A.

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MAY-JUNE, 1904

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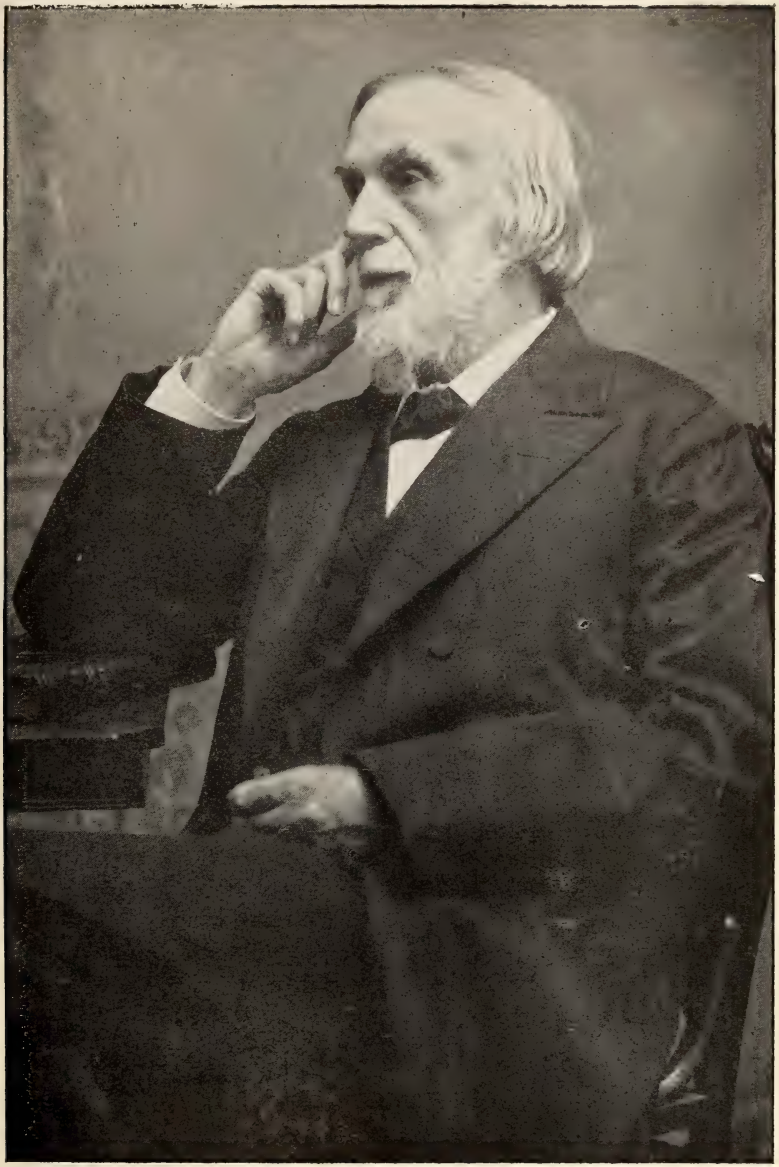

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Literary Department

E. L. ALL, EDITOR.

The Great Man.

There is a fact as true as it is pathetic which meets us on the road of life every day, and it's up to us to tell it good morning: The world exalts that man to the skies whose life happens to have been caught in the tide of favorable circumstances and bows down to him in mock homage, whether or not he be a great man, while the man whose life has been side-tracked on the barren shingles of the world by unfavorable circumstances is left to breathe alone the barren breeze of barren regrets and unrealized hopes. In short, it is one of the failings of human nature to open wide its eyes in the presence of splendor of any kind and to look with polite listlessness upon the man around whose head a halo is not glowing, seeming to be utterly oblivious to the sublime fact that oftentimes the brightest and truest spark is burning beneath the roughest nature, while a viper often lies covered by the robes of circumstantial fame. There is another pathetically true fact: Circumstances may so crowd around a man whose heart is not throbbing with great and good motives that he will be lifted into an atmosphere of unwarranted fame credited with the best of motives, while another man's heart-throbs may vibrate with pulsations that are charged with tide-turning motives, but just because circumstantial environment has dealt unkindly with him the world rushes by and allows that soul that has been tuned by the finger of God to breathe out its greatness on the unfeeling walls of a prejudiced world. These facts are painfully true, but there is another fact that is delightfully true: In the progress of civilization we have gotten to that happy dawn when the choicest spirits of the world, those men who can see greatness and sacredness in everything and who can feel

the heart-beat of suffering humanity, are looking down beneath the robes of splendor on the one hand and the rough exterior of the toiling man on the other into the real man stripped of his fine and his coarse garment, into the heart of hearts, and seeing what bad thing or what good thing is clinging to that heart that has been laid bare. The President and the Bishops and the military leaders and the distinguished officials of all classes must be something else besides officials sitting up in feigned dignity—they must be men, men who are the combination of genius and character.

In the light of the above facts mixed with a few pet hobbies, our conception of a really great man is not the man who happens by some unforeseen and favorable circumstances to have greatness thrust upon him and fawning men at his feet, nor is it he who is a so-called "big man" but who is destitute of that power which ennobles every man—the power to love in the deepest sense of the word, to feel with sympathy the throbbings of the burdened hearts of the world, to grasp the skirts of God with one hand and with the other clasp the hand of a suffering world and connect the currents, thereby uplifting and bettering the world. Neither is it the man who can sit back in his study poring over some book of forgotten lore in the selfish effort to reap for himself the applause of vacillating critics while men and women are standing by crying for help and encouragement and comfort, nor is it the cold, clammy intellectual scholar, made famous by some unprofitable piece of research that happens to seem good in the eyes of two-by-four critics, who sneers at everything that is charged with undisguised love and legitimate feeling and rightful enthusiasm and turns up his lip in sarcastic disdain at the man whose intellectual attainments are not so varied but whose soul can be stirred by the oversoul of the world, which is burdened with suffering and sin.

It's the man who can love and feel and sympathize and suffer most, whose soul is stirred with the best and purest and greatest motives, whose life is unspotted from the world —that's the man who is the great man. Let him be king or let him be a toiler in some far off subterranean tunnel, let

him be a scholar or let him be a toiling peasant—if he has the capacity to lie down at night and suffer because of the suffering across the sea or at home, letting his love pour out in sympathetic feeling for the souls that are writhing under the bondage of darkness and ignorance and sin—he is the great man. I care not what a man may have accomplished or not accomplished by favorable or unfavorable circumstances, if he has that power to love and feel and suffer and sympathize, and if his motives are lofty and his ideals are pure and noble, he is the great man in the greatest sense of the word great. It's the man who can dream dreams and see visions of the world's needs, and who determines to make his life a part of the great plan of God in the final uplift of the world by letting his life mingle with the lives of all men and letting his heart beat in unison with the heart-throbs of all men and by striving to keep the world connected by electric currents of love and sympathy with the great Power House of the world, which is God. Such a man may never accomplish anything worth while in the sight of the world, but no man can say he is not a great man, and no man can call in question his legitimate place by the side of other men whose efforts and motives have been favored by happy circumstances. And after all it's not how much we do but how much we mean to do, not how much we are but how much we aspire to be, that counts in the true estimate of a great man.

"My Good Genius."

"James, old boy, you ought to be the happiest man in the State," exclaimed Alfred Strong to his closest friend and partner, James F. Roseman, as they sat, one day, in their law office, enjoying as usual their few minutes of pleasant conversation which they found time for every day, however pressing business might be. "What, now!" exclaimed James, with an amused expression on his handsome, thoughtful face. "Well, you have all reasons why you ought to be happy,'

replied his companion; "young as you are you are recognized as one of the ablest and most conscientious lawyers in the State. You have the prowess of logic and eloquence to sway courts and juries. Why, in that last trial in which you and I aided the counsel for the prosecution, although many believed the prisoner guilty of the heinous crime with which he was charged, scarcely anyone dared hope that he could be convicted, so skillfully had the counsel for the defense managed the case, even resorting to very questionable methods; but, when you arose to close the argument, you had been speaking only a few minutes when I saw a very decided change in the expression on the faces of the jury. I knew that they were being deeply moved by your argument and were struggling with the impulse to change their predetermination and to bring in a verdict of 'Guilty.' As you painted in such vivid colors the scene of the criminal in the act of committing his terrible crime, the audience in that crowded courtroom involuntarily clenched their fists and grated their teeth, so wrought up were they and so intense had their feeling become against the prisoner. And when you concluded, I knew, by the determined look on the faces of those jurymen, that you had snatched victory from defeat, justice from what would have been a sad lack of justice and would have added another to the long list of unpunished crimes. And not only have you wonderful power over courts and juries, but you are equally eloquent on the lecture platform. The other evening when you were delivering that address at A—, as I saw that vast audience of strong, practical business men, learned educators, and fair, cultured women swayed by the power of your eloquence as a forest by the breezes of the west wind, I exclaimed to myself, 'What greater blessings ought man to desire!' and said, 'Surely this should be the happiest hour of his life.' And better than all else you have won the heart of one of the South's fairest daughters, one whose beauty and charms of mind and heart I can find no words to describe, who is as noble in deed and in thought as she is beautiful to behold,

and whose keen, cultured intellect will give added brilliancy to yours."

"Have you finished at last, Alfred," said James, with a half-injured sort of air. "You really cause me to feel embarrassed by your praise. I feel that I do not merit nearly all that you have said about me. But I must confess that those occasions which you have mentioned were the happiest of my life. In them some of my fondest dreams were realized. But my almost incontrollable ambition and some mysterious influence still urge me to strive for greater attainments. It has long been my ambition to check the tide of crime and lawlessness which is sweeping over our country, and to be a potent factor in banishing illiteracy from our land, infusing into our people nobler and loftier ideals. I have been granted, it is true, the realization of some of my desires. I am at present writing a book in my leisure moments which I hope will do much toward the accomplishment of my purposes.

"As to my affianced, I can scarcely realize my happiness It seems too good to be true. Sometimes I am almost tempted to fear that it is only a sweet dream from which I will awake to be made sad.

"But I intended to tell you the story of 'my good genius,' and to do so I must give you a short sketch of my past life. It was not without many hard struggles and sacrifices that I have accomplished what I have. My father being a man of limited means, and having sustained heavy losses from long-continued sickness in the family, could give me no educational advantages beyond those of the common school. When I wished to attend higher institutions to prepare to teach, I was forced to find some means of defraying my own expenses. After a limited amount of preparation I began teaching in the common schools, and studying all the time, striving to advance farther. I first experienced some difficulty in getting employment as a teacher, since I was so young and did not have a college training. But that mysterious influence, which was beginning to make itself felt in my life, urged me to keep striving to advance and kept me from becoming dis-

heartened. I realized that odds were against me, but often clenching my fist in the intensity of my determination I have asserted, 'I will succeed.' I rose rapidly in my profession, and schoolboards which once rejected my applications now earnestly sought my services. The most of my salary I spent for several years in relieving my father's financial situation. It was my fixed purpose from boyhood to sometime take a college and university training, but I just kept drifting on without making the start.

"It was at this time that my good genius served me well. I had always been of a bashful disposition in regard to the opposite sex, and in fact had been too much occupied with the stern realities of life to devote much time and attention to them. But just about this time I met and became closely acquainted with Elsie Stobum, a most charming girl, who though not wealthy, was of an old and honored family. She was beautiful, highly intellectual, and possessed a most charming manner, the very qualities which I most admired. It is needless for me to say that I proceeded to 'fall in love' with her, as I conscientiously thought at the time. In a short while I was not satisfied except when I was with her. Her voice was like the music of the little brooklet as it glides murmuring over the pebbles in its course through the meadow on a spring day. When her beautiful black eyes kindled in conversation and began to scintillate as it were, with sparks of living fire, I became so overpowered with admiration that my old timidity was entirely forgotten, and when the expression of those eyes softened, grew tender, and her soul seemed to be gazing out through them into mine, I was tempted to cast prudence to the winds and clasp her to my bosom. But I knew full well that such action would mean the blighting of my long-cherished hopes of a college education. I was fully persuaded that she was positively necessary to my happiness. Often I debated in my mind whether to give up my old plans and ask her to become my bride, and some evil influence kept suggesting to me that this was the course which would give me the only happiness. This influence seemed even to be working through some of my friends; for they attempted to per-

suade me that I was well enough equipped to enter the struggle of life with a fair companion. But here my good genius interposed and caused me to realize more vividly than ever before how necessary to my happiness was the higher education. It also aroused me to the fact that the years were slipping by and I growing older fast. But it did more than that for me; while I was still in a state of indecision it came to me as a vision once when I had fallen asleep wrestling with the question. It showed me myself standing at the altar with her by my side, and the words about to be spoken which would unite us for life. In an instant the result of the action I was about to take was revealed to me and it made me tremble. Her hand was resting on my shoulder and seemed to be a burden which I could scarcely bear. A voice whispered to me, 'You are about to assume a burden which you are unprepared for and which if taken before you get that preparation will encumber you through life and make impossible the realization of your fondest ambitions.' I turned and fled from the altar.

"I awoke and knew that the battle was ended and victory was mine. But I knew that, although I had hardly endeavored to do so, I had won her love and did not wish to entirely give her up, nor did I think it justice to her to do so. So the next time I called on her, sitting by her side, I skillfully approached the subject which was nearest my heart and remarked that I dared not ask the love of a girl, though my heart yearned for it. She begged me to tell her why and I explained to her that the fondest hope of my life was and had ever been to receive a higher education, and that it would take me several years to reach a position where I could seek the heart and hand of a girl. She said, 'One could love you and wait for you.' I then said, 'Don't you think that would be too much to ask of one,' and she replied, 'Certainly not, if she loved you.' I then asked her if she would be my own and wait for me and she whispered 'Yes.'

"It was several months until I should start off, and I was often with her, and by her loving, affectionate manner she took deep hold upon my life. The thought of staying away

from her for several years became sadder and sadder to me every time I was with her. Often when I was sitting by her side and she was gazing into my eyes and speaking so sadly of my leaving her, I could see a mute appeal to me in her eyes not to go off to college but to stay and make her happy. What a temptation it was to me to put an end to waiting; for I felt that while I was off I would lose her. However, she declared that she would wait even ten years and that death only could take her from me.

"At last the time came for the session to open and bidding her a fond 'good bye' I left for college. Those years of hard work I shall never forget. I was ambitious and came near wrecking my health but I was thinking only of the goal and of her who was waiting for me. When I had a short vacation and returned home, I spent as much time as I could with her. On the evening before I started back next day I thought I had never seen her look half so beautiful. Although she was very affectionate I could not rid myself of the feeling that this was the last evening I would ever spend with her, that before I came back another would win her away from me. After I returned to college her letters were the one ray of sunshine which made the toil-laden hours bright. Suddenly one morning I received a letter from her saying that she had ceased to care for me and loved another. It was like thunder from a clear sky to me. I was dazed. My hand trembled violently and I grew dizzy. But again my good genius came to my aid and in a moment I recovered and no one could detect any change in me, though there was a great struggle going on within. Examinations were on hand and I went into the one that day in a spirit of half defiance and wrote a perfect paper. Where many would have become despondent I only became more determined and soon led my class. I felt that two opposite forces were at work in my life, one an evil genius, trying to wreck it by persuading me that fate was against me and to make me give up the fight which was indeed a hard one, the other my good genius ever urging me on and persuading me not to become

discouraged by assuring me that I would achieve success in the end.

"I had, indeed, a hard struggle to complete my literary and law courses. As soon as vacation came I went to work and worked steadily till the opening of the next session to earn money to pay my expenses during the session, never getting any leisure and rest.

"In my senior year at college I was chosen to represent my society in the oratorical contest. Some of the hardest work of my life I did on my speech and I was rewarded by winning. My next task was to win in the State oratorical contest. I applied myself faithfully and won in it. But the hardest task of all was still before me; to win in the Inter-State contest. Never shall I forget the hard and tedious training which I put myself through, and never shall I forget the vast audience assembled to hear the contest that night and the hopes and fears which surged in my breast as I rose to speak. But my good genius was still with me and as my eyes swept the audience they fell on the face of a beautiful girl whose dark, soulful eyes seemed to be looking straight into mine. Their expression sent a thrill through me and nerved me for my task, the effort of my life. I was the fifth one on the program and when the fourth man had finished his speech, which was a wonderful effort of eloquence and oratory, I doubted whether I could win over him and had become a little nervous, but the look which I received from those eyes removed all thoughts of self from my mind and gave me powers of expression which I had never before known. I had been speaking but a short while when many of the audience were deeply moved, and as I saw that beautiful face tear-stained and those heavenly eyes gazing into my face as if their owner were enraptured, I was lifted into regions of sublime emotion and expression. Then my very soul responded to the inspiration and I spoke of the emotions which stir the heart of man in words of impassioned eloquence. I concluded amid a tremendous storm of applause and the committee retired to reach a decision. In a few moments they

returned and the chairman announced that I had won and awarded me the medal.

"There was a grand reception and ball given immediately afterwards, in the city, in honor of the occasion and speakers, at which the elite of the city was present. I of course was courted and flattered as the hero of the occasion. But I was seeking for but one fair figure in that great assemblage of the fair and was almost rudely impatient until I found her and was introduced to her. I led her to a seat where we could talk unobserved. She spoke of how she had enjoyed the contest and of how deeply my speech affected her and I told her that it made me perfectly happy to know that she appreciated it. I also told her that she had helped me to win the medal or had indeed won it herself, for I felt sure that it was her noble soul which had come to my aid and had won through me. I then half playfully and half earnestly said, 'You have won the medal and it is rightly yours, so allow me to present it to you.' But she objected that I was mistaken and that she had no right to it and couldn't take it, and no begging could cause her to yield. I then asked her if she wouldn't be my very dear friend and wear it for me. Her lip trembled, her eyelids drooped, she blushed and whispered 'Yes.' I seized the hand which she extended to receive it and kissed it passionately. She drooped her head for a moment, then straightening up scolded me but there was more tenderness than anger in her tone. I told her how the sight of her face had moved me as I had never been moved before, and how her presence stirred every good emotion of my being, and she acknowledged that she had been moved by me as by no other human. The ball was over and we parted for the night; but I sought her home the next day and continued to plead my case. I visited her often after that and continued to plead until she promised to share life's joys and sorrows with me. That moment of bliss when I folded her to my breast fully repaid me for all I have ever endured. You have already acknowledged her charms beyond power of expression.

"As I look back now over my life I realize that, though

many places were rough, through it all Providence led in the guise of my good genius."

Taking him by his hand his friend said, "You have indeed been fortunate. My fondest wish for you is that your good genius may ever guide and protect you through life."

Class Poem.

Dear comrades, would that I could tune my lyre
  To the music that throbs in my soul to-day,
And with lips made pure with celestial fire
  Pour forth my soul in poetic lay.
I would size the music of the eternal stars
  If the heavenly muse would grant my desires;
My soul would break its prison bars
  And my spirit gain all to which it aspires.

I'd sing a song that would fill each mind
  With aspirations beyond its ken;
That would make each life indeed sublime
  And leave its impress on the hearts of men.
But the heavenly muse may not grant my prayer,
  Nor will my harp, with quivering string,
Send forth its music upon the air
  In unison with the song I would sing.

But since I'm denied the power I seek
  Shall I thereby refuse to sing?
Or shall I yet to the mountain peak
  Still dare to soar on trembling wing?
No, comrades, I'll sing as best I may,
  And as best I may shall mark the time,
And I know you'll hear my message to-day,
  Though my utterance be but a simple rhyme.

I'll sing our foster mother dear,
  Who has trained us ever with loving hand
And led us on from year to year,
  Until we here before her stand,

Ready to leave her cloistered walls—
  To enter upon life's surging tide;
Ready to leave her classic halls,
  To steer our barques for the ocean wide.

Fifty trooping years have passed
  Since first her gushing mountain stream
Poured forth to those whose burning thirst
  Longed to quaff the refreshing spring.
For fifty years her glorious star
  Has flashed across our common land;
Its golden gleams still shine afar
  From mountain crag to ocean strand.

Her mission has been to guide our thought
  And quicken in us the sluggish stream,
And every message from her was fraught
  With some new truth, some purer scheme,
By which our lives might others bless
  And love pour forth its gushing tide
In simple truth and righteousness—
  These greater things that e'er abide.

The new times call for men of power,
  Men of strength, of faith, of deeds;
Men to seize the present hour
  And find a balm for human needs;
Men who choose the path they tread
  And walk therein with freedom's might,
Nor yield one jot to cowering dread,
  But battle for the truth and right.

Many brave sons who revere her name
  Has Wofford sent on the path of life,
Some have climbed the heights of fame
  While others fell in the battle's strife.
And now we, too, must answer, "here!"
  When the roll is called and each one should
Enter the fight with hope and cheer,
  Girdled with the bond of brotherhood.

Yes, dear comrades, we part to-day
  And know not when we again shall meet;
None can tell where may lead the way
  Before each other we again shall greet;
Some on peaceful streams may glide,
  The way perfumed with flowers sweet,
While others on the mountain side
  May walk with bare and bleeding feet.

Though some may find a pleasant way,
  And mountain rough though others climb,
We'll strive to make each passing day
  Bring forth its meed of deeds sublime;
And ever in the battle's strife
  We'll strive to quit ourselves like men,
Yielding our lives a sacrifice,
  Continue steadfast to the end.

And when at last the waters vast
  Break on the shore—Eternity
With joy our anchors we will cast
  Upon the strand beyond the sea.
Then may we not, in that far clime,
  Under the trees sweet converse hold,
While cycles of revolving time
  Roll on, and still forever roll.

C. L. SMITH.

Class History.

The old college lay calmly nestled among the pines on that quiet September day in 1900, and little dreamed that an event crowded with historical importance was taking place within its walls. No officious pomp and ceremony marked the occasion, no cannon thundered forth its salute of honor, no bells pealed forth their glad messages of kindness and welcome except the old college bell calling the students to work. That blessed old bell—so long the college boy's

friend—must have smiled with the memory of former days when Claud Goodlett and Willie T. Jones climbed away up to its resting place in the tower—in their vain search for the English Room. But they were not alone in their Freshman aspirations. No, there were seventy-nine Freshmen gathered here from all parts of our State and others; *Freshmen* of all sorts, kinds, sizes and descriptions. Yet they were a fine looking set, one of the most handsome Freshman classes in all the history of the college—and certainly the looks are decidedly in their favor in comparison with those who have since followed them.

And that first class meeting! The memory of it shall never die. Several of the boys thought it was going to be one of the old fashioned Methodist Class Meetings, and from natural inclination were going the other way, but were finally shown their mistake. The class of 1904 assembled in its first meeting in the college chapel, and sturdy Frank Ehrlich of Football fame took the chair. Nominations for president poured in thick and fast, and after much confusion and trouble an election was effected. Then a certain big Freshman—a defeated candidate—wishing to cover himself with honor rose in his seat, and his voice trembling with emotion as he realized the awful seriousness and terrible importance to the welfare of the college, of the step he was about to take, thundered forth in stentorian tones, "Mr. President, I move, sir, that this election be made *mag*nanimous." The motion was carried, and C. L. Smith was *mag*nanimously elected President of the class of '04. J. C. Harmon was made Vice-president, with Frank Ehrlich as Secretary. Thus was ushered into being this great and mighty organization.

The remaining part of this first year was spent in hard work, nothing out of the ordinary happening except the smallpox scare, which came in just the right time—during examinations—and moved up the Christmas holidays nearly a week. That long-looked-for commencement came at last, and in the general reckoning, when the distinction lists were passed around it was shown that '04 had determined to make

a record there first of all, then in other things. At the end of our first year taking a retrospective glance we found that some of our number had fallen by the wayside, some had fallen in love, a few had been afflicted with nostalgia, two had had smallpox, one or two had come under the influence of that gentle persuasion administered by the faculty, so taking all in all it looked as if fate was against us. But not so.

II.

After the 28th day of September, 1901, fifty-three proud, trooping Sophomores trod the campus in their immaculate "Sophomorism" and made the old walls fairly ring as they looked down from their heights of superiority and shouted "Fresh" at the groveling weaklings beneath them. In the annual election of officers, J. C. Harmon was made President, E. K. Hardin, Jr., Vice-President, and E. F. McWhirter, Secretary and Treasurer.

The class this year received some valuable additions. Coke Ariail and little Billie Carnes came back to college after missing a year and linked their fortunes with ours, tho Carnes left us at the end of this year and soon linked his fortunes with those of somebody else, coming back the next year accompanied by Mrs. Carnes. Jerry Burnett, too, became dissatisfied with his surroundings in the class of 1903, and looking around to choose a class of his own liking he cast his lot with us, much to the mutual joy and benefit of all parties concerned.

The crowning event of every Sophomore year is the annual Soph. Ex. The following did the honors for the class on that great occasion:

S. F. Cannon—"Jefferson Davis" by Randolph Tucker.

J. C. Harmon—"The Course of Empire" by James O. Norton.

W. D. Burnett—"Fate of Virginia" by T. B. Macaulay.

E. K. Hardin, Jr.—"The Hero of Santiago" by Isadore Raynor.

J. P. Lane—"The Source of Our National Life" by Henry Grady.

W. C. Moore—"Europe and America" by Brooks Adams.

Modesty prevents our saying much about our exhibition, and we can only give the opinion of experienced persons who have seen dozens of such occasions, among whom the general verdict was that 1904 excelled them all.

The commencement this year was enjoyed by every member of our class, especially so since Smith captured the Preston Essay Medal—leading off in this respect. Much to the sorrow of the class football was abolished this year, McWhirter, Cottingham, Lane, Montgomery and Oliver having made enviable reputations in this sport, and McWhirter having the honor of being captain of the team.

III.

At the beginning of our Junior year Trinity College sent us a valuable addition in the person of R. O. Lawton. The class now numbered thirty-one and elected officers as follows: W. W. Niver, President; E. K. Hardin, Jr., Vice President; S. F. Cannon, Secretary. Niver left college and Hardin was made President with J. P. Lane, Vice-President.

On the baseball field the class was well represented, Burnett playing a splendid shortstop, while Wiggins did fine work behind the bat and Willie T. Jones won for himself almost a national reputation by his famous "Rural Free Delivery" in the pitcher's box.

At Commencement the Juniors were much in evidence. As presidents of the two societies, Herbert and Lane presided over the Literary Exercises and Junior Debate. The four debaters were Cannon, Burnett, Smith and Hardin, and the vast audience was almost literally swept off its feet by their eloquence and oratory. Both society medals were won by 1904 men, and the class closed the third year of its history in good order.

IV.

The last year of our college history was begun under auspicious circumstances with twenty-six members back, Vaughan, Cottingham, Meadors, Lancaster and Gilmore de-

serting the ranks after the Junior year, while "Curious" Curry and Bill Fair, two of 1903's best men had left them in 1902 and wishing to graduate with a distinguished class joined us this year. Oliver and Turner have left us however at this late date, leaving the number at present to be twenty-four. Twenty four dignified Seniors! Think of Bob Lawton or Ernest All being dignified. But so they claim to be.

The officers who are this last year at Wofford guiding the class over the sea of trouble are President, R. O. Lawton; Vice-President, E. L. All; Secretary, W. C. Herbert; Prophet, J. P. Lane; Historian, E. K. Hardin, Jr. The presidents of the two societies in the order of their election have been Calhoun, J. P. Lane, R. O. Lawton, J. A. McIntyre, and T. O. Lawton, while the Prestons have had W. C. Herbert, E. K. Hardin, Jr., I. E. Curry, and C. L. Smith. The anniversary on March 4th was a great success and did credit to the class. Herbert represented the Prestons and had as his subject: "A Debt Unpaid," while Daniel for the Calhouns discussed the "Rational Treatment of Criminals." Our class has always been noted for its oratory any way, and all rejoiced when a '04 man won the Oratorical Contest, even tho our men have been going up against it ever since we were Sophomores. On the Athletic field Captain Burnett gives great promise of bringing forth a victorious ball team. And now only one other important event—commencement. Long looked for, long wished for, Wofford's fiftieth commencement is almost here. And it is going to be the biggest occasion in the history of the college. Two things conspire to make it so—Wofford's fifty years of history and the class of 1904. Twenty-four stand ready to launch forth upon the sea of life, two of them young ladies. The class of 1900, upon its graduation day proudly laid claim to the fact that "It was the last class to graduate at Wofford College without any of those newly discovered beings, co-eds." 1904 will just as proudly remember the fact that it was the last class to have this honor which 1900 descried.

In the mere recording of events my task is done, but in

looking back over the short four years of our history the one dominant characteristic of the class must be mentioned. *It stuck together.* That Freshman struck the keynote to our character as a class when he made that *mag*nanimous motion. We acted together and generally did the right thing. When the time came to get out a college annual the class decided we must have one and have it we did. When 1904 came to her inheritance and determined that the Preston and Calhoun societies should be rid of cliqueing and low methods and dealings, she carried out her determination. Together we stand and as a solid phalanx we move.

Two other things are to be noted. During the whole four years of our college course thus far the Almighty Creator, in his infinite wisdom and mercy has not seen fit for a single member of '04 to be cut down by the grim reaper, Death. Again for four years it has been our inestimable privilege to sit under the instruction and live within the very shadow and influence of the great character of one whose life has been wrapped up in the well-being and very existence of Wofford College during the past half century of her history. The great chance of a life time has been ours. For all of this we are profoundly thankful.

A history of 1904? That is impossible. Our history is but begun and what I have attempted to do is but a mere preface to that history. Twenty-four young men and women just entering their usefulness! Who would dare estimate the mighty possibilities there and write a history of that class? Our work is but begun.

A history of 1904? May be in the far distant future, when Wofford has rounded off another half century of work and honor, when most of us possibly shall have passed into

> "That undiscovered country from whose bourne
> No traveler e'er returns,"

when the scenes all around us shall have changed completely, when those of our number still living shall have the greater part of life behind them, then may be, if I am so fortunate as to be spared, will I write a history of the class of 1904, a

history of its joys and sorrows, of its defeats and victories. Until then, Old College, farewell. But as we take our leave of you, deep down in our hearts we vow that by the Grace of God and with the characteristic Wofford strength of manhood we'll go forth into life's battle to win honor and fame for you, and then we'll come back to the source of all our inspiration and power and with loving hands place around thy brow the well-won chaplet of a well-won victory.

E. K. HARDIN, JR.

Class Prophecy.

Prophets as a rule soar off into high flights of eloquence when they foretell the futures of their class-mates, and either plow through the mighty deep of Neptune's aquatic kingdom, searching for their comrades among his courtiers, or sail through the Heavens on an aeronautic expedition, finding them constructing railroads from one planet to another, or else among the shades surrounded by the departed spirits of the ancients. Such flights and wanderings of an unlicensed imagination are beautiful, thrilling, and sometimes almost sublime. Our blood tingles when the prophet allows himself to be overmastered and dragged along to heights unseen by a subtle and persuasive imagination. One startling revelation after another, coming in quick succession, lifts us up and hurries us forward to the final climax, only to hurl us back breathless to the real and practical earth of every day occurrences. But we of the class of nineteen hundred and four are men of a more practical turn of mind. We are hurled from the sheltering arms of our Alma Mater into that seething, struggling mass of humanity, commonly known as the world of practical affairs, there to catch a foothold and struggle onward to the top, or to fall beneath, whirl off into an eddy, and finally sink to the bottom to rest with the dregs. Ours is no time for vain imaginings, for we of the twentieth century look out upon a world of action.

It has now been twenty years since the, in some respects

wonderful class of nineteen hundred and four left these college halls to cast their lot among their fellows in an untried world, and it becomes my pleasant duty to recount to you the various bright smiles and dark frowns which Dame Fortune has been pleased to cast upon them. I shall now tell you something of the facts in the lives of each as I have found them.

After various mishaps and weary wanderings over the face of the earth, it has been my good fortune at last to find a profession which suits me. When I was in college I had a higher ambition than to become a traveling salesman, but I have long since realized the truth of the proverb, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Happening one day, after many weeks of weary trampings through the dusty highways, to land in New York City, sick in body and weak in spirit, for the want of food and occupation, there appeared to me, like an oasis to the traveller in the burning desert, the following inscription on the front of a towering skyscraper "McWhirter and Clark, Wholesale Clothiers." In the window I noticed an advertisement for a travelling salesman. Really, the boys were glad to see me and I secured the position at once.

I made my first trip in the interest of the company to the flourishing city of Tahlequah, Indian Territory, and to my surprise found my friend I. E. Currie in this out-of-the-way place. While in college his ambition seemed to be in the direction of a Professor's chair, but, even then, we all knew that he was too good at figures not to realize that ten dimes make a dollar; he was also too fond of "Poor Richard's Almanac" not to become a financier. After travelling through the West for some time introducing "The Wonderful Electric Manipulator," the latest patent in the way of ice-cream freezers, he finally settled down to business in Tahlequah, where he rose so rapidly that only a few years had passed before he became the financial boss of that country. At present with his great railroad interests and industrial schemes, he is the Pierpont Morgan of the West. Here also I found Tom Cely, the chemist. Tom always exhibited

an unusual fondness for chemical mixtures and laboratory work of all kinds, but when he undertook an extra year in this department under Professor Williamson, of a certainty we all knew this was a phenomenal state of mind for a young man and that some time in the future he would either become a scientist or a druggist. He is now professor of chemistry and biology in a technological school, recently erected for the benefit of the Indians and other savages of the West.

On my way back to the East, I decided to take a few days for a much needed rest at Yellowstone Park. You can hardly realize what a pleasure it was, to meet here my much prized friend Coke Ariail. Coke always possessed many other qualities of a "bird," besides being able to imitate their every twitter. Having tried a great many things, he at length decided to use his gift as a means of livelihood, and began to prepare himself for becoming a lecturer on wild animals and birds. It was on this mission that I found him at the park. Among other things, he told me that he had received a pressing invitation from Prof. Gamewell to lecture in the Lyceum Course, and had accepted. So on the twenty-first of March, nineteen hundred and twenty-four, the people of Spartanburg may expect to hear something grand in the way of birds.

Coke came with me as far as Atlanta where he was scheduled for a lecture, and I learned later that he was to be introduced by the Hon. T. O. Lawton. You know Tommy surprised us all in his Senior year. When he was an under class man he did not make such great progress, but it seems that he rose to meet the responsibility of the occasion when he put on Senior dignity, and there was a great fluctuation in prices, stocks and bonds immediately rose from fifty to a hundred per cent, everything sold above par. His college course was characterized by his "bull-dog" tenacity. When he began the practice of law, he held on with that same tenacious spirit, and by virtue of much striving he became an ornament to that profession. Soon his value was recognized by his fellowmen and he now enjoys the distinction of occupying a seat in congress. Being in need of money I

went to the First National Bank of Atlanta to draw a draft on McWhirter & Clark, a misunderstanding having arisen between the cashier and myself, I was immediately ushered into the sanctum sanctorum of his august majesty the president of the bank who proved to be W. D. Burnett. While in college "Jerry" thought more of ball than anything else, but he soon recovered from that malady and is now as thorough a banker as he was a ball player.

From Atlanta I went to Washington, and while out viewing the grand edifices of my country's capitol, although gratified I was not surprised to meet Laurence Cannon, who is now Assistant Postmaster General. Laurence rose rapidly in the Civil Service and was soon promoted to a place of trust in this department where he soon gained such prestige as to merit the envied position which he now holds. He took a holiday and carried me around to the magnificent residence of his cousin, the Hon. Simpson F. Cannon. Simp was always a sharp fellow and either by fooling "all of the people some of the time or some of the people all of the time" he finally landed in the Senate at the last election. Having finished my work in Washington, I set out for Columbia, S. C., accompanied by Simp and his family. He confidentially informed me that politics were in such a precarious condition that his presence upon the arena was absolutely necessary. We arrived in Columbia on Saturday night and went to the First Methodist Church the next morning where we heard an intellectual and instructive sermon delivered by R. O. Lawton, who has been recently appointed to that charge. I prophesy that Bobby will be made a Bishop as soon as there is a vacancy. At least he is one of the many illustrious products of the class of nineteen hundred and four. On making a visit to the Columbia Female College, I was very much pleased to meet there Miss Olive Chapman, who at the last meeting of the board of trustees of this institution was elected to the chair of Modern Languages. While in college Miss Olive was always a conscientious student and has since made for herself an enviable reputation as one of the most learned women in the South.

As the Legislature was in session, I decided to go up to the capitol and see what the law makers of South Carolina were doing. You can hardly imagine what a peculiarly pleasant sensation seized me when I beheld my friend and class-mate John McIntyre presiding over this honorable body of men. It is highly probable that he will be put before the people for a much higher office in the near future. John intended to become a quiet, easy-going farmer and was making quite a success in this direction, but he listened to the flatteries of his friends and at length allowed himself to be led into politics where I hardly know what will become of him.

Having finished my business for the company in Columbia I set out for Allendale, that beautiful and historic town in the lower part of the State. I was welcomed at the depot by my old friend "Judge" All. "Judge" has at last developed into a fairly stalwart man. Although he was the baby of the class, yet we all knew that he was a man of sound bottom, and speaking of sound bottom naturally causes one to think of horses. "Judge" is a great man for horses and keeps some of the fastest. I had the pleasure while there of taking a ride behind that famous trotter of his which carried off the first prize at New Orleans last summer. "Judge" is known far and wide as a dealer in fine horse flesh. One afternoon he and I went out for a drive into the country. After having gone some distance we were overtaken by a furious storm and were forced to take refuge from the raging elements in a beautiful country dwelling by the wayside. We were taken in and treated to the best in the house by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Fair. Bill uncorked his most choice jug of sparkling cider and we spent a jolly evening talking over old times. Next morning we returned to Allendale, and I found awaiting me there a letter from "Punch" Goodlett. After casually mentioning some of his latest deals, investments in railroad stocks, and something on the side about how good-looking a certain lady thought he was; he said that he had been quite sick for some time as a result of over-work and had been forced to retire from business. He has been staying for a month or two at his coun-

try home near Greenville, where he is attended in his illness by the famous Dr. Willie T. Jones, Jr. Willie has fully established his reputation throughout the South as one of the most learned men of the medical profession.

From Allendale I set out for Spartanburg. On arriving at my destination, I was taken suddenly with a violent toothache and went up street in quest of a dentist. My eye was at once attracted by a sign-board with this inscription, "W. C. Herbert, Dentist. Up Stairs." In a few moments I was in the office of my old class-mate. Having removed the pain in my tooth by breaking out about half of my jawbone, fracturing my skull, and dislocating my neck, he sat down to enjoy a cigar with me and recall our school days. We were interrupted in the midst of our conversation by a newcomer who proved to be Oscar Chapman. On my inquiring what was the matter with his teeth, he said that he had just dropped in to pay for his new set, as he had lost a part of his original set in a fight with one of the trustees of the Spartanburg Graded Schools, of which he has been for some time Superintendent. On the following day I received a letter from McWhirter & Clark, which stated among other things, that P. W. Bethea had been accorded his proper place among the journalists of that metropolis. P. W.'s career as a journalist has been marked with great success. While strolling up towards the campus one morning, I met Ed. Hardin. Of course you all know that he was made Bishop a few years since. Ed. has neither lost anything in stature nor rotundity and is the "biggest" Bishop in the South. I reached the campus in time for chapel and was treated to a glowing description of the burning sands of the Sahara and of the wild animals of the jungles, by C. L. Smith, who had just returned from his mission there among the savages for a much needed vacation. From all reports he is doing a great work among the heathen. When he had finished I was very glad to shake hands with him and also with Chalmers Daniel, who had been for a few years entitled to a seat upon the rostrum as assistant professor of Latin and instructor in the gymnasium.

W. M. FAIR

E. K. HARDIN

C. B. GOODLETTE

W. C. HERBERT

P. W. BETHEA

S. F. CANNON

W. C. ARIAIL

O. M. CHAPMAN

L. S. CANNON

I. E. CURRY

E. L. ALL

A. C. DANIEL, JR.

MISS MARIE TABBOUX

J. A. M'INTYRE

T. O. LAWTON

C. L. SMITH

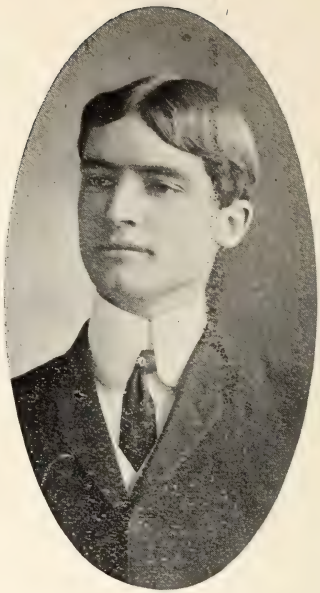
W. T. CLARK

MISS O. E. CHAPMAN

J. D. BURNETT

T. L. CELY

E. F. M'WHIRTER



R. O. LAWTON

W. T. JONES

J. P. LANE

In all my travels I could never account for my continued inability to find a trace of Miss Marie Tarboux. Having made special inquiry concerning her, I found that I would have to inquire for her by another name, Mrs. Blank. Her rare virtues and lady-like qualities were so much appreciated by the opposite sex that she was finally obliged to submit to the inevitable.

And this is all the four and twenty? They are now launched out on "Life's unresting sea." Have I made too much of them? Let time be the judge. Watch them as they rise and fall and rise again to struggle on. Watch them as they knock at the door of every profession and occupation; see them admitted one after another, and finally watch them as they mount to the topmost round in the ladder of fame. Why not? This world is what we make it. It spreads its broad panorama out before us. Various colored scenes meet our gaze in every direction. Some lure us on, others repel us; some are enticing, others revolting. How shall we choose? Shall we choose that which gives us most pleasure for that which yields most gold? Let us choose that which will uplift humanity at large and give to us a life worth living.

J. P. LANE.

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Editorial Department

POWER W. BETHEA, Editor.

A Correction. In the April issue of the Journal there appeared an article entitled, "A History of the Journal," by the editor. The initial sentence of the second paragraph read thus: "It was not until October of the year 1888 that enthusiasm was aroused by C. B. Smith, then Professor of History and Political Economy, sufficiently to pass concurrent resolutions by the student body as to the advisability of publishing a college magazine at Wofford." In the place of C. B. Smith should be substituted A. Coke Smith, now one of the Southern Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was with difficulty that the editor ascertained all the information contained in this sketch and he is surprised at there not occurring more mistakes than the one in question. However, we are glad to correct this one, and should any of the alumni discover another, we would be delighted to have our attention called to the fact.

Summer Base-Ball. In the Local Department of this issue are printed the last rules adopted by the Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association relative to playing summer base-ball. The boys who are expecting to try for the team next year should read them with especial care. Moreover, they should study each rule singly and con it o'er and o'er, for it will save many an embarrassment at the coming base-ball season. Then, too, every one who can make team owes it to himself and to the college to further the advancement of athletics in his school. By sheer negligence and carelessness to these rules he may become ineligible to his college team, and he will not only deprive himself of many pleasant experiences and tours which will accompany his election, but he does his college community an injustice also. So let every candidate, particularly, comprehend all these regulations in order that we may arouse the same enthusiasm in athletics as manifested at Wofford during the years of '99 and '00.

• • •

Wofford's Oratory Wins Some distinguished educators think that of late years the enthusiastic interest in and the halo of glory cast around the champion of the "gridiron" or the "star twirler" of the base-ball diamond, has gone a great way in stripping the laurel crown from the brow of the old-time Demosthenes or Cicero, who rolled forth his eloquence in thundering peals to the discomfiture of those who dared oppose him in the literary society, and strutted among his companions, universally looked up to and admired; but if those educators could have seen the reception which the Senior Class of Wofford extended to their classmate, Mr. E. K. Hardin, on his return from Greenwood where, on the 29th of April, he won the State oratorical contest, they would have come to the conclusion that they were over-hasty in their judgment. Certain it is that great enthusiasm was manifested on the campus and, if the gentleman in question had been so minded, he could have strutted about as his prototypes did in

days of yore. But this pompousness of bearing and overstrained eloquence of speech is not characteristic of the college orator of the present day. Nowadays the college professor is discouraging the silver-tongued orator or mere rhetorician and is bringing to the front the man who has some facts to state in an easy and unaffected style. It was to listen to this kind of oratory that an unusual number of cultured and refined people, from all parts of South Carolina, gathered in the courthouse at Greenwood on the twenty-ninth of April past.

The courthouse was filled to overflowing and the crowd was estimated at twelve hundred people. Six colleges were represented, viz.: Furman, Clinton, Newberry, Clemson, Erskine and Wofford. The speeches were unusually good and were very much appreciated by the audience. Mr. E. K. Hardin won first place by almost five points, while Mr. J. M. Daniels won second place. The decision of the judges stood: Mr. Hardin, Wofford's representative, 89⅓; Mr. Daniels, Furman's representative, 84½. The continued applause of the audience showed conclusively that the people approved the decision of the judges. The subject of Mr. Hardin's speech was, "The Reign of Lawlessness." We feel confident that South Carolina will be well represented at the Southern Inter-state Oratorical Contest, to be held July 29th.

The State Oratorical Contest Association is six years old and first place has been won respectively by Clemson once, Erskine once, Furman twice and Wofford twice. It was won for Wofford by A. Morrison in 1901. There is a great deal of good-natured rivalry manifested in these contests, and the premium which they set upon oratory is doing no little good in stimulating the minds of the students in this direction. It is to be hoped that the colleges of the State will take more and more interest in each succeeding contest.

• • •

Vale. Again the mighty wheel of time has sped on in its never ceasing course, and with this number the immediate board severs its connection with the Journal.

Only nine months have passed since the present staff assumed control of the literary organ of the college. Many have been the toils and trials that we have experienced, but every editor has endeavored to do his duty. We confess that we have made mistakes—for mark the perfect man, there is none—but our worthy successor must profit by them or else there is no progress. He must, as the poet has so beautifully expressed it,

"Rise on stepping stones
Of our dead selves to higher things."

Last year there was no little trouble in balancing the books of the outgoing business manager on account of his failure to do so before leaving college, but there will be no occasion for any friction this year as our business manager will make his report to the Journal committee in a few days. The financial department of the Journal has been very skillfully conducted and we wish to commend the business managers for the efficient service they have thus rendered.

To the students who have so loyally contributed to its pages, we wish to express our sincere thanks in the name of the Journal for the kind patronage you have given us, and pray that you give your hearty co-operation to the staff-elect. In the incoming Board we repose the utmost confidence in their ability and worth, and believe with the support of the fellow-students, they will get out one of the best college magazines published in the South. We hope for them unbounded success.

Every one well knows that the end of any succession of events is ever accompanied with a feeling of sadness, but there are times, of late, when our hearts leap up like a mighty ocean billow and our souls refuse comfort. But alas and alack! Our course is ended, and with the words of one of our predecessors, we hand over the editorial quill to our successor:

"The Monarch may forget the crown
Which on his head so late hath been;
The bride-groom may forget the bride
Was made his own but yester e'en;
The mother may forget the babe
Which played so sweetly round her knee;
But forget thee will I ne'er, Wofford,
And all that thou has been to me."

Exchange Department.

R. O. LAWTON, Editor

The Trinity Archive is a good college periodical—one of the strongest in the South, and one that can generally be depended upon. Some college magazines are like cotton futures—they go up and down—but the *Archive* holds its own pretty well. The last issue has a pleasant number of pleasing stories, essays and poems, all of which reflect credit upon the boys and the college. Notable among the essays is a most charming and thoughtful essay on "Poe's Life at the University of Virginia." To begin with, the writer narrows himself down to a special phase of the nation's "greatest poetic genius' " life and work, and doesn't attempt to cover the whole ground in a few pages of a college journal. This is suggestingly improving, and should be practiced more by embryonic literary aspirants, who seem to be laboring under the erroneous impression that the college world will put on mourning if they don't cover the whole of a man's life in one warped essay. The essay is also carefully gotten up and shows a degree of conscientious study. Then it is interesting in that it selects those things that are most important and calculated to interest the college reader most. The writer gives incidentally a very interesting and instructive paragraph on the then existing life and character of the classic university, which has done so much for the sons of Virginia and her sister States. The poem following is entitled, "Applied Mathematics," and closes very dramatically with this sentence: "You ought to know that two straight lines (referring to his arms) can not enclose a —— space." It is a half humorous, half witty poem that is respectable chiefly on account of its brightness.

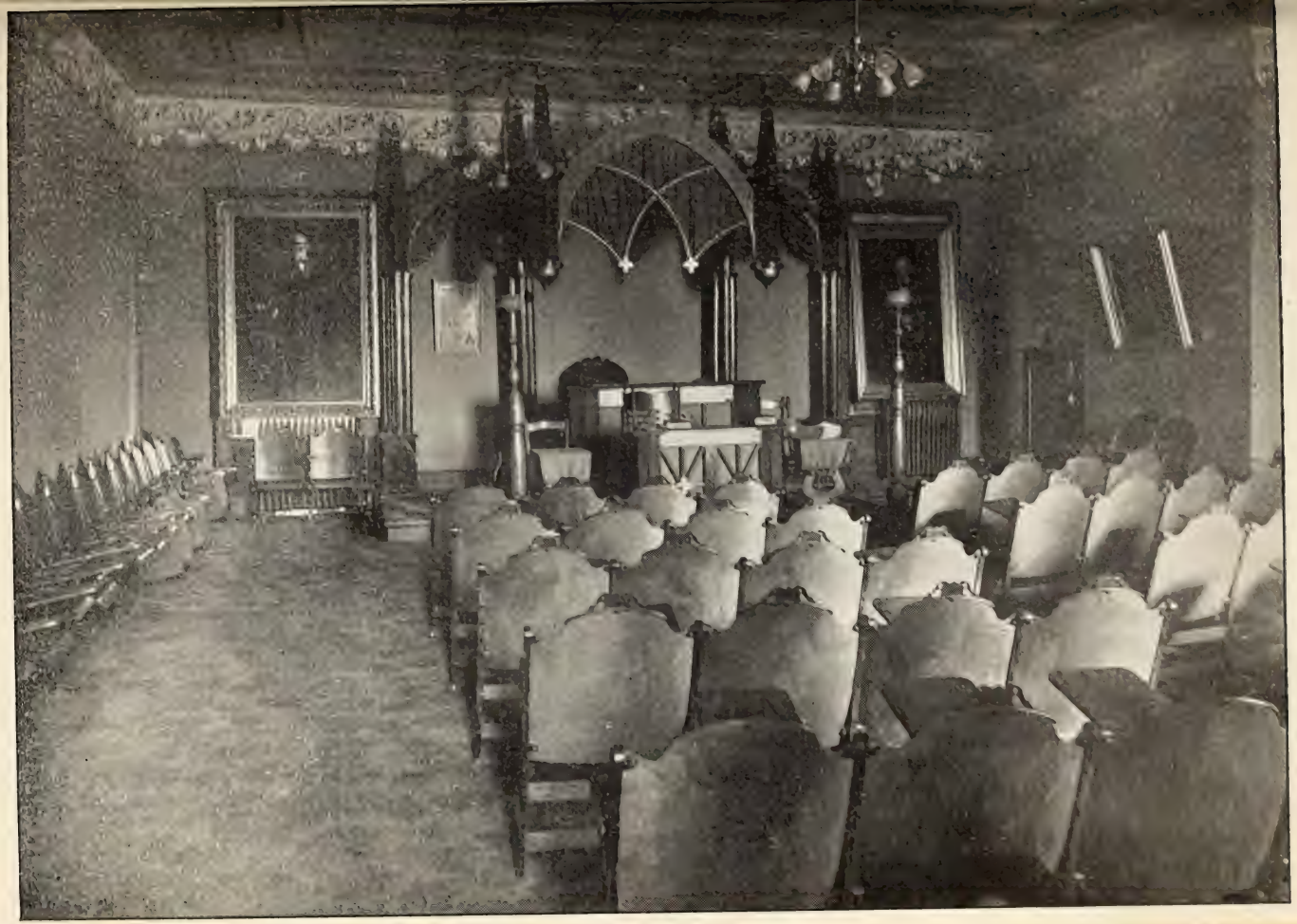
"Five Points of View" is a strong story mingled with those ingredients that make up a good essay. It gives us a look into the much discussed and threadbare negro prob-

lem, but it is presented in new clothes and new form. The writer gives a concrete illustration in the form of a story. He is rather dogmatic at times, however, that is, for a student.

"To Sir John Suckling" is a poem calling the singer back to us, which is a very opportune idea, by the way, in this age when the poetic heartbeat of the nation is growing slow.

The last issue of *The Carolinian* is an improvement on the past issues. This one is a fine issue, being filled with well-balanced and attractive matter of all kinds. We do not mean to imply that the *Carolinian* is not a first-class magazine when we say that the past issues were not as good as this. What we should have said is that this is the best issue of the year, all being good and up to the best standard of college journalism. The first poem, entitled, "The Dance of the Stars," is a French translation which is a worthy piece of work. In these times, when there is so much "jack" riding by jacks, it is rather relieving to meet an original and careful and accurate translation by a student. "When I Awoke," is an extremely novel thing in the shape of a narrative. After a continued sleep of one hundred and sixty years the writer wakes and finds himself in a strange land among strange people who have strange ideas and habits. High-heel slippers and several other common nuisances have been abolished and it is more or less a utopian dawn. The story is well planned and has its share of originality. "Materialistic Tendencies" is an essay which has a deal of good thought, mingled with a morose student's pessimism. His observations are timely, but they are gloomily so. He pictures only the dark side of the nation, being sadly oblivious to the brighter side. We are not quite so bad off as we think we are, and the wires of human and national sympathy have never been so charged with currents of love.

The other magazines that have come to our table are comparatively good, and we are glad to note a certain conscious growth. We believe a college echo should have ideals



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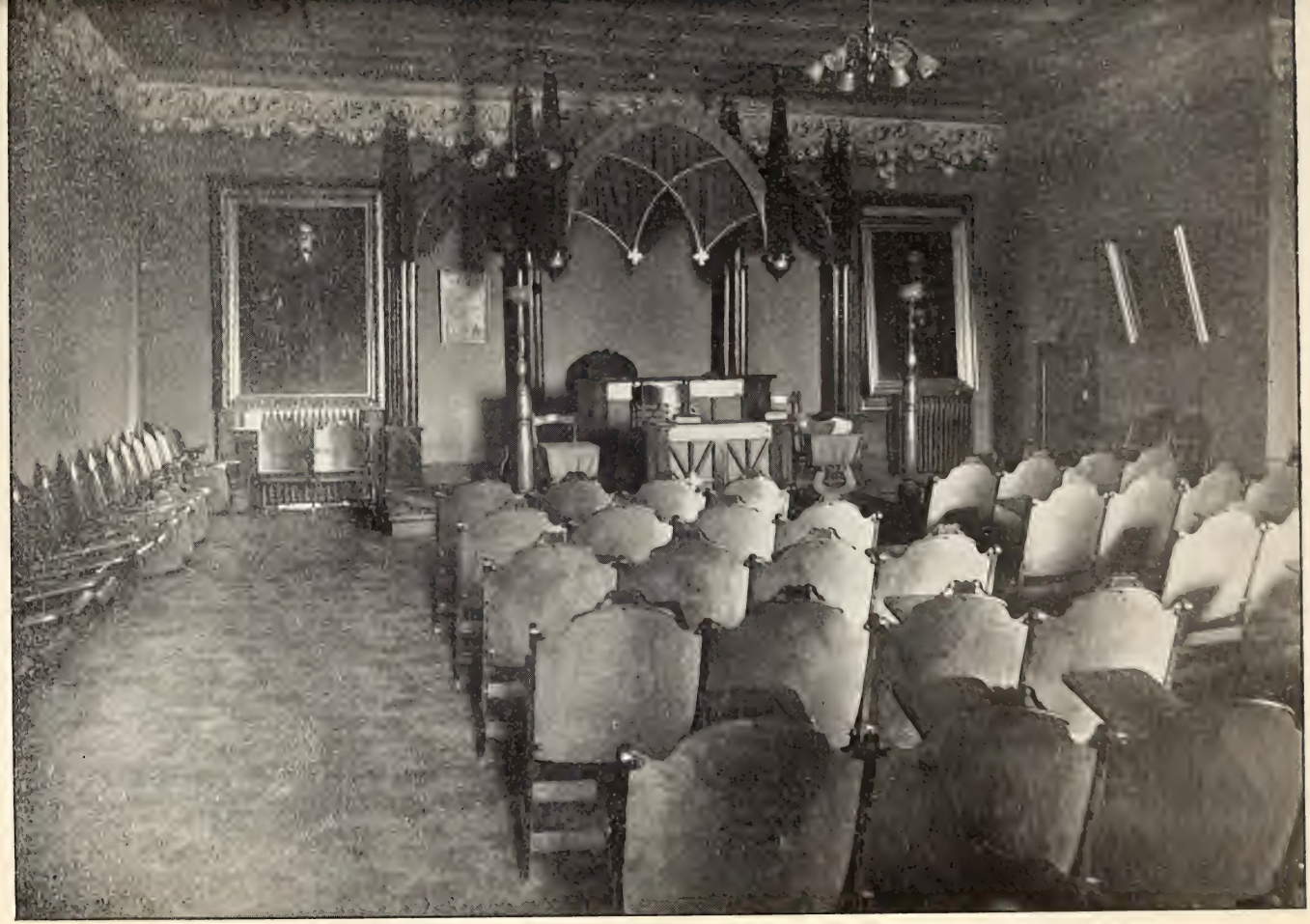


PRESIDENTS OF CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY. (From left.)

J. P. LANE R. O. LAWTON J. A. M'INTYRE T. O. LAWTON

and aspirations as well as an individual, and should rise by its failures and the failures of its contemporaries, as well as by their suggestions. We have constantly striven to be unbiased and just in our criticisms and commendations, realizing that nothing personal or partisan should play any part. It has given us genuine pleasure to review the pages of our sister journals, and also to imbibe suggestions and helps from them. Possibly there is one single thing that needs an explanation. During the Exchange Editor's indisposition the Editor-in-Chief, in a playful mood, with no evil intentions whatever, clipped an invitation that was sent out by the Dramatic Club of the Columbia Female College and published it under the head of Exchanges. Of course there was no legitimate ground for so doing, but we assure the young ladies of that famous institution that no harm was meant and are perfectly willing and ready to apologize for the indiscretion.

Alumni Department.

E. F. McWHIRTER, Editor

Class of 1895.

J. J. Cantey is practicing law in Washington, D. C.

A. M. Creitzberg has the position of assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Spartanburg, S. C.

William Coleman has been made president of the First National Bank of Whitmire, S. C.

T. C. Covington is teaching.

W. J. Crosland is a prominent physician of Bennettsville, S. C.

A. H. Dagnall is a member of the Anderson bar and also a magistrate.

J. C. Daniel teaches school.

F. E. Dibble has the position of superintendent of the graded schools at Blacksburg.

W. G. Duncan is in the cotton mill business, doing work for the Capital City Mills of Columbia. He has also recently taken unto himself a wife.

A. M. DuPré is head master and instructor in Latin and mathematics in Wofford College Fitting School, Spartanburg, S. C.

G. W. Fooshe has gone into the newspaper business, being now connected with the Evening Scimitar of Memphis, Tenn.

W. J. Gaines can not be found.

B. H. Henderson holds the office of Probate Judge of Georgetown County.

S. C. Hodges runs a drug store in Greenwood.

J. P. Hollis, after having taken a course in Johns Hopkins, is now teaching.

J. B. Humbert is secretary and treasurer of a cotton mill at Honea Path, S. C.

G. C. Leonard fills the Methodist pulpit at Fountain Inn, being a member of the S. C. Conference.

J. F. Lyon belongs to the Abbeville bar.

S. J. McCoy farms and teaches school in Berkley County.

S. H. McGhee occupies the position of bank president at Greenwood, S. C.

H. H. Newton runs a merchandise establishment and farms at Blenheim, S. C.

W. W. Nickels has taken upon himself the task of instructing the youth of our land.

J. O. Norton edits a newspaper at Conway, in Horry County, S. C.

J. R. Rogers practices dentistry at Dillon, S. C.

B. B. Sellers is tilling the soil in Marion County.

H. J. Shoemaker runs the Palmetto Book Store in Spartanburg and also conducts a farm a few miles out of town.

F. H. Shuler belongs to the S. C. Conference.

R. E. L. Smith has a flourishing school at Cross Anchor, S. C.

W. F. Stackhouse has become a prominent member of the Marion bar.

B. W. Wait practices law at Bennettsville, S. C.

W. H. Wannamaker, after having taught in Trinity College, N. C., is now in Germany, preparing himself more thoroughly for professorship.

J. E. Warnock does the medical practice of "All" in Allendale, S. C.

J. A. Wiggins, after having served a while as superintendent of the graded school at Denmark, S. C., now has a position of cashier in a bank at the same place.

M. C. Woods practices law in Marion.

J. W. BOYD.

Local Department

SIMPSON F. CANNON, Editor

Dr. Carlisle's Seventy-Ninth Birthday.

"Those who were present in the auditorium of Wofford College yesterday morning when the students gathered for chapel service, will scarcely forget the events of that short twenty minutes, however dim the memory of the surrounding hours may grow with the rush of years. There was nothing to indicate to the eye that the occasion was extraordinary—the members of the faculty and the student body were in their accustomed places, but there was reason why the routine on Wofford's campus should be broken on the 4th of May. On that day seventy-nine years before James H. Carlisle was born, and faculty and students found in those seventy-nine years ample justification for turning aside to mark the day in their own lives and in the history of Wofford College.

"When the Presiding Elder, Rev. James W. Kilgo, had read the morning lesson and offered the morning prayer, Mr. Robert O. Lawton, of the senior class, came upon the platform bearing in his hand a gold-headed cane. Facing the student body, he said, in part: 'I want to say that to my mind it means something for a man to live such a life and do such great things and exert such an influence that every man who touches him is uplifted and ennobled as a result. I feel that I voice the sentiment of every student here this morning and all who have gone before, when I say that the one for whom this gift is intended is such a man. I think the students should be congratulated upon the fact that when the vote was taken to determine who would contribute to the purchase of this token, there was not a single hand that was not raised in joyful willingness.'

"Then turning to Dr. Carlisle, he continued: 'Dr. Car-

lisle, you know, sir, how much the students of Wofford College and Wofford Fitting School love you. You know that there is a place set aside in our hearts that is dedicated to you. But I need not tell you this. My purpose this morning is to present to you this cane, which is a token of remembrance from the students of the College and the Fitting School, on your birthday. You will find, besides the inscription on this, some unwritten words which express our love and appreciation.'

"Dr. Carlisle advanced to the reading desk, and with bowed head waited till the applause was past. When he had found voice, he said: 'If I could make a speech under such circumstances, you would think less of me and I should think less of myself. A few days ago I was walking across the campus, when I recalled that sixty years ago I graduated. Add sixty to 1904 and what changes will have taken place. The most of my colleagues of former years are lying in some cemetery plot. A few years at most and I shall be ying with them. In years to come some old Wofford boy may approach the spot, and it may be brush aside the weeds. If he shall say, as he looks down at the mound: "He meant to do me good," I think I shall rest as peacefully as if I were lying in Westminster Abbey. The gratitude of men overwhelms me. I have often been humbled by words of kindness from my friends. They must have seen not the act, but what was intended. God bless the professors and students of Wofford College.'

"When Dr. Carlisle was seated, amid the deep emotion of faculty and students, President Snyder rose and said: 'We are getting ready to celebrate fifty years of history. As we look at what Wofford College has been and is, we must say that there are many other institutions richer in material equipment and endowment, but none of them have had Dr. Carlisle, and in the fifty years of the great life that he has poured into the College, we count ourselves the richest of them all. The endowment of his lofty character and inspiring example is ours. And the faculty desire to set aside this day that they and the students of the college may think with loving

gratitude and high appreciation and deep reverence of what this christian scholar and princely gentleman has been and is to us. In doing this we honor ourselves, not him, and we beg that he accept this poor tribute as but an inadequate expression of our love.' ''—*Spartanburg Herald.*

The Sophomore Exhibition.

The annual Sophomore Exhibition was held in the College Auditorium on Tuesday evening, May 3rd. The entire program was carried out with great success and the young men deserve great credit for the way in which they carried out the affair.

Rev. E. O. Watson opened the exercises with a short prayer, after which Mr. Geo. W. Nichols, Jr., of Spartanburg County, delivered a splendid oration on ''The Surrender at Appomattox.''

Mr. J. R. Lyles of Oconee County spoke of ''The Jew—Past and Present.''

Mr. M. T. Wharton, of Richland County delivered a fine selection on ''The Republic That Never Retreats.''

''Our Country, Past and Present,'' was delivered in a very forceful manner by Mr. J. C. Guilds of Berkeley County.

Mr. O. M. Mitchell, the last speaker of the evening, took for his oration a fitting tribute paid to John Ruskin. Mr. Mitchell is from Aiken County and showed that he was perfectly familiar with his speech and spoke in an easy manner.

A perfectly grand reception was held in the two society halls after the speakers were through to which many of the younger set remained.

The class of 1906 showed that they knew what good speaking is, and they fully came up to the standard set by the preceding classes. Mr. Huger Richardson of Anderson presided in a graceful manner.

Our Next Year's Staff.

The staff for the Journal to serve throughout next year has been selected and is composed of the following men: Mr. J. H. Hamel, Editor-in-Chief; M. A. Conneley, Business Manager; J. M. Ariail, Literary Editor; E. C. Dye, Alumni Editor; W. D. Roberts, Local Editor; J. C. Boyd, Exchange Editor; J. C. Lyles, Assistant Business Manager; J. C. Candler, Assistant Literary Editor.

We are leaving the Journal in good hands and we feel sure that these men will make the Journal even a greater success than the preceding staffs have done.

Calhoun Officers.

The following gentlemen have been elected to serve the society as officers during the ensuing term. J. G. Stabler, President; M. W. Brabham, Vice President; E. C. Dye, First Critic; E. F. Brigham, Second Critic; Frank Tatum, First Censor; B. F. Adden, Third Critic; C. B. Galloway, Second Censor; H. L. Watson, Secretary; and William White, Corresponding Secretary.

Preston Officers.

W. D. Roberts, President; A. D. Betts, Vice President; L. A. Duncan, First Critic; J. P. Stockman, Second Critic; M. W. Meadows, First Censor; Ray Durant, Second Censor; Huger Richardson, Recording Secretary; C. L. Macfadden, Corresponding Secretary.

Messrs. Candler, Wofford and Stabler have been selected as speakers for the oratorical contest next year, to represent the Calhoun Literary Society.

Messrs. Hamel, Guilds and Kilgo have been elected by the Preston Society as representatives on the oratorical contest for next year.

We were all glad to see Mr. Kay Brabham of the class of '03 on the campus during the early part of last month.

Mr. C. L. Smith spent a few days at Carolina in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association during the second week in May.

In chapel one day last week while Mr. Hardin was calling the roll he accidentally called out Lawton S. Well, everybody knew very well that there were only two Lawtons—T. and R. So several boys were anxious to find out if another Lawton has escaped from the asylum. But upon asking Lawton R. who his new kinsman was he said blushingly, "That's my girl's name."

Below we give a sample of Mr. J. P. L—'s 20th century English. "We aint going to study no review no how." It is said by his friends that he is now writing his thesis for the chair of English in some M—r—n County school.

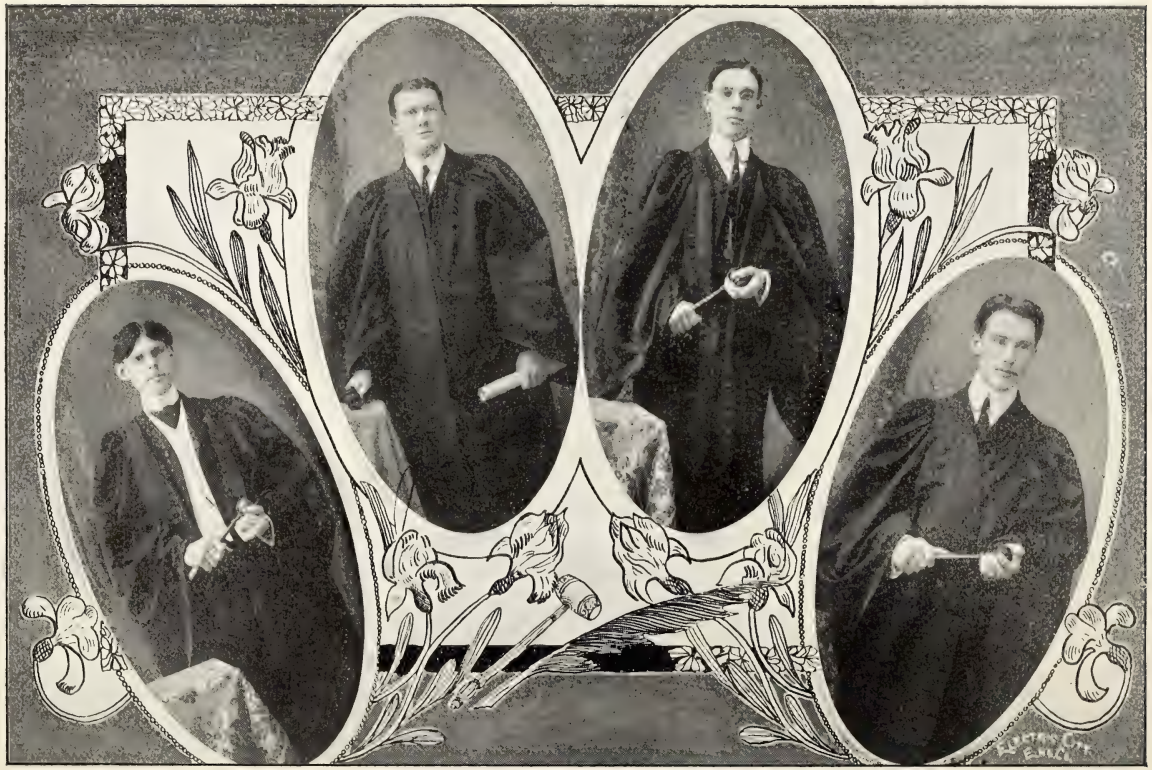
The Senior Cup—"'04."

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class it was unanimously decided to give to the first member of the class who is so fortunate as to have a son, a handsome silver cup. The meeting at which this motion was brought up was a very enthusiastic one and there was not a dissenting vote. Every member of the class has resolved in his heart to win, for it is to be a handsome thing.

Limestone or Wofford?

We have been trying to ascertain which college Mr. Chalmers Daniel is attending, Limestone or Wofford. All during this year he has been spending one week at Gaffney and the next week at Spartanburg, and for this reason it has been a matter of much solicitation to the boys as to which institution of learning he intended to graduate. This conclusion has been reached, however: He will get his degree at Wofford, his finance from Limestone.

HALL OF PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY



PRESIDENTS OF PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY. (Names from left.)

J. P. CURRY — P. K. HARDIN — C. L. SMYTH — WM. C. HERBERT

Reception to Converse and Wofford Seniors.

On Thursday evening, May 19th., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Barnes, on East Main street, Miss Eula May Smith of the Senior Class at Converse, entertained her class and the Senior Class at Wofford. The beautiful home was tastily decorated with roses of delicate cream and pink. The evening was delightfully spent and will never be forgotten by all who were so fortunate as to be there. Ices, cakes and bon bons were served in fine style by Misses Lucile Tolleson and Essie Reed. Those who enjoyed Miss Smith's hospitality were: Misses Alderman, Boyd, Boggs, C. Clark, E. J. Clark, Dameron, Dunlap, V. Copeland, Eyrich, Ford, Gill, Outzs, Pinkston, Harris, Jennings, Kendrich, Ligon, McCarley, Glass. Roseborough, Simpson, Sanders, Singleton, M. Smith, U. Smith, Perkins, Taggert, Templeton, Ware, Wilson, Williamson, and Shepard and Messrs. All, Ariail, Bethea, Cannon, S. F., Goodlett, Hardin, Lawton, T. O. Smith, Curry, Herbert, Daniel. Messrs. Roberts, Felder and Cantey of the Junior Class also attended.

The Seniors are Champions.

On Monday evening, May 23rd, the final game of the season was played on the college grounds between the Juniors and Seniors. The Seniors won by the score of 9 to 7. The game throughout was a beautiful one and the Seniors showed by their clever playing that they intended to win the championship.

The lineup of the champions is as follows: W. T. Jones, captain and pitcher, A. C. Daniel, Jr., catcher, E. K. Hardin, Jr., first base, W. C. Herbert, second base, J. A. McIntyre, third base, N. T. Clark, ss., C. B. Goodlett, l. f., T. L. Cely, c. f., L. E. Cannon, r. f.

Eligibility Requirements.

The following rules of the S. I. A. A. give the eligibility requirements of teams, of members of the S.I.A.A., and any

Wofford College Directory.

H. N. Snyder, M. A., Litt. D., Prest.; J. A. Gamewell, A. M., Sec., D. A. DuPre, A. M., Treas.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

President, C. L. Smith; Vice President, T. L. Cely; First Critic, I. E. Curry; Second Critic, O. M. Chapman; First Censor, E. K. Hardin, Jr.; Recording Secretary, J. W. Boyd; Treasurer, A. D. Betts; Second Censor, J. C. Guilds; Corresponding Secretary, L. A. Hartzog.

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Editor in Chief, P. W. Bethea; Business Manager, I. E. Curry; Literary Editor, E. L. All; Exchange Editor, R. O. Lawton; Alumni Editor, E. F. McWhirter; Local Editor, S. F. Cannon; Assistant Business Manager, M. A. Connolly; Assistant Literary Editor, W. D. Roberts; Y. M. C. A. Editor, E. K. Hardin.

Y. M. C. A.

President, Albert D. Betts; Vice-President, W. D. Roberts; Secretary, J. C. Anderson; Treasurer, O. M. Mitchell.

SENIOR CLASS.

President, R. O. Lawton; Vice President, E. L. All; Secretary, W. C. Herbert.

JUNIOR CLASS.

President, J. G. Stabler; Vice President, J. W. Boyd.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

President, Huger Richardson; Vice President, J. R. Lyles.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

President, Ray Durant; Vice President, C. McFadden.

WOFFORD COLLEGE ANNUAL.

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Another year gone! All of its opportunities and possibilities gone, never to return. Whether for better or for worse, it is decided. Those good resolutions we made last September have been carried out or left unfulfilled. The influence we exerted over our fellow-students has passed from our power and can never be recalled by us.

There is an element of peculiar sadness in the ending of anything that is pleasant or important. The end of a college course or even of a college year is calculated to make a sensible person do some serious thinking. Never again shall this student body meet together under similar circumstances. Never again shall the relations existing among them be the same. E'er many years have passed, unless this proves the exceptional case, death shall have broken this band and they shall be scattered all over our country and may be the world. There are many of whom we had never heard before coming to college, who coming into our lives have left their impressions there and are now going out from us again. But their influences, the impressions of their characters are indelibly stamped upon our characters. They are there forever. And the rule works both ways. We influence others while others influence us.

One of the greatest sins of the college world is *Indifference*. Indifferent to the influence he is exerting, to the opportunities and possibilities that he is losing, to the precious time he is wasting; indifferent to everything that is high and noble and uplifting many a student starts on his downward career.

If a young Freshman just entering college could realize how soon his college course would be over, how quickly the four years are passed and gone, it would have a great effect on his career as a student. We wonder if it has ever been

demonstrated at Wofford just exactly how much a man can get out of his college course by doing his very best, by putting his whole life, his whole self into it. Would it not be interesting to watch that man?

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